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JOSEPH JEFFERSON AT WORK AND PLAY

By Francis Wilson

RIP VAN WINKLE

I WAS never introduced to Joseph Jefferson; we just shook hands. To me his name was the synonym for all that was highest and best in our profession and I had long wondered if I should ever come to know him.

I first saw him one Saturday afternoon, in 1870, as I can see him now, on the southwest corner of Twenty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, eating Malaga grapes out of a paper bag. In those days there was a fruit-stand on that corner. He stood on the curbstone abstractedly eating the grapes and watching the crowd file into Booth's Theatre for the matinée performance of "Rip Van Winkle," which was then in the midst of an eight months' run. How I drank him in and ate him up as he stood there! And I remember how, boy-like, I brushed past him just to be able to feel that I had come in contact with him. My action had not disturbed him, for he did not turn toward me or make any sign that he had heard my frightened words of apology. This relieved me for I was so scared at my temerity that I should not have known what to say or do. I followed him, at a respectful distance, across the street, past the main entrance of the theatre, to that mysterious portal, the stage door, through which he vanished from my admiring gaze.

Since that time I have had pleasure in watching people assemble to witness performances of my own, but it has always recalled my first glimpse of Joseph Jefferson and that paper bag of Malaga grapes! Once, in later years, as we were passing that corner together, I told him of the incident, placed him in the exact position in which he had stood, and begged him to eat imaginary grapes in an abstract way, and together we acted over the little comedy, the original of which was so fraught with importance to me. This amused him greatly, and as we passed up the street he admonished me always to preserve as much as possible the simplicity and buoyancy of youth.

For many years I have set down my reminiscences of him from time to time, occasionally taking notes of the actual conversations in his presence. In this paper I shall reproduce some recollections of his Rip Van Winkle, and of his recreations when not acting.

In November, 1897, "Rip Van Winkle" was given for the last time in Washington —that is, for the last time that season and Mr. Jefferson had not been seen there in the character for a number of years. A vast crowd, many of which could not obtain admission, turned out to say farewell. All felt it might be the last chance to greet the genial "Rip."

I went down to see him before the performance and we had the customary chat in the rear of the box-office, when, as usual, we ranged over divergent subjects. I thanked him for a letter he had written me apropos of Eugene Field and the latter's poem "Little Button Eyes," which had been dedicated to Jefferson.

"Was the letter what you wanted?"

"Precisely, sir; you always do the right thing."

Deprecatingly, "I don't know about that."

"You always do the right thing," I repeated.

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"Well," he said modestly, "I believe I make fewer mistakes than most men. I think I am tactful rather than politic, the difference between which is very great. We are politic when we do something for ourselves, tactful when we do something for others."

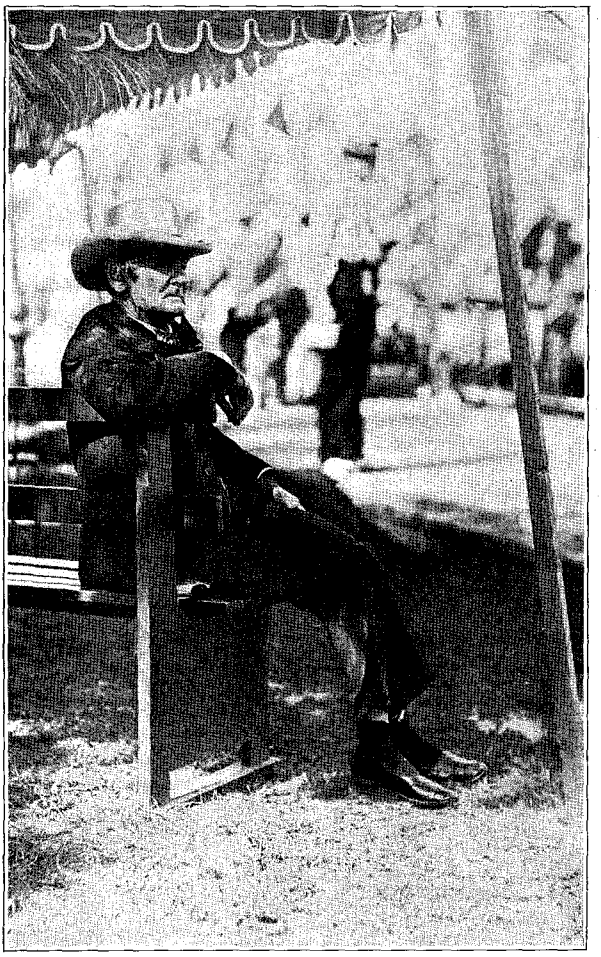
I mentioned having heard genius described as tact and brains.

"Oh," he said, "that is too broad an assertion. A better definition is that genius creates, and talent reproduces."

Speaking of happiness, he remarked: "My boys sometimes get discouraged and I say to them: 'Go out and do something for somebody. Go out and give something to anybody. If it's only a pair of woollen stockings to a poor old woman. It will take you away from yourself and make you happy!'"

To make those about him happy was the guiding principle of Joseph Jefferson's social as well as his professional life. He was very generous; but few knew the extent of his charities.

While we were talking there in the box-office, I saw a little boy peeping in at the door. I called to him and asked him to shake hands with Mr. Jefferson. The boy's mother followed, and was elated to find her son chatting with "Rip Van Winkle." She explained that the boy's father had told him all about Washington Irving's "Rip of the Catskills" and had given him a book on Christmas that he might read it for himself.



Mr. Jefferson on his seventy-sixth birthday (February 20, 1905).
From a photograph taken at Palm Beach, Fla.

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Joseph Jefferson as "Rip Van Winkle."

"Now," said the mother, pointing to Mr. Jefferson, "this is 'Rip'; he doesn't look like a man anybody would drive out into the mountains, does he?"

And while the little fellow pondered the matter Mr. Jefferson's sons and I begged "Rip" to discard his ferocious aspect and assume a guileless air if he had it not—to please to look like a mountaineer whom no one would dream of driving out into a fearful storm. The most amiable of men, he was never more amiable than that day. He bubbled over with good humor. Here, then, was one cause of his great success—all his attractive personal characteristics he carried over into his dramatic portrayals and by his delicate and human delineation of the character of the sweet-dispositioned Dutchman, by the rare skill of his acting, he had become a classic along with the works of Washington Irving, Dickens, and Coleman, to whose creatures of the brain Joseph Jefferson has lent personality, a realization never to be disassociated from him or from them.

Presently the mother returned in despair to tell her boy she could not procure a seat, and he was not to see the play after all. The boy's sobs attracted Mr. Jefferson's attention and with a "God bless his little soul!" both mother and son were conducted to the stage, where they were to witness the play from the wings. How she will tell about it for all time, and how increasingly proud the little boy will feel to have been so honored!

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We continued our conversation. Mr. Jefferson thought Mrs. Siddons the greatest actress the world had ever seen, because of the parts she had played and in which she had so wonderful a reputation—the wife and the mother. "Anybody," he said, "can play the part of a maid or those of a Camille order, with powdered face and bare feet, and make people cry, but it is to be remembered that in 'Douglas' when Mrs. Siddons, just learning of the discovery of her child, whom she supposed dead, asked so impressively if he were alive that women in the audience fainted."

He was so given to lauding the acting of the present day that I was a little surprised to hear him launch out suddenly and declare Macready, Kemble and Mrs. Siddons were right with their eloquent pauses, which were as effective as eloquent speeches. "The whole play passes so swiftly," he said, "that unless you give the minds of the auditors a chance to rest upon the important themes and speeches of the play—time to receive the proper impression, as acid upon copper—there can be no effect nor result. I learn something about my art every night, and have but recently verified the justice of the old-time claim for eloquent pauses. Mrs. Siddons was right when she said the secret of acting was proper pauses. George Henry Lewes, who knew more of acting than most critics, added cleverly that one must pause without seeming to do so and without making a wait."

He spoke of a certain actress who was advocating great reformation in the conduct of theatrical business matters. Her ideas were, he thought, absurd. He had told her that because woman was placed on an equality with man here in America, she now sought to make herself his superior, but that this would never succeed, because women, he believed, had all other endowments except the logical mind.

He spoke of his half-brother, "Charley" Burke, for whom he had an undying affection and respect. He told me that he owed more to Burke than to any other person in this world or the next.

"All the good things Burke did upon the stage—all that I can remember—I do," he declared. "What would the world be if it were not for the wisdom, the skill, and example of those who have preceded us?"

Dr. A. W. Whelply, a common friend, now dead, an old theatre-goer, a man of fine critical judgment and long experience in matters theatrical, one who had often seen Burke act, told me that Mr. Jefferson once said to him that the memory of Burke was very precious to him. "He was a better actor than I am," he continued.

"I have heard you say so," replied Dr. Whelply.

"And *was* he a better actor than Jefferson?" I demanded.

"No," said Dr. Whelply, "better actors than Joseph Jefferson have never been."

We spoke of "Rip Van Winkle" again, and of its wonderful power to hold the affection of audiences for generation after generation.

"It's a sturdy old fellow," said Mr. Jefferson proudly, "built of the material that endures. Do you know I believe it is still in its infancy, and I don't care how long I am spared to play in it."

Once I wrote him of a play that had failed to please and remarked that I thought the public liked its old favorites best. To this he made answer as follows:

"You are quite right in saying the public likes its old favorite plays. I wonder how "Rip Van Winkle" would do? It is forty years since I first acted it—possibly the public has forgotten it."

He told me of once acting Rip in Easton, Pa. The curtain had just fallen on the final act of the play and he was making for his dressing-room when he was clapped familiarly on the back by a lout of a stage-hand, who bawled:

"Joe, you done well!"

"Why, what did you say to him?" I asked.

"I was astonished, of course, and then amused, so I simply said: 'Do you think so? When we are here again, come to see us.' And he replied, 'Bet your life I will.'"

I asked him if there were any truth in the story of his going into a bank to cash a check and on being refused because of there being no one to identify him, he leaned up against the counter and, in the tones of Rip, exclaimed: "If my tog Schneider vas here he vould recognize me!"—and that instantly there was any number of people eager to identify him.

He laughed and said:

"No, it is not true, but it ought to be. It is too good to be disproved. Oh, who is

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From a photograph, copyright 1905, by Charles A. Walker.

Joseph Jefferson as "Rip Van Winkle."

it," he continued, "that rounds out all those stories, giving them a quip and snap which the original narrator would have rejoiced to have thought of?"

"What have you in mind?" I asked.

"Why, the dog Schneider story, and the one about General Grant and myself."

"Don't tell me that isn't true!"

"Of course it is—to a certain point; but the most humorous part of it is not mine," he answered.

"Oh, then you did meet Grant?"

"Yes, and he spoke to me as we were going up in the elevator of [I think he said] the Equitable Building. He greeted me by name, and we exchanged a few commonplaces, and then he said he did not believe I remembered him, and I had to confess I didn't, whereupon he said: 'My name is Grant.' General Grant! You can imagine how chagrined I felt on hearing the name, and I immediately made matters worse by sputtering out an apology and saying I was not accustomed to seeing him with his hat on, which was equivalent to admitting that I had only seen him when he came to the

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theatre to see me! Nor did I improve matters by asking him, in my confusion, where he was living, which all the world, except myself, knew was in New York! The story is all true as far as that, but some wit has wonderfully improved it by adding that I turned to Grant a few seconds later and said: 'By the way, general, where were you during the war?' Oh, but that's fine," he laughed, "and it *ought* to be true."

This recalls the story of General Sherman and Mr. Jefferson. They had chatted pleasantly and Mr. Jefferson arose to go.

"I think you must have dropped this," said Sherman, picking up some sheets of paper near the chair in which Mr. Jefferson had been sitting.

"My dear general," said Rip, "you have saved my life!"

"I am glad of that," replied Sherman, "but isn't it a little careless of you to carry such valuable papers around so loosely?"

Mr. Jefferson laughed, and opening the packet showed its contents. It was the manuscript of the first chapter of the great comedian's autobiography.

It was while lying upon his back in the hay-loft of a barn in Pennsylvania, whither one summer he had gone, from economical considerations, that the first suggestion of "Rip Van Winkle" came to him. He had been reading "The Life and Letters of Washington Irving." Always on the lookout for a great American character suited to his purpose—one that he hoped would bring him fame and fortune—the mention of the name of Rip Van Winkle arrested his attention. Great was his disappointment to discover that the character of Rip did not speak above a dozen lines, and that the sketch itself presented few or no dramatic possibilities. There were to follow this first suggestion of "Rip Van Winkle," years of only moderate success from various publics throughout the world. Through all this his happy temperament bore him with charming placidity.

In the early versions of "Rip Van Winkle," the elder Hackett, Burke, and even Jefferson had failed to make any really great impression. It was not until Dion Boucicault had touched the play with the magic of his pen, supplying the necessary interest, that Joseph Jefferson was woven into the inseverable ties of public affection.

Not in America, but in England was first given the "Rip Van Winkle" in the form in which we Americans have come to know and revere our Rip Van Jefferson.

For years he carried the play about with him in its imperfect state. He was confident the character was what he wanted, and equally confident the play was not. He staged it occasionally, loath to abandon it. He knew what it needed, but, probably from too close association, he was unable to supply it.

After a four years' sojourn in Australia he reached London. There he met Dion Boucicault under whose management in New York, in 1859, he had first played "Caleb Plummer" in "Dot," which was Boucicault's adaptation of "The Cricket on the Hearth."

Jefferson gave his unsatisfactory version of "Rip Van Winkle" to Boucicault to be remodelled and rewritten. Boucicault accepted the task, albeit he was distrustful both of the existing play, and even, in a way, of the idea itself, feeling that it lacked novelty.

I count it one of the privileges of my life to have heard Joseph Jefferson, with kindling eye, describe the September night, in '65, when, at the Adelphi Theatre, in London, an American comedian, in an American play, "Rip Van Winkle," began a theatrical engagement which lasted for one hundred and seventy nights.

Somehow, though different in many aspects, it recalled the first London performance of "Shylock" by Edmund Kean, when that unknown genius flashed comet-like and with startling effect across the great English dramatic sky.

Jefferson could see, indeed, what that London success meant for him, not only in England, but in America—whither, after an absence of five years, he wended his way, and where, in New York, just a year later, at the Olympic Theatre, he gave his fellow-countrymen an opportunity to make, in a perfect dramatic form, an acquaintanceship with that amiable vagabond, Rip.

He never tired of talking of "Rip Van Winkle," and he loved everything connected with it.

"Why shouldn't I?" he would exclaim; "see how much I owe to it!" He was too modest ever to obtrude the subject upon anyone, but he never dodged it. It seemed to me that he was grateful for any allusion

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Mr. Jefferson painting at his country home, "Orange Island," near New Iberia, La.

to it or discussion of it. Frequently he would close a letter with an allusion to it, as: "I will be in New York early in May, where I hope to see you. In the meantime on the road producing my latest novelty, 'Rip Van Winkle,' as I find the public still blind to my dramatic defects."

He never lost an opportunity to come to its defence or to the defence of the stage.

"I suppose you have read Mr. Zangwill's foolish attack on the stage," he writes, October 15, 1889, "and my own equally feeble response. I don't think that either side is seriously hurt, so 'all's well that Zangs well.' I see that some gentleman in the *Herald* of to-day states that 'the public must not take for gospel the word of an actor who for fifty years has driven only two war-horses.' As Mrs. Malaprop says: 'What insurance! He must mean me!' I certainly may be an indifferent whip, but at least I have selected a good team ('Rip' and 'Bob'). They speed fairly well in double harness, and in point of endurance are equal to the public.

"Think of it! What a triumph it is for

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artistic duplicity to have deceived the public for fifty years—and, in view of my present health, I am good, as King Henry says, 'for much more slaughter.'"

As he talked many subjects were suggested. I wanted to know how he felt on being face to face with the oldest English-speaking theatrical public, and what he thought of the prospects of success, how the actors behaved at rehearsals, etc., etc.

"The actors, at first, were inclined to be skeptical as to its chances for success," he said, "but I was so much in earnest and had my subject so well in hand that I soon won their respect, and the few inclinations to cynical comment, guying, or quizzing which I detected soon gave way to hearty co-operation and I was patronizingly called by the older members of the company their 'transatlantic kid' and heartily welcomed to the 'sacred precincts of the Royal Adelphi.'"

He was greatly concerned over a dispute between the manager of the Adelphi, Benjamin Webster, and Dion Boucicault, who so reflected on Webster that that irascible gentleman, on the eve of the production, refused to allow any play in which Boucicault figured to be performed at the Adelphi. Here was an unhappy state of affairs, truly, and at a critical point in his dramatic life, when he needed above all else tranquillity! However, the matter was amicably arranged and the play given with great success.

What time he had to think calmly, between rehearsals and the Boucicault-Webster trouble, he had felt moderately sure of the outcome of the play. He believed that Boucicault had supplied the element of human interest which the previous play lacked. And, happily, his belief, his judgment, were sustained.

Of his own efforts in the evolution of "Rip Van Winkle," he was proudest of having separated the supernatural from the human interest—giving the ghostly crew of Hendrik Hudson (which in the previous versions of the play had not only spoken, but sung!) an act to themselves, in which they were speechless, pantomimic, solemn, and mystical. It was a stroke of real genius by which the voice of Rip, in contradistinction to the silence of the spectres, stood out in weird, impressive relief.

Jefferson had great admiration for Boucicault's skill in all dramatic directions He always gladly voiced that admiration; but considering all that he, Jefferson, had gone through with the vagabond Rip, and the unshaken confidence he had maintained in the ultimate success of the bibulous hero of the Catskills, he confessed to a tinge of regret that he could not have been as clever as Boucicault, and himself worked out the play into a dramatic entity.

Who knows that he did not feel something of resentment against the dramatic shades of Hendrik Hudson and his sailors, those shades which, as we have seen, he had treated so considerately, for not having whispered to him the secret of the play's requirements? I wish I had thought to ask him about it. I asked him about almost everything else! However, it would have been futile; were they nothing but spectres, and had not he, himself, forbidden them to speak?

Not everybody has been taken captive by "Rip Van Winkle." I have seen it stated that admitting Mr. Jefferson's skill, the material out of which he made his great reputation was unworthy. This, I think, is quarrelling not so much with Jefferson as with Washington Irving. It was argued that Rip at best was but a drunken sot who beggars his wife and children—preferring the company of his dog and the mountains to his home and family. Strange material, indeed, it was said, out of which to form a hero, and, further, that the moral to be deduced from such a play was distinctly bad. Let Dame Van Winkle but burst into tears, overcome by her husband's selfishness and neglect, and sympathy for Rip would be instantly destroyed, it was urged. A clever actress told me that she had once endeavored so to portray Dame Van Winkle, but was halted in her tracks by Mr. Jefferson.

"You may be right," he said to her, "from your point of view, but I prefer it played the other way."

Jefferson in his insistence was but carrying out the clearly expressed intention of Irving, who made Rip the victim of a shrew. The lazy, good-natured, dissipated hen-pecked Rip was loved by everybody in the village of Falling Water, the very dogs following him affectionately. The virago quality of Dame Van Winkle arrayed even the townspeople of her own sex against her. To laud her, then, at the expense of Rip,

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From an hitherto unpublished photograph.

Joseph Jefferson at Palm Beach, Fla., September 26, 1904.

would seem to be a misconception of the author's intention, a subversion of his ideas, and something of a failure to appreciate his satire.

It should be unnecessary to say that nothing in the story partakes more of satire than this very subject of hen-pecking, which is here held up so humorously for ridicule; a hen-pecking ending in that outburst of pitiless scorn on the part of Dame Van Winkle who drives the dazed and besotted Rip from the house to take refuge in the storm-wrapped mountains. When will anyone who has ever heard it forget Rip's utterance of those memorable words: "Would you drive me out like a dog?" We all felt the worthless scamp deserved punishment, but not a heart failed to pulse sympathetically for what it felt was the unjust extent of that punishment. We knew what was to come, that the mountain path lit only by the lightning flash, the weird, gnome-like speechless dwarfs, and those long years of sleep which were to rob the poor fellow of

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his young manhood, awaited Rip, who had not even the company of "Schneider" to cheer him, and as the curtain fell our silence, broken only by our sobs, was our tribute to play and player.

Jefferson was, as he himself says, attracted to the legend by its poetic quality, and he endeavored to treat it in harmony with that feature. The marvel is that out of so slight a sketch, presenting so few dramatic possibilities, a play should be constructed which for forty years should have maintained an unbroken success. With all honor to Irving for his exquisite fancy and to Dion Boucicault for his deft dramatic carpentry, it is instantly conceded that the greatest factor in that success was Joseph Jefferson. How did he accomplish this? Aside from his genius as an actor, chiefly, I think, by the sweetness and appealing quality of his own personality, with which nothing comparable has adorned the stage in half a century.

This attractive spirituality he imparted to everything he did in his home, in his social and professional life. Together with a mind of more than average quality he had great delicacy of judgment, a wonderful memory, and a long experience in a world-wide school. He was wise enough to recognize the strength as well as the limitations of not only his own power, but of the requirements of his dramatic accessories.

He manœuvred thoughtfully, patiently, and adroitly for success, and having won it, he struggled with equal force to maintain it. What man need do more? He did the thing for which nature, environment, and education best fitted him. He was neither a reformer nor an educationalist. He did not, need not, concern himself with questions of æsthetic public import. He was a player in the fullest acceptance of that word, one who felt that the chief province of the theatre is to entertain, and only secondarily to instruct, and as such a player, for nearly half a century, he stood foremost in his profession.

HIS RECREATIONS

"Joe Jefferson is up here drawing the worst houses you ever saw," so wrote John Sefton to his relative, Mr. Barton Hill. But the houses which Jefferson was drawing were on canvas. The comedians Sefton and Jefferson were summer neighbors

Mr. Jefferson delivering his

in Paradise Valley, Pennsylvania, the valley in whose peaceful shades Jefferson first met the suggestion of Rip as a possible character for himself.

A barn was to be removed, and Jefferson objected because he thought it too picturesque to be destroyed, but if it had to go, he declared his intention of making a painting of it, and his doing so gave the facetious "Jemmy Twitcher" Sefton occasion for the jest.

Mr. Jefferson came honestly by his love of painting, for his father and grandfather had been artists with the brush as well as with the buskin. "The Siege of Belgrade," a comic opera by Cobb, was the first new production, in New York, in 1796–97. For it Mr. Jefferson's grandfather, Joseph Jefferson, 1st, painted the scenery, and in it he played the character of Leopold. Mr. Jefferson's father, Joseph Jefferson, 2d, who, like his illustrious son, was born in Philadelphia, was more manager than actor, and more painter than either. As a boy he studied architecture and drawing, and he was also pupil to the scenic artist, Robert Coyle, an Englishman of repute at that period.

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address on the occasion of the opening of the Actors' Fund Home at Staten Island.

In describing the new theatre in Chicago, in 1839, when the present Western metropolis had but newly changed from an Indian village, Jefferson, in his autobiography, says, "My father, being a scenic artist himself, was disposed to be critical," and then follows a humorous description of the colloquy between the elder Jefferson and the resident scenic artist, but not more humorous than Jefferson's own account of the new drop-curtain with the "medallion of Shakespeare, suffering from a severe pain in his stomach."

On the death of his father, at Mobile, Ala., young Jefferson and his sister were engaged by the local manager to play children's parts, sing comic duets, and appear in fancy dances. In addition to this, he says: "I was to grind colors in the paint-room—'assistant artist' I was called on the bills—and make myself generally useful, for which services we were each to receive six dollars per week."

At thirteen years of age he was the chief support of a widowed mother whom misfortune had reduced "from leading lady to landlady." In reviewing the hardship of his early life, one cannot but feel how much he deserved the success which crowned his later years, nor is it to be wondered that once achieving success, he never jeoparded it by experimenting with new plays so long as the old ones showed every evidence of popular favor. In this rough school of experience, then, where he indeed made himself "generally useful," Jefferson learned the art of acting and, as well, the art of painting. Acting was his profession, painting was his pastime. He had great passion for both. When he acted, and especially when he did not, he painted. When he did neither, he fished. He was an ardent disciple of Izaak Walton. I have heard ex-President Cleveland, who was often Jefferson's companion of the fly and rod, say he never saw any man get greater joy out of the sport of fishing than Joseph Jefferson, and that the mere untangling of a line seemed a philosophical pleasure to him.

Apropos of fishing, the story is told of a woman approaching Jefferson, who, comfortably clad and wearing an old sombrero, sat on the wharf at Palm Beach, watching his line. The good woman, mistaking him

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for a well-known character whose business it was to supply bait, asked, as she was directed:

"Are you Alligator Joe?"

"I plead guilty to 'Joe,'" said Jefferson, looking up at her quizzically, "but I deny the 'Alligator.'"

Jefferson was not much of a Nimrod. Almost his entire leisure time was occupied by painting and fishing. Most of his reading was on art or kindred subjects, and he owned some valuable books containing autograph letters, original etchings, drawings, etc., of distinguished painters. That he was not a "mighty hunter before the Lord" is borne out by the following story told me by the artist, E. W. Kemble, who visited him in his Louisiana home, New Iberia.

"Suitably dressed in hunting costume, we had gone out in a patent air boat," said Mr. Kemble, "in hopes of finding some sport on the wing. Presently some birds came in view. I took deliberate aim, and missed. Mr. Jefferson caught up the gun, took equally deliberate aim and—also missed. The attendant rowed us on in profound silence. Presently Mr. Jefferson said dryly:

"'I think I've had enough hunting for to-day.'

"I expressed myself as also quite satisfied, and we headed toward the shore, which we were lucky to reach without being obliged to swim, for the air-valve of the rubber boat had become uncontrollable and when we touched land we were almost level with the water."

As is well known, former President Cleveland and Jefferson were great friends and frequent companions in fishing excursions. This mutual preference for the same sport ripened the intimacy between them and brought both men much happiness. Respect for the modesty of Mr. Cleveland forbids the statement here of much that Jefferson said of him. Mr. Cleveland's estimate of Jefferson has been given to the world. In their fishing jaunts there were rules implied and expressed. There was "the hour limit," for example. The boat once anchored remained so, no matter what fortune attended, for at least the space of an hour. Conversation might always be interrupted abruptly for good fishing, but under no circumstances, it is related, could good fishing be interrupted for conversation.

From a photograph by C. A. Walker, Esq.

"1812."

One of the best stories I ever heard in connection with Cleveland and Jefferson was that of a visit the ex-President had paid between his two administrations to the comedian at New Iberia, La. Desiring to see an antebellum negro cabin, Jefferson conducted him to one, a wretched affair, inhabited by an old mammy who might have been sixty or a hundred, for all one could judge. The place was devoid of any ornament whatever, except a campaign lithograph picture of Cleveland.

"Mammy," said Jefferson, "whose picture is that?"

"I doan' know fo' sho'," was the reply, "but I think it's John de Baptis'."

I wrote to Mr. Cleveland and asked him if he would kindly verify or disprove the story, and received the following:

TAMWORTH, N. H., Aug. 1, 1905.

. . . And now at last to come to the point of your letter: I have heard Mr. Jefferson tell the story you mention, and so I think it not only ought to be, but is, in the main, true. When I read your letter last evening, I was a little uncertain whether it was my picture the old negro had or that of some other crafty politician. My wife, who is always right—against the world—says that she too heard the story from Mr. Jefferson's lips and that the picture was mine.

I was not present when the picture was identified, was never in New Iberia or that neighborhood with Mr. Jefferson, and have no relationship with the incident, except such as may be derived from my striking resemblance to John the Baptist, which I have always perfectly well known.

If you will eliminate the element of my personal presence, the story will be all right and you are welcome to use it, and if you think my bodily presence necessary to give juiciness to the story, put me in—but understand—the lie must be charged to your account, *not mine*.

Yours very sincerely,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

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Mr. Jefferson planting the Jefferson tree at E. C. Benedict's Indian Harbor home, Conn.

In thanking Mr. Cleveland, I wrote him that I believed the story would print better if his letter were given as an addendum, to do which I respectfully solicited his permission. To this he wrote, under date of August 10, 1905:

. . . I am quite willing to leave my John the Baptist letter in your hands, and my reputation, so far as it is included, to be dealt with as your judgment and friendly care may dictate. I can readily imagine the reminiscent revival of Jeffersoniana when you and the Commodore* and the Senator† foregathered. I am wondering if I could have made a contribution if I had been present. The trouble with me is that among the many things I remember, a majority of them depend for their delightful value upon the peculiar expression and manner of our dear friend as they transpired, and these, of course, cannot be reproduced by anyone. I'll give you an instance:

We were fishing for weak-fish—called by the Buzzard's Bay fishermen "squeteague." He had a most exasperating habit of viciously jerking a fish after he was fairly hooked and during his struggling efforts to resist fatal persuasion boatwards. It looked to me like courting failure on the part of the fisherman to indulge in these unnecessary twitches. So on one occasion when he had a fish hooked and was enlivening the fight by

* E. C. Benedict. † W. H. Crane.

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terrific yanks, I said to him, "What do you jerk him that way for?" With an expression that comprises really all there is of the story, he turned his face to me and said, "Because he jerked me."

What a trivial thing this is to tell, and yet I cannot recall anything that illustrates better the quickness and drollery of his conceits.

That the true principles of democracy obtain in America, as perhaps nowhere else, is illustrated by the following incident, told me by Mr. E. C. Benedict:

"Ex-President Cleveland and Jefferson were on the point of setting out to fish. Cleveland was in the small boat beside the yacht *Oneida*, impatiently awaiting the coming of Jefferson.

"'Are you going fishing or not?' called out the despairing ex-President.

"With assumed boyish petulance Jefferson looked over the vessel's rail at the man whose countrymen had twice elected him to the presidency, and said:

"'I do not mean to stir until I have finished my story to the commodore.'"

Comedian William H. Crane, as one of a party with Cleveland and Jefferson, recounts that, the preparations for departure being nearly complete, Jefferson set off on a discussion of telepathic influence. As he halted for a second, Mr. Cleveland interrupted with:

"That's all right, but where's the bait?"

From a photograph by John Finley, Esq.

The indefatigable fisherman, Grover Cleveland.

Jefferson was an ardent lover of nature, and, as in acting and in his appreciation of most things in life, he was attracted chiefly by the graceful, the peaceful, and the beautiful. The slow-winding river, the brawling brook, the mountain torrent, the tumbling cascade, the upland meadow, the dilapidated barn, the sheltered mill with decaying wheel, with water trickling over near-by mossy rocks, the oak, the birch and beech trees appealed to him most, were most representative of his nature, and these he selected for presentation on his own canvases.

What he termed his more serious paintings he did in Louisiana, or Florida, or in Massachusetts, where he had winter and summer residences. He was restless without long having a brush in his hand, and when he travelled professionally he carried an artist's outfit, and almost daily applied himself with gleeful, almost feverish enthusiasm to "monotyping." If in the course of our pursuit we met in the same cities, as we not infrequently did, I would generally receive some such note as the following:

"We are going to do a little monotyping to-day at 3 P. M. at the National Theatre. Perhaps you'd like to see us at work. They'll tell you at the box-office where to find us."

Or:

"We are at it again—in the front building of the theatre. Come along; don't be late."

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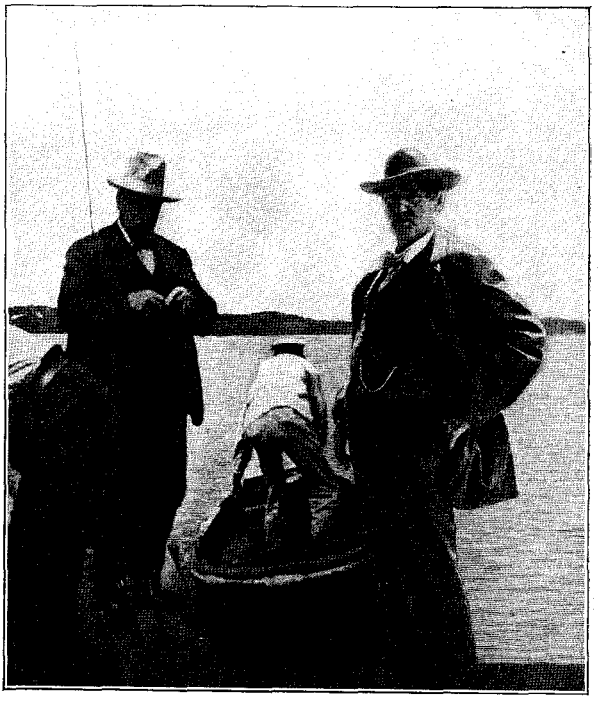
Or, in imitation of the call for a rehearsal:

"All the Artists at Three."

I find many notes made of these occasions, but one, with citations from others, will serve.

One afternoon I found him almost hid in a many-colored calico apron of huge dimensions, working away on pieces of tin or zinc of various sizes. After the All Star Rivals trip, he had a gigantic wash-wringer made, and it was a conspicuous article of furniture in his parlor at the various resting places throughout the country. It took him only a few minutes to lay in a composition, using fingers, palette knife, rags, and, often, a brush —the skilful use of the knife making the birch-tree, which is especially characteristic of his paintings. His initials, "J. J.," were put in last with a piece of leather. The tin containing the painting and a piece of paper were rolled together through the wash-wringer, the paper receiving the impression. Unexpected effects were thus produced, for the composition of the painting on the tin before the rolling is no true idea of what it will be once squashed on to the paper. This is one of its great attractions! That day he rolled the tin through the wash-wringer in conjunction with the fluffy side of a piece of Canton flannel, and the velvety, leafy effect of the trees and moss-covered rocks was excellent. It was the first effort on Canton flannel.

He showed me a photograph of himself and his friend, Judge Howland. He thought both likenesses excel-



Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Jefferson off for a day's fishing.

Mr. Jefferson and Mr. C. A. Walker on one of their many fishing expeditions.

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From a photograph by Hollinger & Co., New York.

Joseph Jefferson and Judge Henry E. Howland.

lent. I remarked that the projecting chin in the picture gave him a resemblance to Voltaire.

"I thought so myself," he answered, "and wondered if I were right."

"What *would* you do if you couldn't paint?" I said to him, interested in his absorption in the task.

"Die, I think!" he replied.

There was some talk of his playing "The Rivals" again next year. I asked him if he intended to do so.

"It's in abeyance; it never grows old—if it is well done," he answered—the naïveté of which amused me.

"What is the greatest mental pleasure you have known? One that excited your feelings most, and upon which you look back with the keenest pleasure?"

"I find that hard to answer," he mused. "There are professional successes and domestic successes (I have been very happy in this latter respect) that are very dear to me. I have always been a very contented man whatever happened—and I think I have had good reason to be. On the whole, I think the success of 'Rip Van Winkle,' which was an artistic as well as a commercial success, is the greatest pleasure I have ever known."

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THE HERMIT AND THE WILD WOMAN

By Edith Wharton

I

THE Hermit lived in a cave in the hollow of a hill. Below him was a glen, with a stream in a coppice of oaks and alders, and on the farther side of the valley, half a day's journey distant, another hill, steep and bristling, which raised aloft a little walled town with Ghibelline swallow-tails notched against the sky.

When the Hermit was a lad, and lived in the town, the crenellations of the walls had been square-topped, and a Guelf lord had flown his standard from the keep. Then one day a steel-coloured line of men-at-arms rode across the valley, wound up the hill and battered in the gates. Stones and Greek fire rained from the ramparts, shields clashed in the streets, blade sprang at blade in passages and stairways, pikes and lances dripped above huddled flesh, and all the still familiar place was a stew of dying bodies. The boy fled from it in horror. He had seen his father go forth and not come back, his mother drop dead from an arquebuse shot as she leaned from the platform of the tower, his little sister fall with a slit throat across the altar steps of the chapel—and he ran, ran for his life, through the slippery streets, over warm twitching bodies, between legs of soldiers carousing, out of the gates, past burning farmsteads, trampled wheat-fields, orchards stripped and broken, till the still woods received him and he fell face down on the unmutilated earth.

He had no wish to go back. His longing was to live hidden from life. Up the hillside he found a hollow in the rock, and built before it a porch of boughs bound together with withies. He fed on nuts and roots, and on trout which he caught with his hands under the stones in the stream. He had always been a quiet boy, liking to sit at his mother's feet and watch the flowers grow on her embroidery frame, while the chaplain read aloud the histories of the Desert Fathers from a great silver-clasped volume. He would rather have been bred a clerk and scholar than a knight's son, and his happiest moments were when he served mass for the chaplain in the early morning, and felt his heart flutter up and up like a lark, up and up till it was lost in infinite space and brightness. Almost as happy were the hours when he sat beside the foreign painter who came over the mountains to paint the chapel, and under whose brush celestial faces grew out of the rough wall as if he had sown some magic seed which flowered while you watched it. With the appearing of every gold-rimmed face the boy felt he had won another friend, a friend who would come and bend above him at night, keeping off the ugly visions which haunted his pillow—visions of the gnawing monsters about the church-porch, evil-faced bats and dragons, giant worms and winged bristling hogs, a devil's flock who crept down from the stone-work at night and hunted the souls of sinful children through the town. With the growth of the picture the bright mailed angels thronged so close about the boy's bed that between their interwoven wings not a snout or a claw could force itself; and he would turn over sighing on his pillow, which felt as soft and warm as if it had been lined with down from those sheltering pinions.

All these thoughts came back to him now in his cave on the cliff-side. The stillness seemed to enclose him with wings, to fold him away from life and evil. He was never restless or discontented. He loved the long silent empty days, each one as like the other as pearls in a well-matched string. Above all he liked to have time to save his soul. He had been greatly troubled about his soul since a band of Flagellants had passed through the town, exhibiting their gaunt scourged bodies and exhorting the people to turn from soft raiment and delicate fare, from marriage and money-getting and dancing and games, and think only how they might escape the devil's talons and the great red blaze of hell. For days that red blaze hung on the edge of the boy's thoughts like the light of a

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burning city across a plain. There seemed to be so many pitfalls to avoid—so many things were wicked which one might have supposed to be harmless. How could a child of his age tell? He dared not for a moment think of anything else. And the scene of sack and slaughter from which he had fled gave shape and distinctness to that blood-red vision. Hell was like that, only a million million times worse. Now he knew how flesh looked when devils' pincers tore it, how the shrieks of the damned sounded, and how roasting bodies smelled. How could a Christian spare one moment of his days and nights from the long long struggle to keep safe from the wrath to come?

Gradually the horror faded, leaving only a tranquil pleasure in the minute performance of his religious duties. His mind was not naturally given to the contemplation of evil, and in the blessed solitude of his new life his thoughts dwelt more and more on the beauty of holiness. His desire was to be perfectly good, and to live in love and charity with his fellow-men; and how could one do this without fleeing from them?

At first his life was difficult, for in the winter season he was put to great straits to feed himself; and there were nights when the sky was like an iron vault, and a hoarse wind rattled the oakwood in the valley, and a great fear came on him that was worse than any cold. But in time it became known to his townsfolk and to the peasants in the neighbouring valleys that he had withdrawn to the wilderness to lead a godly life; and after that his worst hardships were over, for pious persons brought him gifts of oil and dried fruit, one good woman gave him seeds from her garden, another spun for him a hodden gown, and others would have brought him all manner of food and clothing, had he not refused to accept anything but for his bare needs. The good woman who had given him the seeds showed him also how to build a little garden on the southern ledge of his cliff, and all one summer the Hermit carried up soil from the streamside, and the next he carried up water to keep his garden green. After that the fear of solitude quite passed from him, for he was so busy all day long that at night he had much ado to fight off the demon of sleep, which Saint Arsenius the Abbot has denounced as the chief foe of the solitary. His memory kept good store of prayers and litanies, besides long passages from the Mass and other offices, and he marked the hours of his day by different acts of devotion. On Sundays and feast days, when the wind was set his way, he could hear the church bells from his native town, and these helped him to follow the worship of the faithful, and to bear in mind the seasons of the liturgical year; and what with carrying up water from the river, digging in the garden, gathering fagots for his fire, observing his religious duties, and keeping his thoughts continually upon the salvation of his soul, the Hermit knew not a moment's idleness.

At first, during his night vigils, he had felt a great fear of the stars, which seemed to set a cruel watch upon him, as though they spied out the frailty of his heart and took the measure of his littleness. But one day a wandering clerk, to whom he chanced to give a night's shelter, explained to him that, in the opinion of the most learned doctors of theology, the stars were inhabited by the spirits of the blessed, and this thought brought great consolation to the Hermit. Even on winter nights, when the eagle's wings clanged among the peaks, and he heard the long howl of wolves about the sheep-cotes in the valley, he no longer felt any fear, but thought of those sounds as representing the evil voices of the world, and hugged himself in the solitude of his cave. Sometimes, to keep himself awake, he composed lauds in honour of Christ and the saints, and they seemed to him so pleasant that he feared to forget them, so after much debate with himself he decided to ask a friendly priest from the valley, who sometimes visited him, to write down the lauds; and the priest wrote them down on comely sheepskin, which the Hermit dried and prepared with his own hands. When the Hermit saw them written down they appeared to him so beautiful that he feared to commit the sin of vanity if he looked at them too often, so he hid them between two smooth stones in his cave, and vowed that he would take them out only once in the year, at Easter, when our Lord has risen and it is meet that Christians should rejoice. And this vow he faithfully kept; but, alas, when Easter drew near, he found he was looking forward to the blessed festival less because of our Lord's rising than because he should then be able to read his pleasant lauds

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written on fair sheepskin; and thereupon he took a vow that he would not look upon the lauds till he lay dying.

So the Hermit, for many years, lived to the glory of God and in great peace of mind.

II

One day he resolved to set forth on a visit to the Saint of the Rock, who lived on the other side of the mountains. Travellers had brought the Hermit report of this solitary, how he lived in great holiness and austerity in a desert place among the hills, where snow lay all winter, and in summer the sun beat down cruelly. The Saint, it appeared, had vowed that he would withdraw from the world to a spot where there was neither shade nor water, lest he should be tempted to take his ease and think less continually upon his Maker; but wherever he went he found a spreading tree or a gushing spring, till at last he climbed up to the bare heights where nothing grows, and where the only water comes from the melting of the snow in spring. Here he found a tall rock rising from the ground, and in it he scooped a hollow with his own hands, labouring for five years and wearing his fingers to the bone. Then he seated himself in the hollow, which faced the west, so that in winter he should have small warmth of the sun and in summer be consumed by it; and there he had sat without moving for years beyond number.

The Hermit was greatly drawn by the tale of such austerities, which in his humility he did not dream of emulating, but desired, for his soul's good, to contemplate and praise; so one day he bound sandals to his feet, cut an alder staff from the stream, and set out to visit the Saint of the Rock.

It was the pleasant spring season, when seeds are shooting and the bud is on the tree. The Hermit was troubled at the thought of leaving his plants without water, but he could not travel in winter by reason of the snows, and in summer he feared the garden would suffer even more from his absence. So he set out, praying that rain might fall while he was away, and hoping to return again in five days. The peasants labouring in the fields left their work to ask his blessing; and they would even have followed him in great numbers had he not told them that he was bound on a pilgrimage to the Saint of the Rock, and that it behoved him to go alone, as one solitary seeking another. So they respected his wish, and he went on and entered the forest. In the forest he walked for two days and slept for two nights. He heard the wolves crying, and foxes rustling in the covert, and once, at twilight, a shaggy brown man peered at him through the leaves and galloped away with a soft padding of hoofs; but the Hermit feared neither wild beasts nor evil-doers, nor even the fauns and satyrs who linger in unhallowed forest depths where the Cross has not been raised; for he said: "If I die, I die to the glory of God, and if I live it must be to the same end." Only he felt a secret pang at the thought that he might die without seeing his lauds again. But the third day, without misadventure, he came out on another valley.

Then he began to climb the mountain, first through brown woods of beech and oak, then through pine and broom, and then across red stony ledges where only a pinched growth of lentisk and briar spread in patches over the rock. By this time he thought to have reached his goal, but for two more days he fared on through the same scene, with the sky close over him and the green valleys of earth receding far below. Sometimes for hours he saw only the red glistering slopes tufted with thin bushes, and the hard blue heaven so close that it seemed his hand could touch it; then at a turn of the path the rocks rolled apart, the eye plunged down a long pine-clad defile, and beyond it the forest flowed in mighty undulations to a plain shining with cities and another mountain-range many days' journey away. To some eyes this would have been a terrible spectacle, reminding the wayfarer of his remoteness from his kind, and of the perils which lurk in waste places and the weakness of man against them; but the Hermit was so mated to solitude, and felt such love for all things created, that to him the bare rocks sang of their Maker and the vast distance bore witness to His greatness. So His servant journeyed on unafraid.

But one morning, after a long climb over steep and difficult slopes, the wayfarer halted suddenly at a bend of the way; for beyond the defile at his feet there was no plain shining with cities, but a bare expanse of shaken silver that reached away to the rim of the world; and the Hermit knew it was the

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sea. Fear seized him then, for it was terrible to see that great plain move like a heaving bosom, and, as he looked on it, the earth seemed also to heave beneath him. But presently he remembered how Christ had walked the waves, and how even Saint Mary of Egypt, who was a great sinner, had crossed the waters of Jordan dry-shod to receive the Sacrament from the Abbot Zosimus; and then the Hermit's heart grew still, and he sang as he went down the mountain: "The sea shall praise Thee, O Lord."

All day he kept seeing it and then losing it; but toward night he came to a cleft of the hills, and lay down in a pine-wood to sleep. He had now been six days gone, and once and again he thought anxiously of his herbs; but he said to himself: "What though my garden perish, if I see a holy man face to face and praise God in his company?" So he was never long cast down.

Before daylight he was afoot under the stars; and leaving the wood where he had slept, began climbing the face of a tall cliff, where he had to clutch the jutting ledges with his hands, and with every step he gained, a rock seemed thrust forth to hurl him back. So, footsore and bleeding, he reached a little stony plain as the sun dropped to the sea; and in the red light he saw a hollow rock, and the Saint sitting in the hollow.

The Hermit fell on his knees, praising God; then he rose and ran across the plain to the rock. As he drew near he saw that the Saint was a very old man, clad in goat-skin, with a long white beard. He sat motionless, his hands on his knees, and two red eye-sockets turned to the sunset. Near him was a young boy in skins who brushed the flies from his face; but they always came back, and settled on the rheum which ran from his eyes.

He did not appear to hear or see the approach of the Hermit, but sat quite still till the boy said: "Father, here is a pilgrim."

Then he lifted up his voice and asked angrily who was there and what the stranger sought.

The Hermit answered: "Father, the report of your holy practices came to me a long way off, and being myself a solitary, though not worthy to be named with you for godliness, it seemed fitting that I should cross the mountains to visit you, that we might sit together and speak in praise of solitude."

The Saint replied: "You fool, how can two sit together and praise solitude, since by so doing they put an end to the thing they pretend to honour?"

The Hermit, at that, was sorely abashed, for he had thought his speech out on the way, reciting it many times over; and now it appeared to him vainer than the crackling of thorns under a pot.

Nevertheless he took heart and said: "True, Father; but may not two sinners sit together and praise Christ, who has taught them the blessings of solitude?"

But the other only answered: "If you had really learned the blessings of solitude you would not squander them in idle wandering." And, the Hermit not knowing how to reply, he said again: "If two sinners meet they can best praise Christ by going each his own way in silence."

After that he shut his lips and continued motionless while the boy brushed the flies from his eye-sockets; but the Hermit's heart sank, and for the first time he felt all the weariness of the way he had fared, and the great distance dividing him from home.

He had meant to take counsel with the Saint concerning his lauds, and whether he ought to destroy them; but now he had no heart to say another word, and turning away he began to descend the mountain. Presently he heard steps running behind him, and the boy came up and pressed a honey-comb in his hand.

"You have come a long way and must be hungry," he said; but before the Hermit could thank him he had hastened back to his task. So the Hermit crept down the mountain till he reached the wood where he had slept before; and there he made his bed again, but he had no mind to eat before sleeping, for his heart hungered more than his body; and his salt tears made the honey-comb bitter.

III

On the fourteenth day he came to the valley below his cliff, and saw the walls of his native town against the sky. He was footsore and heavy of heart, for his long pilgrimage had brought him only weariness and humiliation, and as no drop of

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rain had fallen he knew that his garden must have perished. So he climbed the cliff heavily and reached his cave at the angelus.

But there a great wonder awaited him. For though the scant earth of the hillside was parched and crumbling, his garden-soil reeked with moisture, and his plants had shot up, fresh and glistening, to a height they had never before attained. More wonderful still, the tendrils of the gourd had been trained about his door, and kneeling down he saw that the earth had been loosened between the rows of sprouting vegetables, and that every leaf sparkled with drops as though the rain had but newly ceased. Then it appeared to the Hermit that he beheld a miracle, but doubting his own deserts he refused to believe himself worthy of such grace, and went within doors to ponder on what had befallen him. And on his bed of rushes he saw a young woman sleeping, clad in an outlandish garment, with strange amulets about her neck.

The sight was very terrifying to the Hermit, for he recalled how often the demon, in tempting the Desert Fathers, had taken the form of a woman for their undoing; but he reflected that, since there was nothing pleasing to him in the sight of this female, who was brown as a nut and lean with wayfaring, he ran no great danger in looking at her. At first he took her for a wandering Egyptian, but as he looked he perceived, among the heathen charms, an Agnus Dei in her bosom; and this so surprised him that he bent over and called on her to wake.

She sprang up with a start, but seeing the Hermit's gown and staff, and his face above her, lay quiet and said to him: "I have watered your garden daily in return for the beans and oil that I took from your store."

"Who are you, and how do you come here?" asked the Hermit.

She said: "I am a wild woman and live in the woods."

And when he pressed her again to tell him why she had sought shelter in his cave, she said that the land to the south, whence she came, was full of armed companies and bands of marauders, and that great license and bloodshed prevailed there; and this the Hermit knew to be true, for he had heard of it on his homeward journey. The Wild Woman went on to tell him that she had been hunted through the woods like an animal by a band of drunken men-at-arms, Lansknechts from the north by their barbarous dress and speech, and at length, starving and spent, had come on his cave and hidden herself from her pursuers. "For," she said, "I fear neither wild beasts nor the woodland people, charcoal burners, Egyptians, wandering minstrels or chapmen; even the highway robbers do not touch me, because I am poor and brown; but these armed men flown with blood and wine are more terrible than wolves and tigers."

And the Hermit's heart melted, for he thought of his little sister lying with her throat slit across the altar steps, and of the scenes of blood and rapine from which he had fled away into the wilderness. So he said to the stranger that it was not meet he should house her in his cave, but that he would send a messenger to the town across the valley, and beg a pious woman there to give her lodging and work in her household. "For," said he, "I perceive by the blessed image about your neck that you are not a heathen wilding, but a child of Christ, though so far astray from Him in the desert."

"Yes," she said, "I am a Christian, and know as many prayers as you; but I will never set foot in city walls again, lest I be caught and put back into the convent."

"What," cried the Hermit with a start, "you are a runagate nun?" And he crossed himself, and again thought of the demon.

She smiled and said: "It is true I was once a cloistered woman, but I will never willingly be one again. Now drive me forth if you like; but I cannot go far, for I have a wounded foot, which I got in climbing the cliff with water for your garden." And she pointed to a deep cut in her foot.

At that, for all his fear, the Hermit was moved to pity, and washed the cut and bound it up; and as he did so he bethought him that perhaps his strange visitor had been sent to him not for his soul's undoing but for her own salvation. And from that hour he earnestly yearned to save her.

But it was not fitting that she should remain in his cave; so, having given her water to drink and a handful of lentils, he raised her up and putting his staff in her hand guided her to a hollow not far off in the face of the cliff. And while he was doing this he heard the sunset bells ring across the valley, and set about reciting the *Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ;* and she

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joined in very piously, with her hands folded, not missing a word.

Nevertheless the thought of her wickedness weighed on him, and the next day when he went to carry her food he asked her to tell him how it came about that she had fallen into such abominable sin. And this is the story she told.

IV

I WAS born (said she) in the north country, where the winters are long and cold, where snow sometimes falls in the valleys, and the high mountains for months are white with it. My father's castle is in a tall green wood, where the winds always rustle, and a cold river runs down from the ice-gorges. South of us was the wide plain, glowing with heat, but above us were stony passes where the eagle nests and the storms howl; in winter great fires roared in our chimneys, and even in summer there was always a cool air off the gorges. But when I was a child my mother went southward in the great Empress's train and I went with her. We travelled many days, across plains and mountains, and saw Rome, where the Pope lives in a golden palace, and many other cities, till we came to the great Emperor's court. There for two years or more we lived in pomp and merriment, for it was a wonderful court, full of mimes, magicians, philosophers and poets; and the Empress's ladies spent their days in mirth and music, dressed in light silken garments, walking in gardens of roses, and bathing in a great cool marble tank, while the Emperor's eunuchs guarded the approach to the gardens. Oh, those baths in the marble tank, my Father! I used to lie awake through the whole hot southern night, and think of that plunge at sunrise under the last stars. For we were in a burning country, and I pined for the tall green woods and the cold stream of my father's valley; and when I had cooled my limbs in the tank I lay all day in the scant cypress shade and dreamed of my next bath.

My mother pined for the coolness till she died; then the Empress put me in a convent and I was forgotten. The convent was on the side of a bare yellow hill, where bees made a hot buzzing in the thyme. Below was the sea, blazing with a million shafts of light; and overhead a blinding sky, which reflected the sun's glitter like a huge baldric of steel. Now the convent was built on the site of an old pleasure-house which a holy Princess had given to our Order; and a part of the house was left standing, with its court and garden. The nuns had built all about the garden; but they left the cypresses in the middle, and the long marble tank where the Princess and her ladies had bathed. The tank, however, as you may conceive, was no longer used as a bath; for the washing of the body is an indulgence forbidden to cloistered virgins; and our Abbess, who was famed for her austerities, boasted that, like holy Sylvia the nun, she never touched water save to bathe her finger-tips before receiving the Sacrament. With such an example before them, the nuns were obliged to conform to the same pious rule, and many, having been bred in the convent from infancy, regarded all ablutions with horror, and felt no temptation to cleanse the filth from their flesh; but I, who had bathed daily, had the freshness of clear water in my veins, and perished slowly for want of it, like your garden herbs in a drought.

My cell did not look on the garden, but on the steep mule-path leading up the cliff, where all day long the sun beat as if with flails of fire, and I saw the sweating peasants toil up and down behind their thirsty asses, and the beggars whining and scraping their sores in the heat. Oh, how I hated to look out through the bars on that burning world! I used to turn away from it, sick with disgust, and lying on my hard bed, stare up by the hour at the ceiling of my cell. But flies crawled in hundreds on the ceiling, and the hot noise they made was worse than the glare. Sometimes, at an hour when I knew myself unobserved, I tore off my stifling gown, and hung it over the grated window, that I might no longer see the shaft of hot sunlight lying across my cell, and the dust dancing in it like fat in the fire. But the darkness choked me, and I struggled for breath as though I lay at the bottom of a pit; so that at last I would spring up, and dragging down the dress, fling myself on my knees before the Cross, and entreat our Lord to give me the gift of holiness, that I might escape the everlasting fires of hell, of which this heat was like an awful foretaste. For if I could not

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endure the scorching of a summer's day, with what constancy could I meet the thought of the flame that dieth not?

This longing to escape the heat of hell made me apply myself to a devouter way of living, and I reflected that if my bodily distress were somewhat eased I should be able to throw myself with greater zeal into the practice of vigils and austerities. And at length, having set forth to the Abbess that the sultry air of my cell induced in me a grievous heaviness of sleep, I prevailed on her to lodge me in that part of the building which overlooked the garden.

For a few days I was quite happy, for instead of the dusty mountainside, and the sight of the sweating peasants and their asses, I looked out on dark cypresses and rows of budding vegetables. But presently I found I had not bettered myself. For with the approach of midsummer the garden, being all enclosed with buildings, grew as stifling as my cell. All the green things in it withered and dried off, leaving trenches of bare red earth, across which the cypresses cast strips of shade too narrow to cool the aching heads of the nuns who sought shelter there; and I began to think sorrowfully of my former cell, where now and then there came a sea-breeze, hot and languid, yet alive, and where at least I could look out upon the sea. But this was not the worst; for when the dog-days came I found that the sun, at a certain hour, cast on the ceiling of my cell the reflection of the ripples on the garden-tank; and to say how I suffered from this sight is not within the power of speech. It was indeed agony to watch the clear water rippling and washing above my head, yet feel no solace of it on my limbs: as though I had been a senseless brazen image lying at the bottom of a well. But the image, if it felt no refreshment, would have suffered no torture; whereas every inch of my skin throbbed with thirst, and every vein was a mouth of Dives praying for a drop of water. Oh, Father, how shall I tell you the grievous pains that I endured? Sometimes I so feared the sight of the mocking ripples overhead that I hid my eyes from their approach, lying face down on my burning bed till I knew that they were gone; yet on cloudy days, when they did not come, the heat was even worse to bear.

By day I hardly dared trust myself in the garden, for the nuns walked there, and one fiery noon they found me hanging so close above the tank that they snatched me away, crying out that I had tried to destroy myself. The scandal of this reaching the Abbess, she sent for me to know what demon had beset me; and when I wept and said, the longing to bathe my burning body, she broke into great anger and cried out: "Do you not know that this is a sin well-nigh as great as the other, and condemned by all the greatest saints? For a nun may be tempted to take her life through excess of self-scrutiny and despair of her own worthiness; but this desire to indulge the despicable body is one of the lusts of the flesh, to be classed with concupiscence and adultery." And she ordered me to sleep every night for a month in my heavy gown, with a veil upon my face.

Now, Father, I believe it was this penance that drove me to sin. For we were in the dog-days, and it was more than flesh could bear. And on the third night, after the portress had passed, and the lights were out, I rose and flung off my veil and gown, and knelt in my window fainting. There was no moon, but the sky was full of stars. At first the garden was all blackness; but as I looked I saw a faint twinkle between the cypress-trunks, and I knew it was the starlight on the tank. The water! The water! It was there close to me—only a few bolts and bars were between us.

The portress was a heavy sleeper, and I knew where her keys hung, on a nail just within the door of her cell. I stole thither, unlatched the door, seized the keys and crept barefoot down the corridor. The bolts of the cloister-door were stiff and heavy, and I dragged at them till the veins in my wrists were bursting. Then I turned the key and it cried out in the ward. I stood still, my whole body beating with fear lest the hinges too should have a voice—but no one stirred, and I pushed open the door and slipped out. The garden was as airless as a pit, but at least I could stretch my arms in it; and, oh, my Father, the sweetness of the stars! The stones in the path cut my feet as I ran, but I thought of the joy of bathing them in the tank, and that made the wounds sweet to me. . . . My Father, I have heard of the temptations which in times past assailed the holy Solitaries of the desert, flattering the reluctant

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flesh beyond resistance; but none, I think, could have surpassed in ecstasy that first touch of the water on my limbs. To prolong the joy I let myself slip in slowly, resting my hands on the edge of the tank, and smiling to see my body, as I lowered it, break up the shining black surface and shatter the starbeams into splinters. And the water, my Father, seemed to crave me as I craved it. Its ripples rose about me, first in furtive touches, then in a long embrace that clung and drew me down; till at length they lay like kisses on my lips. It was no frank comrade like the mountain pools of my childhood, but a secret playmate compassionating my pains and soothing them with noiseless hands. From the first I thought of it as an accomplice—its whisper seemed to promise me secrecy if I would promise it love. And I went back and back to it, my Father; all day I lived in the thought of it; each night I stole to it with fresh thirst. . . .

But at length the old portress died, and a young lay-sister took her place. She was a light sleeper, and keen-eared; and I knew the danger of venturing to her cell. I knew the danger, but when darkness came I felt the water drawing me. The first night I fought on my bed and held out; but the second I crept to her door. She made no motion when I entered, but rose up secretly and stole after me; and the second night she warned the Abbess, and the two came on me as I stood by the tank.

I was punished with terrible penances: fasting, scourging, imprisonment, and the privation of drinking water; for the Abbess stood amazed at the obduracy of my sin, and was resolved to make me an example to my fellows. For a month I endured the pains of hell; then one night the Saracen pirates fell on our convent. On a sudden the darkness was full of flames and blood; but while the other nuns ran hither and thither, clinging to the Abbess's feet or shrieking on the steps of the altar, I slipped through an unwatched postern and made my way to the hills. The next day the Emperor's soldiery descended on the carousing heathen, slew them and burned their vessels on the beach; the Abbess and nuns were rescued, the convent walls rebuilt, and peace restored to the holy precincts. All this I heard from a shepherdess of the hills, who found me in my hiding, and brought me honeycomb and water. In her simplicity she offered to lead me home to the convent; but while she slept I laid off my wimple and scapular, and stealing her cloak fled away lest she should betray me. And since then I have wandered alone over the face of the world, living in woods and desert places, often hungry, often cold and sometimes fearful; yet resigned to any hardship, and with a front for any peril, if only I may sleep under the free heaven and wash the dust from my body in cool water.

V

THE Hermit, as may be supposed, was much perturbed by this story, and dismayed that such sinfulness should cross his path. His first motion was to drive the woman forth, for he knew the heinousness of the craving for water, and how Saint Jerome, Saint Augustine and other holy doctors have taught that they who would purify the soul must not be distraught by the vain cares of bodily cleanliness; yet, remembering the lust that drew him to his lauds, he dared not judge his sister's fault too harshly.

Moreover he was moved by the Wild Woman's story of the hardships she had suffered, and the godless company she had been driven to keep—Egyptians, jugglers, outlaws and even sorcerers, who are masters of the pagan lore of the East, and still practice their dark rites among the simple folk of the hills. Yet she would not have him think wholly ill of this vagrant people, from whom she had often received food and comfort; and her worst danger, as he learned with shame, had come from the *girovaghi* or wandering monks, who are the scourge and dishonour of Christendom; carrying their ribald idleness from one monastery to another, and leaving on their way a trail of thieving, revelry and worse. Once or twice the Wild Woman had nearly fallen into their hands; but had been saved by her own quick wit and skill in woodcraft. Once, so she assured the Hermit, she had found refuge with a faun and his female, who fed and sheltered her in their cave, where she slept on a bed of leaves with their shaggy nurslings; and in this cave she had seen a stock or idol of wood, extremely seamed and ancient, before which the wood-creatures, when they

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thought she slept, laid garlands and the wild bees' honey-comb.

She told him also of a hill-village of weavers, where she lived many weeks, and learned to ply their trade in return for her lodging; and where wayfaring men in the guise of cobblers, charcoal-burners or goat-herds came and taught strange doctrines at midnight in the poor hovels. What they taught she could not clearly tell, save that they believed each soul could commune directly with its Maker, without need of priest or intercessor; also she had heard from some of their disciples that there are two Gods, one of good and one of evil, and that the God of evil has his throne in the Pope's palace in Rome. But in spite of these dark teachings they were a mild and merciful folk, full of loving-kindness toward poor persons and wayfarers; so that her heart grieved for them when one day a Dominican monk appeared in the village with a company of soldiers, and some of the weavers were seized and dragged to prison, while others, with their wives and babes, fled to the winter woods. She fled with them, fearing to be charged with their heresy, and for months they lay hid in desert places, the older and weaker, who fell sick from want and exposure, being devoutly ministered to by their brethren, and dying in the sure faith of heaven.

All this she related modestly and simply, not as one who joys in a godless life, but as having been drawn into it through misadventure; and she told the Hermit that when she heard the sound of church bells she never failed to say an Ave or a Pater; and that often, as she lay in the midnight darkness of the forest, she had hushed her fears by reciting the versicles from the Evening Hour:

> Keep us, O Lord, as the apple of the eye,
> Protect us under the shadow of Thy wings.

The wound in her foot healed slowly; and the Hermit, while it was mending, repaired daily to her cave, reasoning with her in love and charity, and exhorting her to return to the cloister. But this she persistently refused to do; and fearing lest she attempt to fly before her foot was healed, and so expose herself to hunger and ill-usage, he promised not to betray her presence, or to take any measures toward restoring her to her Order.

He began indeed to doubt whether she had any calling to the life enclosed; yet her gentleness and innocency of mind made him feel that she might be won back to holy living, if only her freedom were assured. So after many inward struggles (since his promise forbade his taking counsel with any concerning her) he resolved to let her remain in the cave till some light should come to him. And one day, visiting her about the hour of Nones (for it became his pious habit to say the evening office with her), he found her engaged with a little goatherd, who in a sudden seizure had fallen from a rock above her cave, and lay senseless and full of blood at her feet. And the Hermit saw with wonder how skilfully she bound up his cuts and restored his senses, giving him to drink of a liquor she had distilled from the wild simples of the mountain; whereat the boy opened his eyes and praised God, as one restored by heaven. Now it was known that this lad was subject to possessions, and had more than once dropped lifeless while he heeded his flock; and the Hermit, knowing that only great saints or unclean necromancers can loosen devils, feared that the Wild Woman had exorcised the spirits by means of unholy spells. But she told him that the goatherd's sickness was caused only by the heat of the sun, and that, such seizures being common in the hot countries whence she came, she had learned from a wise woman how to stay them by a decoction of the *carduus benedictus*, made in the third night of the waxing moon, but without the aid of magic.

"But," she continued, "you need not fear my bringing scandal on your holy retreat, for by the arts of the same wise woman my own wound is well-nigh healed, and to-night at sunset I set forth on my travels."

The Hermit's heart grew heavy as she spoke, and it seemed to him that her own look was sorrowful. And suddenly his perplexities were lifted from him, and he saw what was God's purpose with the Wild Woman.

"Why," said he, "do you fly from this place, where you are safe from molestation, and can look to the saving of your soul? Is it that your feet weary for the road, and your spirits are heavy for lack of worldly discourse?"

She replied that she had no wish to travel, and felt no repugnance to solitude. "But," said she, "I must go forth to beg my bread, since in this wilderness there is

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none but yourself to feed me; and moreover, when it is known that I have healed the goatherd, curious folk and scandal-mongers may seek me out, and, learning whence I come, drag me back to the cloister."

Then the Hermit answered her and said: "In the early days, when the faith of Christ was first preached, there were holy women who fled to the desert and lived there in solitude, to the glory of God and the edification of their sex. If you are minded to embrace so austere a life, contenting you with such sustenance as the wilderness yields, and wearing out your days in prayer and vigil, it may be that you shall make amends for the great sin you have committed, and live and die in the peace of the Lord Jesus."

He spoke thus, knowing that if she left him and returned to her roaming, hunger and fear might drive her to fresh sin; whereas in a life of penance and reclusion her eyes might be opened to her iniquity, and her soul snatched back from ruin.

He saw that his words moved her, and she seemed about to consent, and embrace a life of holiness; but suddenly she fell silent, and looked down on the valley at their feet.

"A stream flows in the glen below us," she said. "Do you forbid me to bathe in it in the heat of summer?"

"It is not I that forbid you, my daughter, but the laws of God," said the Hermit; "yet see how miraculously heaven protects you—for in the hot season, when your lust is upon you, our stream runs dry, and temptation will be removed from you. Moreover on these heights there is no excess of heat to madden the body, but always, before dawn and at the angelus, a cool breeze which refreshes it like water."

And after thinking long on this, and again receiving his promise not to betray her, the Wild Woman agreed to embrace a life of reclusion; and the Hermit fell on his knees, worshipping God and rejoicing to think that, if he saved his sister from sin, his own term of probation would be shortened.

VI

THEREAFTER for two years the Hermit and the Wild Woman lived side by side, meeting together to pray on the great feast-days of the year, but on all other days dwelling apart, engaged in pious practices.

At first the Hermit, knowing the weakness of woman, and her little aptitude for the life apart, had feared that he might be disturbed by the nearness of his penitent; but she faithfully held to his commands, abstaining from all sight of him save on the Days of Obligation; and when they met, so modest and devout was her demeanour that she raised his soul to fresh fervency. And gradually it grew sweet to him to think that, near by though unseen, was one who performed the same tasks at the same hours; so that, whether he tended his garden, or recited his chaplet, or rose under the stars to repeat the midnight office, he had a companion in all his labours and devotions.

Meanwhile the report had spread abroad that a holy woman who cast out devils had made her dwelling in the Hermit's cliff; and many sick persons from the valley sought her out, and went away restored by her. These poor pilgrims brought her oil and flour, and with her own hands she made a garden like the Hermit's, and planted it with corn and lentils; but she would never take a trout from the brook, or receive the gift of a snared wild-fowl, for she said that in her vagrant life the wild creatures of the wood had befriended her, and as she had slept in peace among them, so now she would never suffer them to be molested.

In the third year came a plague, and death walked the cities, and many poor peasants fled to the hills to escape it. These the Hermit and his penitent faithfully tended, and so skilful were the Wild Woman's ministrations that the report of them reached the town across the valley, and a deputation of burgesses came with rich offerings, and besought her to descend and comfort their sick. The Hermit, seeing her depart on so dangerous a mission, would have accompanied her, but she bade him remain and tend those who fled to the hills; and for many days his heart was consumed in prayer for her, and he feared lest every fugitive should bring him word of her death.

But at length she returned, wearied-out but whole, and covered with the blessings of the townsfolk; and thereafter her name for holiness spread as wide as the Hermit's.

Seeing how constant she remained in her chosen life, and what advance she had made in the way of perfection, the Hermit now felt that it behoved him to exhort her again to return to the convent; and more

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than once he resolved to speak with her, but his heart hung back. At length he bethought him that by failing in this duty he imperilled his own soul, and thereupon, on the next feast-day, when they met, he reminded her that in spite of her good works she still lived in sin and excommunicate, and that, now she had once more tasted the sweets of godliness, it was her duty to confess her fault and give herself up to her superiors.

She heard him meekly, but when he had spoken she was silent and her tears ran over; and looking at her he wept also, and said no more. And they prayed together, and returned each to his cave.

It was not till late winter that the plague abated; and the spring and early summer following were heavy with rains and great heat. When the Hermit visited his penitent at the feast of Pentecost, she appeared to him so weak and wasted that, when they had recited the *Veni, sancte spiritus*, and the proper psalms, he taxed her with too great rigour of penitential practices; but she replied that her weakness was not due to an excess of discipline, but that she had brought back from her labours among the sick a heaviness of body which the intemperance of the season no doubt increased. The evil rains continued, falling chiefly at night, while by day the land reeked with heat and vapours; so that lassitude fell on the Hermit also, and he could hardly drag himself down to the spring whence he drew his drinking-water. Thus he fell into the habit of going down to the glen before cockcrow, after he had recited Matins; for at that hour the rain commonly ceased, and a faint air was stirring. Now because of the wet season the stream had not gone dry, and instead of replenishing his flagon slowly at the trickling spring, the Hermit went down to the waterside to fill it; and once, as he descended the steep slope of the glen, he heard the covert rustle, and saw the leaves stir as though something moved behind them. As he looked silence fell, and the leaves grew still; but his heart was shaken, for it seemed to him that what he had seen in the dusk had a human semblance, such as the wood-people wear. And he was loth to think that such unhallowed beings haunted the glen.

A few days passed, and again, descending to the stream, he saw a figure flit by him through the covert; and this time a deeper fear entered into him; but he put away the thought, and prayed fervently for all souls in temptation. And when he spoke with the Wild Woman again, on the feast of the Seven Maccabees, which falls on the first day of August, he was smitten with fear to see her wasted looks, and besought her to cease from labouring and let him minister to her in her weakness. But she denied him gently, and replied that all she asked of him was to keep her steadfastly in his prayers.

Before the feast of the Assumption the rains ceased, and the plague, which had begun to show itself, was stayed; but the ardency of the sun grew greater, and the Hermit's cliff was a fiery furnace. Never had such heat been known in those regions; but the people did not murmur, for with the cessation of the rain their crops were saved and the pestilence banished; and these mercies they ascribed in great part to the prayers and macerations of the two holy anchorets. Therefore on the eve of the Assumption they sent a messenger to the Hermit, saying that at daylight on the morrow the townspeople and all the dwellers in the valley would come forth, led by their Bishop, who bore the Pope's blessing to the two solitaries, and who was minded to celebrate the Mass of the Assumption in the Hermit's cave in the cliffside. At the blessed word the Hermit was well-nigh distraught with joy, for he felt this to be a sign from heaven that his prayers were heard, and that he had won the Wild Woman's grace as well as his own. And all night he prayed that on the morrow she might confess her fault and receive the Sacrament with him.

Before dawn he recited the psalms of the proper nocturn; then he girded on his gown and sandals, and went forth to meet the Bishop in the valley.

As he went downward daylight stood on the mountains, and he thought he had never seen so fair a dawn. It filled the farthest heaven with brightness, and penetrated even to the woody crevices of the glen, as the grace of God had entered into the obscurest folds of his heart. The morning airs were hushed, and he heard only the sound of his own footfall, and the murmur of the stream which, though diminished, still poured a swift current between the rocks; but as he reached the bottom of the

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glen a sound of chanting came to him, and he knew that the pilgrims were at hand. His heart leapt up and his feet hastened forward; but at the streamside they were suddenly stayed, for in a pool where the water was still deep he saw the shining of a woman's body—and on a stone hard by lay the Wild Woman's gown and sandals.

Fear and rage possessed the Hermit's heart, and he stood as one smitten speechless, covering his eyes from the shame. But the song of the approaching pilgrims swelled ever louder and nearer, and finding voice he cried to the Wild Woman to come forth and hide herself from the people.

She made no answer, but in the dusk he saw her limbs sway with the swaying of the water, and her eyes were turned to him as if in mockery. At the sight blind fury filled him, and clambering over the rocks to the pool's edge he bent down and caught her by the shoulder. At that moment he could have strangled her with his hands, so abhorrent to him was the touch of her flesh; but as he cried out on her, heaping her with cruel names, he saw that her eyes returned his look without wavering; and suddenly it came to him that she was dead. Then through all his anger and fear a great pang smote him; for here was his work undone, and one he had loved in Christ laid low in her sin, in spite of all his labours.

One moment pity possessed him; the next he bethought him how the people would find him bending above the body of a naked woman, whom he had held up to them as holy, but whom they might now well take for the secret instrument of his undoing; and beholding how at her touch all the slow edifice of his holiness was demolished, and his soul in mortal jeopardy, he felt the earth reel round him and his sight grew red.

Already the head of the procession had entered the glen, and the stillness shook with the great sound of the *Salve Regina*. When the Hermit opened his eyes once more the air was quivering with thronged candle-flames, which glittered on the gold thread of priestly vestments, and on the blazing monstrance beneath its canopy; and close above him was bent the Bishop's face.

The Hermit struggled to his knees.

"My Father in God," he cried, "behold, for my sins I have been visited by a demon ——" But as he spoke he perceived that those about him no longer heeded him, and that the Bishop and all his clergy had fallen on their knees about the pool. Then the Hermit, following their gaze, saw that the brown waters of the pool covered the Wild Woman's limbs as with a garment, and that about her floating head a great light floated; and to the utmost edges of the throng a cry of praise went up, for many were there whom the Wild Woman had healed and comforted, and who read God's mercy in this wonder. But fresh fear fell on the Hermit, for he had cursed a dying saint, and denounced her aloud to all the people; and this new anguish, coming so close upon the other, smote down his weakened frame, so that his limbs failed him and he sank once more to the ground.

Again the earth reeled about him, and the bending faces grew remote; but as he forced his weak voice once more to proclaim his sins he felt the blessed touch of absolution, and the holy oils of the last voyage laid on his lips and eyes. Peace returned to him then, and with it a great longing to look once more upon his lauds, as he had dreamed of doing at his last hour; but he was too far gone to make this longing known, and so tried to banish it from his mind. Yet in his weakness the wish held him, and the tears ran down his face.

Then, as he lay there, feeling the earth slip from under him, and the Everlasting Arms replace it, he heard a great peal of voices that seemed to come down from the sky and mingle with the singing of the throng; and the words of the chant were the words of his own lauds, so long hidden in the secret of his breast, and now rejoicing above him through the spheres. And his soul rose on the chant, and soared with it to the seat of mercy.

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THE MOOSE AND HIS ANTLERS

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE intrepid French voyageurs were the original explorers of northern North America, and the first civilized men to see the Canadian Moose.

When they met with the Wapiti, the Virginia Deer, the Bear, and the Wolf, they, not being trained taxonomists, had no difficulty in satisfying themselves that these were identical with the animals they had known in *la belle France*, and naming or misnaming them accordingly. The Wapiti became the "cerf du Canada," the Virginia Deer the "daim" or Fallow Deer; the Bear and Wolf were yet more easily catalogued; but when these enterprising travellers found themselves confronted with the Moose, they were silent—nonplussed. Nothing like this had ever been seen "at home." He was "un type, un original," hence the French name *l'orignal*, *l'orignat* or *l'orignac*.

The educated Frenchman who had a literary knowledge of the European Elk made a feeble attempt to call this animal by its European name. Lescarbot, writing about 1609 of "The Chase" in New France, says (page 893): "But first let us speak of the Elan, which they the Indians call Aptaptou and our Basques, Orignacs. . . . It is the most abundant game which the savages have after the Fish." Sagard Theodat (1632) calls them "eslans ou orignats."

Charlevoix, in 1744, uses "elan" once by way of explanation and "orignal" elsewhere throughout. Thus the lower-class nomenclature won, and it holds the ground to-day.

The English had their similar troubles, with even less light, for they were farmers, and, in information and travel, far behind the polished chevaliers who exploited New France. They got out of this difficulty by adopting the Indian word Moose, which, as pronounced in an Indian nose, is *mongsoa*—or *mongswa*, said to mean "twig-eater." What a happy thing for our lexicons had the original Scandinavians completed their conquest, and allowed the noble creature his proper birthright in the name of *Elk*. But Moose it is, and not so bad, since it makes no confusion. Would that the Wapiti, Prong-horned Antelope, White Goat-antelope, and Bison were as happily placed!

Lescarbot's account, cited above, is the earliest mention I can find of Moose. Cartier did not see the species in his famous journey to Hochelaga (Montreal) in 1535; at least he does not speak of it, which is pretty good proof, since he talked of many beasts.

Also the earliest drawing of Moose that I can find is on Lescarbot's map (1609) of Port Royal, Nova Scotia. The Moose, or *l'orignal*, as he calls it, was the characteristic animal of that region, and therefore used as a decoration of the map at *Rivière de l'Orignac*.

There are supposed to be three species of Moose: The European Moose or Elk, found in northern Europe and adjoining parts of Asia; the common Moose of eastern America, distinguished chiefly from its European congener by the skull being narrowed across the maxillaries, also by its greater size and darker color; and the Alaskan Moose, separated by its giant stature, its narrow occiput, broad palate, and heavy mandibles.

Expressed in external features as illustrated in the adult male (always best for differentiating species):

The Scandinavian Elk is a small gray animal with little palm and many spikes on its antlers.

The Canadian is a large black animal with much palmation and always a separate brow bunch of spikes. I have seen hundreds of Canadian Moose antlers, but never a pair that did not show a well-developed separate group of prongs in front of each brow. I have seen a score or more of Swedish Elk, but never saw one that *did* have a separated brow group of prongs, though I confess I have seen figures of such.

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The Alaskan is a richly colored black, gray, and brown giant, not only the largest deer alive to-day, but believed to be the largest that ever did exist, since no fossil has been found to equal it in bulk. Its antlers differ chiefly in size from those of the Canadian Moose, but Mr. Madison Grant claims that they are also more complex and have in the brow antlers a second palmation which is set at right angles to that of the main palmation. In these peculiarities he finds "a startling resemblance is shown to the extinct *Cervalces* (see cut), a moose-like deer of Pleistocene times, probably ancestral to the genus *Alces*."

"If this resemblance indicates any close relationship, we have in the Alaskan Moose a survivor of the archaic type from which the true Moose and Scandinavian Elk have somewhat degenerated."

On the map I have not attempted to demark their ranges, as I have no information on the subject, and do not know of anyone who has.

In making this chart I have tried to be conservative.* A number of outlying records are shown by crosses. There is one peculiarity of the Moose range that is almost unique, at least among our deer. Many observers state that Moose are *now found* in such and such a large region *where formerly unknown*. It has always seemed to me more likely that in these cases Moose are now common *where formerly rare*. If Moose can live there to-day, why not in primitive times?

But the statement of many reliable travelers, among them Dr. Robert Bell, Chief of the Canadian Geological Survey, are not to be ignored. Doubtless there is yet a curious chapter to be written on the distribution of the species. Professor Bell says: "The Moose or American Elk (*Alces americanus*) migrates slowly from one large area to another through periods extending over many years. For example, in the Gaspé peninsula the last interval between its leaving and again returning to the same district was upward of half a century, and in the region between the upper Great Lakes and James Bay the period between his last withdrawal and reappearance has been still longer." (Bull. Geol. Soc. Am., June, 1898, p. 376.)

* It is founded on the accounts of many travellers and the records of the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

The map shows where Moose were at any time found. The parts where they are known to have been exterminated by man are remarkably small, comprising chiefly Cape Breton and a strip in the United States along the southern border of the dotted area. The range of the Moose was actually more limited twenty years ago than it is to-day, for good game laws have resulted in a general increase in much territory where once it was near extermination.

There is one oft-quoted error that I should like to nail down here. Richardson, Baird, Caton, and many others who should have known better say that the Moose formerly *ranged south to the Ohio*, and refer to Du Pratz as authority. Not one of these writers seems to have looked up Du Pratz. Here is his whole statement: "This is what we call the Wabache, and what *in Canada* and *New England* they call the Ohio. . . . To the north of this river lies Canada. . . . On the north of the Wabache we first began to see the Originaux." (Du Pratz, "The Hist. Louis.," vol. i, pp. 300–301.)

That is, *in Canada*. He clearly distinguishes Canada from the land of Illinois, which name he applies to the country north of the Wabash on his map. Furthermore, he includes the whole of the Ohio Valley as part of Louisiana, and in his list of "Quadrupedes" of Louisiana does not mention the *orignal*, though he gives Buffalo, Stag, [Wapiti], and Deer.

In a word, then, I find not the slightest evidence here (or elsewhere) for believing that the Moose ever ranged south to the Ohio or indeed anywhere on the south shores of Lakes Erie and Ontario.

The record-bearer among antler sets of the Canadian Moose is that shot by Mr. F. H. Cook, of Leominster, Mass., in New Brunswick, October, 1898. These, when measured by Mr. S. L. Crosby, of Bangor, at the time of capture, were 67 inches from tip to tip. They have thirteen points on the right side, ten on the left, and weighed, with a portion of the skull, 67 pounds. During the intervening eight years they have shrunk a little by inevitable drying out and to-day are only 65¼ inches across, but are believed to be the record spread for Canadian Moose. They now hang in the Leominster Club at Leominster, Mass.

Next to these come the 66-inch pair, also

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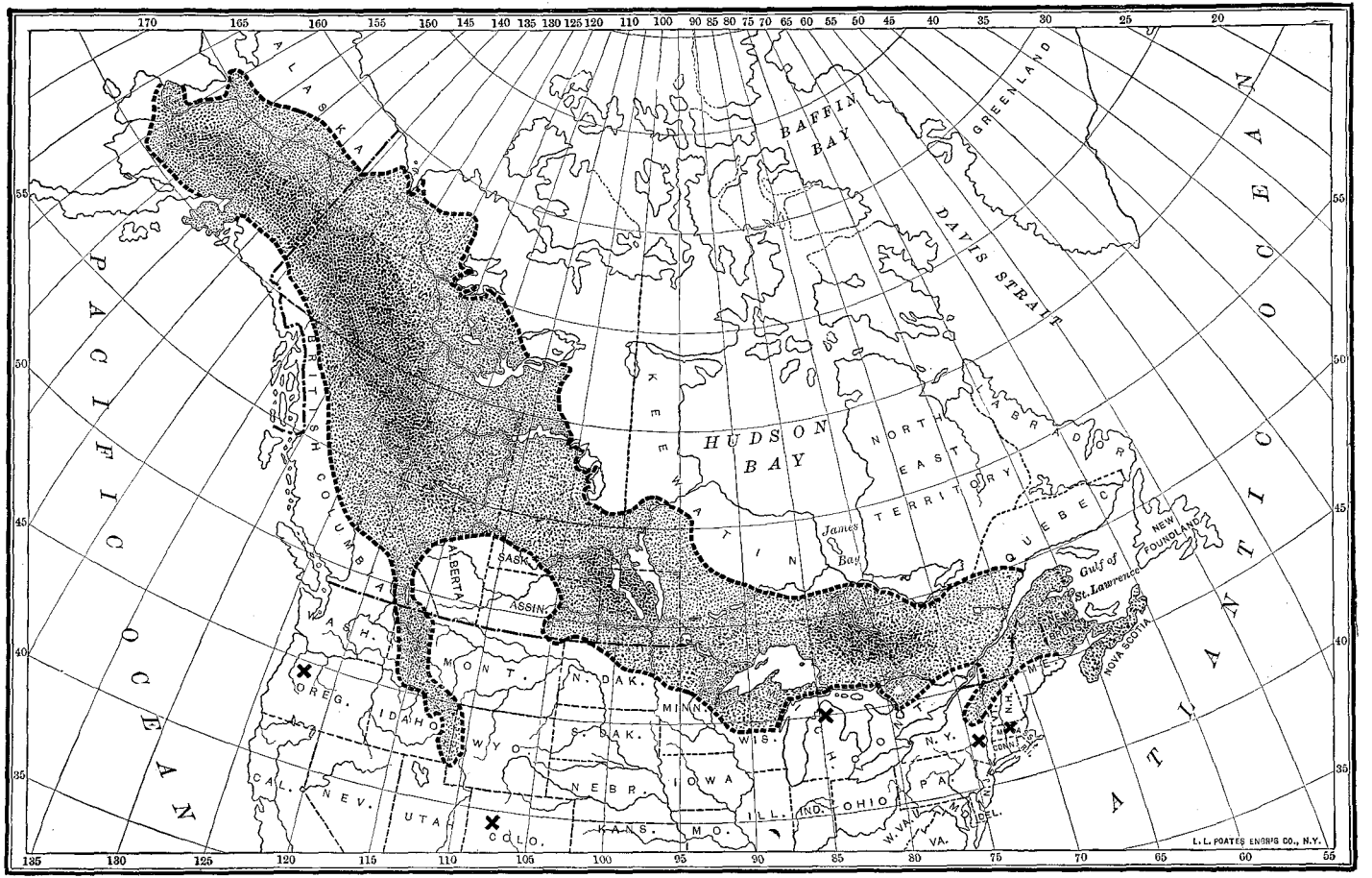

Compiled by Ernest Thompson Seton.

Primitive range of Moose (but little changed to-day). Outlying records marked with cross.

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from New Brunswick, shot on the Tobique by Stephen Decatur, Esq., of Portsmouth, N. H., and next the 65-inch pair from Manitoba, belonging to Otho Shaw, Esq.

The Bierstadt head, killed in New Brunswick, 1880, is a marvel of palmation and size. Its spread is 64¼ inches.

Minnesota follows closely with the 64-inch head killed by Mr. H. C. Percival (of Mine Centre, Ontario) in St. Louis County, Minnesota. These are singularly symmetrical, even to the pendant on the under side of each. The pair taken ninety miles northeast of Winnipeg, by Mr. H. C. Pierce, of St. Louis, Mo., though only 56-inch spread, represent, to my mind, the most beautiful type of Moose antler; with the broad curving shovels behind, and the bold sweep of many serried and even points in the brow cluster, it is a question whether, with due allowance for beauty, they would not rank first among those of Canadian Moose. These five I have not personally examined.*

The record antlers of Alaskan Moose are now in the Field Columbian Museum. They measured 78½ inches across the widest part, and with the dry skull, weighed ninety-one pounds.†

The second Alaskan pair, so far as known, are 77½ inches across. They came from Copper River, where they were secured in the fall of 1897. These I sketched and carefully examined on the skull, in the warehouse of Mr. W. F. Sheard, at Tacoma on the 24th of August, 1899.

In view of the fact that weight, ruggedness, symmetry, and number of points are to be considered, the following are formidable competitors for the first place: The 74½-inch head presented to the Chicago Academy of Science, by Mr. George Loftus, the 73¼-inch head imported by Mr. W. F. Sheard in 1897, the 72-inch head in the collection of the Duke of Westminster, the 70¼-inch head in the collection of Mr. W. W. Hart, of New York, and the 69-inch head killed by Mr. Dall de Weese, September, 1897.‡

Such remarkable growths are, of course, liable to great variation. Freak horns are common among Moose, and some of the most curious are here illustrated, all on the same scale.

The antler's size and shape have even less relation to the age of the animal than with the Wapiti. After the third year no one can tell the age from the antlers.

According to Captain Hardy "the young bull Moose grows his first horn (a little dag of a cylindrical form) in his second summer, *i. e.*, when one year old (and about five feet at shoulder). Both this and the next year's growths, which are bifurcate, remain on the head throughout the winter till April or May. The palmate horns of succeeding years are dropped earlier, in January or February, a new growth commencing in April. In very vigorous animals they are dropped as early as December. The full development of the horns appears to be attained in the seventh year."

Mr. Madison Grant says: "The antlers of a young individual show but few points, but these are long and the webbing on the main blade is narrow. The brow antlers usually show two points."

"As the Moose grows larger the palmation becomes wider, but the points fewer in number and shorter, until in a very old specimen the upper part of the antler is merely scalloped along the edge, and the web is of great breadth. In the older and prime specimens the brow antlers are more complex and show three points instead of two."

The locked horns so common among Wapiti, Caribou, White-tail, and Black-tail deer are also found among Moose. One may wonder how these big flat shovels can "mix," and yet they do. There are several cases on record, the most marvellous being a pair of giants from Alaska. These I saw in Mr. Sheard's establishment in Tacoma. The man who found them brought them out at great cost—he thought he had a wonderful prize. And yet Mr. Sheard remarked: "I will give half as much more to anyone who will unlock these antlers without using a saw. As they stand they are an unwieldy curiosity which no man wishes to buy, but separated each will make a fine trophy."

The second marked peculiarity of the Moose is the bell on its throat. I have examined many of these in the new killed specimen and in the living animal, and

*Dr. A. L. Adams records that "a magnificent pair [of Moose horns] was presented to the Prince of Wales during his visit to Canada, the weight of the dried skull and horns being 56 lbs.; the extreme breadth across the antlers 70 inches." (*Field and Forest Rambles, 1873*, p. 89.)

† Prof. J. G. Elliot informs me that when first shot the hunter measured them at 84 inches across.

‡ I should be glad of correction if I have overlooked any heads that are entitled to place here.

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Drawn by Ernest Thompson Seton. Moose Family in Winter.

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could find nothing in them but a long dewlap of skin with appropriate blood-vessels. Sometimes it is round; sometimes flat, lying the long way, sometimes flat, the crossway of the animal's throat; sometimes simple; sometimes forked; sometimes hanging from the jaw, and sometimes from a long blade-like dewlap, but always without discernible scent glands. I have squeezed and worked them with my hands on the living Moose and could not discover any smell or signs of exudation, or, indeed, any other specialization that would afford a hint of their purpose. No one yet has given any satisfactory explanation of this curious dangler. Judge Caton says "it is in rare instances found on the females." According to my experience, it is found on *oll Moose*, male or female, at all ages, but varies greatly, is largest in young bulls, smallest in the very young and the very old; it varies also with season and with the development of the antlers.

Earliest known drawing of a Moose; on Lescarbot's map (1609) of Port Royal, Nova Scotia.

Mr. Fred Talcott, who made extended observations on a family of Moose in Roger Williams Park, Providence, R. I., writes: "As the antlers increased the bell also increased until thirteen or fourteen inches long; and after the antlers were dropped, December 1st, the bell decreased in length. (*F. and S.*, March 25, 1899.)

The ordinary bell is ten or fourteen inches long. It is usually found in a three- or four-year-old bull, but the largest bell I ever heard of was found in a cow Moose. This was 38 inches long, exclusive of hair. The Moose was shot by an Indian in Manitoba and brought to the taxidermist's shop of Mr. E. W. Darbey, of Winnipeg. Mr. Darbey and Mr. J. P. Turner, of Winnipeg, examined it critically in the flesh and vouch for its genuineness. Unfortunately the owner insisted on having it mounted on a bull Moose head.

It is interesting to note that several animals have produced skin bells on their throats as freaks. I have seen such growths in common cattle, Belgian Hares, Merino Rams, and once in a Cottontail. They are usually associated with other excessive developments of the skin and its products.

Not many authentic weights of Moose have been recorded, because of the difficulties of getting the scales and the Moose together. For long we had nothing but hunters' guesses, which are of the same order as the fishermen's; now, however, we have sufficient evidence for a trustworthy report.

An ordinary bull Moose stands six feet high at the withers and weighs some nine hundred pounds. His horns will measure about forty-five inches and will have seven or eight prongs on each.

The only Moose I ever killed gave 500 pounds (Fairbanks) of dressed meat, which, according to butcher's reckoning, would be a live weight of 850 pounds; as he lay, he measured six feet two inches at the withers, which means about six feet, alive.

Mr. S. L. Crosby, of Bangor, Me., an undoubted authority, says: "I have weighed several Moose, the heaviest was 1,000 pounds, without blood and entrails, which would surely have weighed 250 to 300 pounds."

By actual weight I found that a 562-pound bull Wapiti lost 120 pounds when his blood and entrails were removed, so that Mr. Crosby's estimate appears right. His big Moose surely weighed near 1,300 pounds.

I also find the following on record:

A large Moose killed near Penadomcook, Me., by Mr. W. I. Miller, September, 1893, dressed 1,123 pounds (a live weight of over 1,400 pounds).

Mr. H. C. Stonebridge, of New York, while hunting at Chesuncook Lake, Me.,

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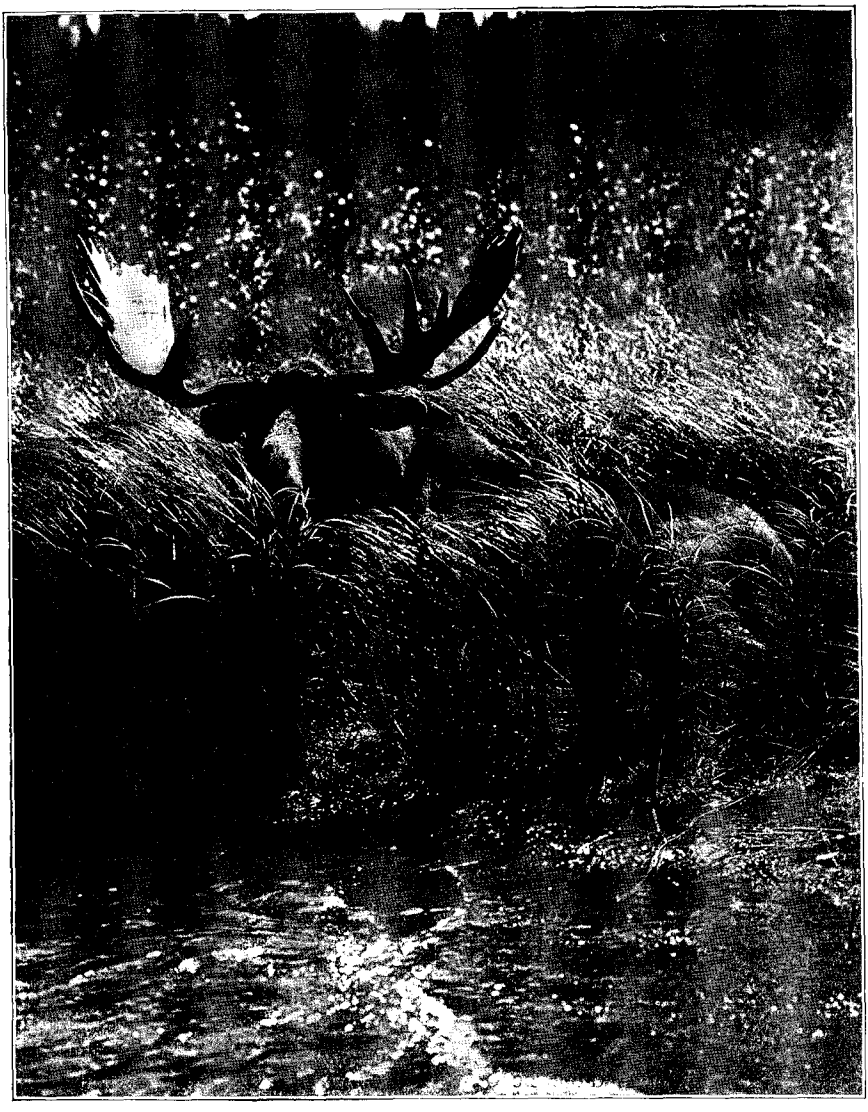

From a photograph, copyright 1902, by F. C. Walcott.

Bull Moose on the Upper Tobique River, New Brunswick.

in October, 1897, killed a bull Moose that was "over six feet eight inches at the withers after skinning.

Mr. W. J. Hayes, of New York, in the *American Naturalist*, June, 1897, records that in Nova Scotia a young Moose was shot that stood six feet nine inches at the shoulder, although on examination of the teeth, horns, etc., it proved to be only three years old.

Mr. William E. Roberts, of Springfield, Mass., is stated to have killed a Nova Scotia Moose that measured six feet ten inches at the withers.

But again a record bearer in point of size is from New Brunswick, and had the luck to be measured by a well-known expert, Mr. Carl Rungius, the animal painter. This mammoth of the East measured seven feet at the withers as he lay on the ground.

So far we have dealt only with the Canadian Moose. The Alaskan Moose, of course, overtops it. The largest that I have found recorded by competent authority was

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killed and measured by Mr. Dall de Weese on the Yukon in September, 1897, and was seven feet eight inches at the withers.

How are we to know that there are Moose in this swamp, since they never give us a chance to see them? The sure, certain, lasting sign is the fumet, or dungballs. They resemble in character those of other large deer, but their size is distinctive. The next important sign is the track —"like the track of a cow, but sharper," is the earliest description I ever heard of it. This sign is soon changed by weather and tells the observer what time has elapsed since the Moose was at the place.

While feeding in winter, the Moose will chisel the bark off saplings with their front teeth, as indeed do most deer, but the size of the mark and height from the ground will usually tell if they were Moose that did it. It is often remarked that only one side of the bark is thus taken, and therefore the tree survives.

The nipping of twigs at great height and the riding down of saplings—that is, bending them down by straddling them—are also well-known habits of the Moose, and the evidences of these are important Moose signs. Other tell-tale marks are the scraping of trees with the horns and the deliberate crossing of bogs. In this last the Moose is second only to the Caribou. An important sign in fall is the wallow, fully described later.

No wild animal roams at random over the country. All have a certain range that they consider home. Some have two of these, one for summer, one for winter. Such animals are called migratory. The Moose has but one home, and that he keeps to the year round.

As a general rule the animal's range corresponds somewhat with its size. A deer's range is larger than that of a rabbit because its wants are greater—flesh-eaters, of course, being on a different plane. The Moose appears to have the largest range of the non-migratory Ruminants. Those in the Carberry Forest did not leave it at all, so far as known. They were always to be found within a few miles of the same place, and when pursued they merely circled around a region less than ten miles across. I should think that ordinarily a Moose passes his life within ten miles of the spot where he was born.

The horns of the bull Moose are developed for battle with his own kind. As soon as the rut is over they are of little use, and Nature, true to her principle of economy, proceeds to get rid of them. In the depths of winter, the useless lumber is dropped—earlier if the Moose be very vigorous, later if he be a weakling. He is not by any means defenceless, for his mighty fore feet, armed with a pair of stubby bayonets of horn, are ample protection against any wolf or bear that might dare to assail him or the family in his care.

The yarding of the Moose is a familiar phrase that has furnished the ground for several misconceptions. Many persons think that a moose-yard is a large place with all the snow in it hammered down smooth, and surrounded by a straight wall of untrodden snow which rises to the level of the deep soft covering of the forest beyond. They imagine, further, that as soon as the new snow-storm begins, the Moose get to work, hoof and horn, to hammer it down smooth and hard within the yard.

The fact is, that when the snow deepens the Moose family—father, mother, and little ones—or sometimes several families together, settle in some place of abundant food, and by winding daily in this, they cover the ground with a network of pathways. The longer they stay the more and wider the pathways, so that finally there are but few spaces untrodden of twenty square yards across.

The deeper the snow in the woods, the more the Moose must work for their food, since the lower bushes and ground herbs are cut off, and thus the difference between the snow in the yard and that in the woods increases. If the food is sufficiently abundant in the yard, and no hunters find them, the Moose stay there till spring. If it gives out, they must begin a perilous journey through the snow in search of another good place. It is during this journey only that they fear the wolves. It is always done in single file, so that the young ones in the rear do not have a very hard time, and it is usually done with judgment founded on their memory of the country.

The moose-yard is commonly frequented by the moose-birds or Canada jays. I am not sure why. The Moose by tearing down and rooting up logs and dead trees may expose worms, etc., or the parasitic insects in

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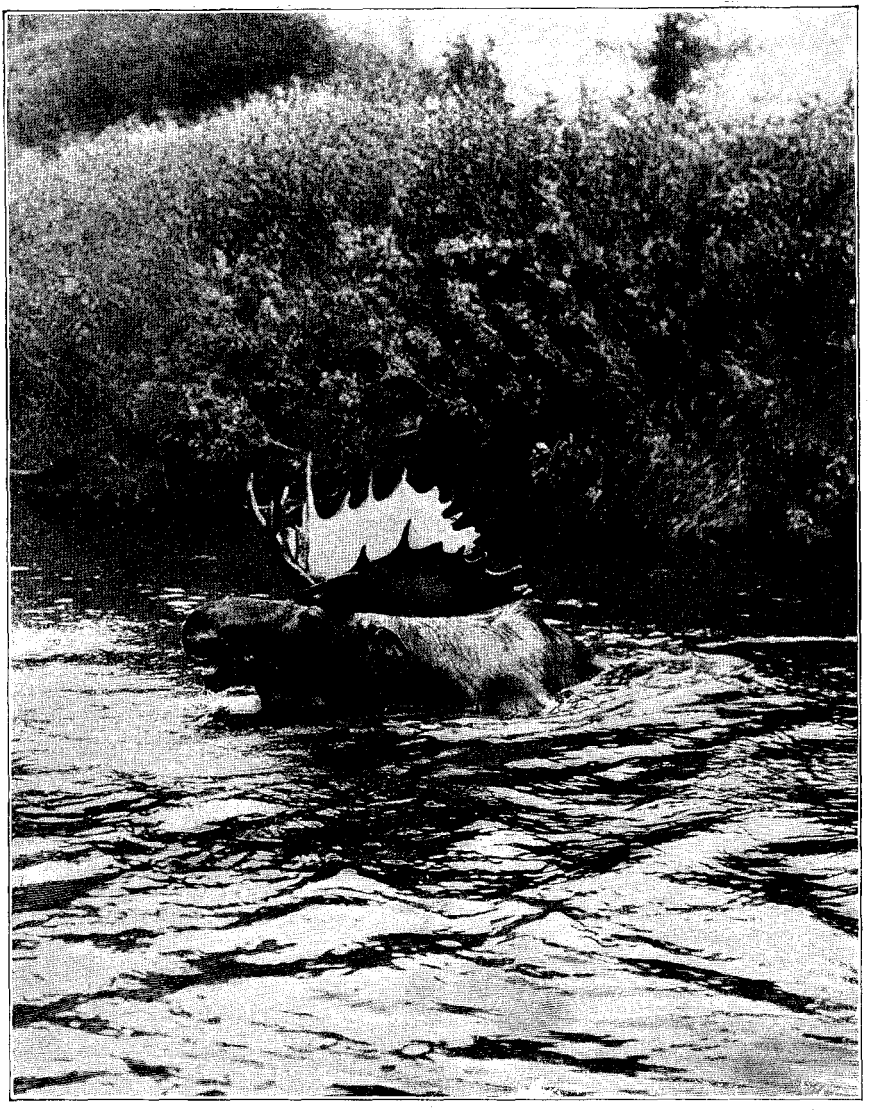

From a photograph, copyright 1902, by F. C. Walcott.

Photograph of a Moose standing in the Miramichi River.

their hair may furnish food for the bird. There are several other cases of small birds associating with large beasts, and in each the bird is believed to serve the beast as a watchman and get his returns in parasitic insects.

With the melting of the snow, the necessity for yarding ceases, and the Moose family scatters. For what reason, is not clear, because the young are not due to be born for two or three months yet. Perhaps like men who have been cooped up together in tight winter quarters, or in a sailing vessel, they are glad to get away from each other, for a change. They go their ways, the bulls to some quiet spot, where their budding horns may have every chance to grow. They may have travelled twenty miles from their own range while seeking a mate in the fall, but summer usually finds each individual back to the very swamp and water-front that he has long considered home. The cows also retire to some familiar secluded place where they can nour-

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ish the unborn calf, usually, however accompanied by the young of the year before.

Though unideal, it is very necessary in the economy of nature, to break up the families. Inbreeding is ruinous, and most animals have developed instincts that guard against this. I have made many observations to see whether the active party is the parent or the young. Judging by humanity it should be the young; the maternal feeling among us usually continues longer than the filial. But in most, possibly in all the lower animals, it is the other way. The young would keep on indefinitely demanding sustenance and comfort from the mother if allowed. Who has not seen a cow, a mare, a sheep, a cat, a dog, or a rabbit driving away with harsh menace, or even violence, the overgrown young ones that persist in teasing for the sustenance of their earlier days? The feeling that overpowers the maternal is, I think, in most cases, the renewed mating instinct that springs from physical preparations for a new family. We can find even this paralleled in mankind; the widow or widower often realizes that the already acquired family is a grievous obstacle in the way of a new match.

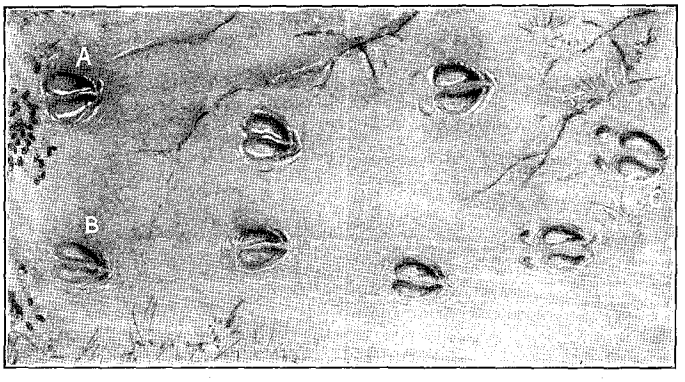
The cow Moose may still be accompanied by her calf of the last year, as my friend Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts assures me, but the instinct to be alone when her time comes leads the mother to sneak away for the final scene. This takes place in some remote swampy thicket during late May. Mr. Kendall, quoted by Audubon and Bachman, says: "The first time she produces one fawn, but ever afterward two," and he might have added, in rare cases, three. These are dull reddish brown, without any of the lighter spots that characterize the rest of the deer family in America. The small Deer hide the fawn for weeks, the Elk and Moose for a few days only.

The young have all the family instincts for hiding at this age. Mr. William E. Bemis sends me a curious instance that he learned with satisfactory proof. Near his summer camp in Quebec north of Deux Rivières his guide chanced on two Moose calves in an open place. The little things ran here and there, looking for cover, then sought a shaggy fringe of short brush and disappeared over a low bank by a lake. There seemed no place to hide, and yet they had disappeared. A thorough search showed them to be in the water, completely submerged except the tips of their noses. The mother was circling about in the neighborhood, too much alarmed to come near, but frequently uttering a warning squeal that the little ones seemed to understand. The mother never goes far afield while the calves are in hiding; and at proper times, which probably means two or three times a day, she comes to suckle them. As soon as they are strong enough they follow her about. Exactly at what age I cannot say.

On June 4, 1892, at Beausejour, in Manitoba, I saw two Moose calves that were able to run like old ones and were probably a fortnight old. They stood between thirty and thirty-six inches at the shoulder. One which Mr. Hornaday measured when seven weeks old was 37 inches at the shoulder.

During the summer they continue with the mother. I have been unable to determine whether several mothers join company at this season, as with the Wapiti, admitting the young males also to their select society.

Thousands of pages have been written on shooting the Moose, what kind of rifle to use, etc., but no one seems to have recorded this other



Bull and cow Moose tracks in about one inch of snow.

The bull tracks (A and C) are 5 x 6 inches; the strides vary from 2 feet to 5 feet. The softer ground and deeper snow causes the toes to spread and the hind hoofs to show. The cow track (B) is 4 x 5½ inches, and is distinguished by its smaller size and slenderer form.

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From a photograph by Ross, of Winnipeg.

Moose in harness.

side of their lives. The early feeding of the calves, their weaning and their bringing up, are involved in the obscurity of unwritten, unworthy chapters.

The bull Moose has meanwhile led a bachelor life of his own, so far as known. The only evidence to the contrary was supplied by Mr. Tappan Adney, in answer to the query, Does the bull Moose accompany the cow while the calf is suckling?

He says: "In my notes I have a story, related by an old hunter with whom I lived on the Tobique in 1896. He was telling me of the time when he first heard a Moose call to another. Though but a small boy then, he was in the woods alone. He was paddling on Sisson Branch of the Tobique and had stopped his canoe by the bank to rest, when close at hand he heard a low *mooh, mooh*, that he thought was a tree rubbing against another. In a moment a calf Moose came out of the bushes followed by the cow and while he was wondering what was going to happen a bull Moose appeared. At first they did not notice him, but having only a little shotgun with birdshot, he untied a bag containing bullets. The movement caught the bull's eye; he walked toward the boy with bristling mane. Before anything happened the cow and the calf walked away, and then the bull turned and followed them."

In January the bull Moose sheds his huge fan horns, for, notwithstanding the voice of the people, which is the voice of God, they are *not* used for shovelling snow all winter. As the hunters say, when the sap begins to flow in the trees the sap begins to run in the horns of the Moose. Their first growth is in April.

As the warm weather comes on, the Moose are driven out of the thick woods by the heat and flies and gather at the lakes and large rivers, where they can enjoy a cool bath every day, get what breeze there is moving, and revel in the lily-pads that abound in such places. During the summer months the Moose may be considered an aquatic animal. Male and female, old and young, frequent these watering-places, but usually the bulls keep in separate groups or even wander alone.

I think, however, that during the summer the bull Moose, like the bull Wapiti, usually go in small bands. Mr. Tappan Adney writes me that such is the case, and gives a detailed account of two large bulls that he saw travelling, feeding, and drinking together, in friendly companionship, about the middle of August. Geo. Linklater, one of the best guides on the Ottawa, says that the pair of bull Moose commonly seen together in summer, are twin brothers. Their horns are then in velvet.

In three months the horns are finished and the velvet begins to shed off, showing

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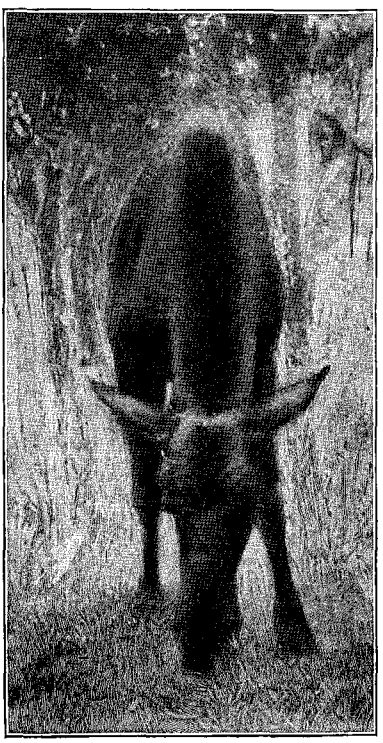
the white bony structure of the antlers. I find among the guides a wide-spread notion that Moose are right and left-handed. A Moose that always lies on his left side will show the effects in a slight twist of the left horn, etc. The pair shown at the bottom of page 173 are supposed to have been those of a left-handed Moose, as also were the upper two pairs on page 171. I am not able to pronounce on the point. By September the antlers are sunburned to a deep brown, except the tips, which are white and polished from trying them on the brush and trees.

In mid-September they are in their primest condition and coincident with this—not by accident—is the mating season of the species. This is accompanied by the manifestation of all its characteristics in his mental, moral, and physical make-up. The Moose's all-dominant object now is to find a mate, and to it he devotes his entire energies, even neglecting to eat. His summer life may have been spent on less than one hundred acres of swamp, but he now sets forth on his travels.



From a photograph by Jenness Richardson.

Moose grazing.

Every few miles there is a sort of established meeting-place of the sexes, a stretch of open woods, often a hardwood ridge between swamps. To these in turn he goes, nosing the earth and the wind for helpful suggestions. Standing with ears acock at every sound that might have been made by a Moose, and at length believing it to be made by one of his own race he challenges it with a deep, long grunt or a short bellow, and approaches it rapidly, slashing the brush with his horns to impress the other party with the fact that he is a well-armed and fearless knight, circling about to try the wind from the stranger, or if there be no wind, repeating his various calls and beatings of the brushwood.

There are two usual answers to all this: The long ringing reply of the responsive female, or another deep grunt, like his own, but varied with some guttural sounds that tell of a savage rival, who also is searching these woods; in the latter case there may be much grunting and manœuvring before they actually come together. As they approach they often express their defiance by bellowing and slashing the brush with their new grown spears, and when at last they meet and close with a crash, the spread and pointed antlers are at once their bucklers and their weapons; and it is a rare thing when one finds a Moose horn without the dents of battle brunt. I suppose that without exception every pair of full-grown Moose horns has seen actual service at the front, for every bull Moose hide has scars. In these combats the weaker generally saves himself by flight. It is but seldom that one of the knights is killed; yet it happens; and as already noted, the battle has frequently had a doubly fatal termination through the locking of the horns.

The moose-calling hunter is one who with a birch-bark trumpet imitates the bellow of the cow Moose and tempts the bull forth into plain view for an easy shot.

Though the least sportsmanlike, it is the most effectual way of getting bull Moose. Fortunately for them, it can be practised only for a fortnight or so at the beginning of the season, and in exactly the right weather and surroundings.

Dead calm is essential. If there be wind from the Moose to you, he cannot hear your call; if it be from you to the Moose he

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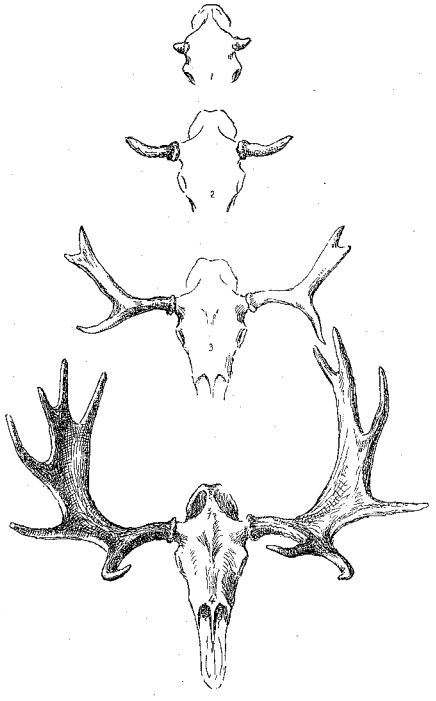
smells you and flies to far regions. In a calm the call can be heard for miles, so far indeed, that even if the Moose came directly and quickly he might be an hour or more in getting to your stand. I once called from a hill at sunset and learned later that my friends four miles away heard me distinctly, and therefore a Moose, with his keen hearing, might have heard it five or six miles off.

The experienced hunter begins very low, as there is always a possibility of a bull lurking in some near thicket, and calls not more than once in ten minutes, some think every twenty minutes often enough. It is probably too fast, once the response has come. The bull's answer is a deep, long grunt, varied by the snapping of branches as he plunges forward through the woods, but stopping at times to thrash some bush in his course.

It is, indeed, one of the most impressive sights in the animal world when at length in the last dim afterglow, the much heralded monster heaves his bulk into view, overtopping the shrubbery like an elephant, looming huge and black against the last streak of red light. No matter how much we may be expecting it the coming is always a thrilling surprise. We knew how big he was, yet how startlingly huge he looks, and those antlers, a heavy burden for a man, he switches about as an Indian does the eagle feathers in his hair.

By softly modulated squeals, whines, and other sounds suggestive of the female Moose, a skilful caller can decoy the great beast within a few yards and get the chance to see, shoot, or immortalize the giant, according to the mood and purpose of the party.



Moose antlers showing successive growths.

1. Appearance on the calf under a year old. 2. At eighteen months. 3. At two and one-half years. 4. At three and one-half years.

After this the brow points increase to two or three in number on each side; the webs or palms grow wider and the points more numerous for five or six years.

These drawings were made from specimens whose age was not positively ascertained, and are offered with much hesitancy.

But there are many slips between a response and a fair view, even though it be an eager bull. A puff of wind may alarm the keen-sensed monster by bearing the human taint, or the Moose may detect a false note in the voice of the siren, or another, a more attractive cow-call may be heard.

The latter is what happened in the case described by Mr. Edward E. Flint, whose account of Moose calling is one of the best I ever read. "On one occasion," he says, "when the conditions were favorable I decided on calling at night, though the guide protested that at best only an uncertain shot would be obtained. We approached close to the stand selected by canoe, well supplied with blankets, and were soon comfortably established, sheltered by a spruce growing near the centre of a small marshy opening in the timber. The first call was made at ten o'clock, when the nearly full moon showed above the tree-tops. The answer was immediate and unmistakable. The *oh-ah—oh-ah—oh-ah* of an old bull was as distinct and clear as possible. All was quiet for twenty minutes, when his approach began with calling at every step. This approach, calling and stopping to listen, occurred many times in the next two hours, combined with much thrashing by the antlers, sounding, the guide said, 'like a man falling with a canoe on a rough portage.' It was now full midnight, the moon was high and the night unusually light, the air still and frosty, the Moose only two hundred yards away, as revealed by the tracks the following morning. Any moment might afford the shot. Then the squalling

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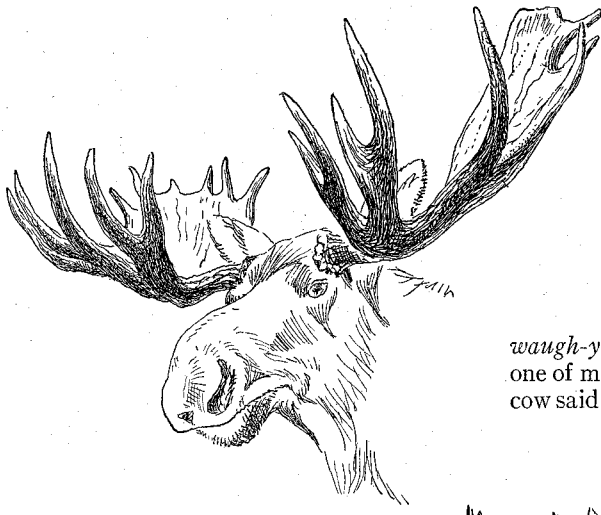
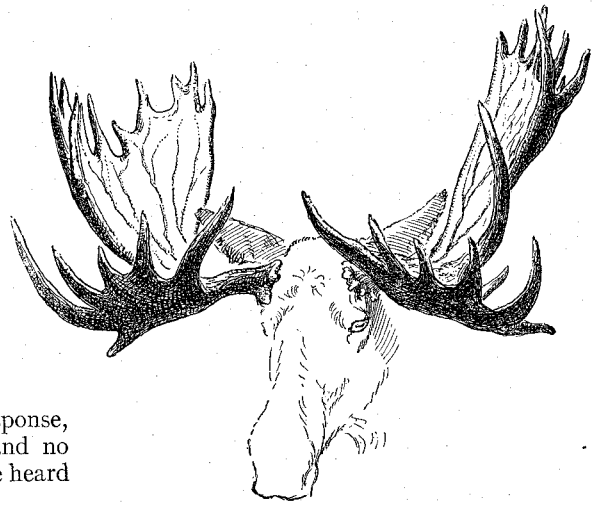


Sixty-seven-inch Moose head from New Brunswick.

Shot by F. H. Cook, Esq., of Leominster, Mass., October, 1898.

Drawn from a photograph supplied by W. S. Chase, Esq.

a cow call, usually at sundown. In the bull-call—*oh-ah*—the first sound of the vowel *o*, slightly prolonged, is clearly pronounced, and the short second sound of the vowel *u* is given in the last note of the call; accent and inflection can hardly be described. The cow call varies, usually consisting of three notes—the second one greatly prolonged, and possessing the greatest volume of sound. *Moo-waugh-yuh* expresses the sound to me, and one of my guides always contended that the cow said plainly, "Who are you?" I doubt



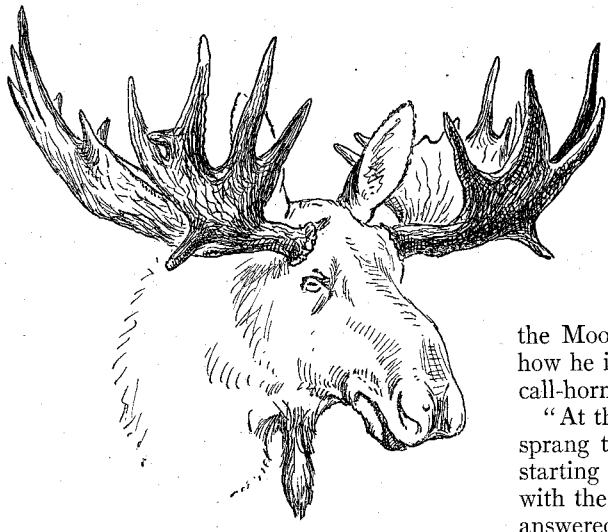
Winnipeg Moose.

Ideal 56-inch head; 34 points even.

Killed by H. C. Pierce, Esq., of St. Louis, November, 1890.

Redrawn from photograph in *Forest and Stream.*

call of a young cow, preceded by the deep notes of the bull, rang out sharp and clear. They remained near us perhaps half an hour, and when heard a second time were fully a mile distant, and an hour had elapsed since the meeting. While they were close at hand the bull challenge note brought back a short, hoarse angry response, some thrashing with the antlers, and no more. . . . Several times I have heard



Sixty-four-inch Moose head from St. Louis County, Minn.

Killed by H. C. Percival, Esq., of Mine Centre, Ont.

Redrawn from *Recreation* photograph, May, 1899.

if the first and last syllable can be heard at any great distance, and thus the call often seems to consist of one syllable." (*F. & S.*, June 1, 1895.)

Mr. Fred. Talcott, writing of the Moose in Roger Williams Park, tells how he imitated the Moose defiance on a call-horn not far from the park:

"At the first sound of the horn, the bull sprang to his feet, giving his answer and starting toward me, and the cow answered with the long call. I thought also the calf answered, but of this in the excitement and noise I could not be sure. At the second sound of the note, the bull answered again,

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and without an instant's hesitation charged against the fence in the greatest fury. As he came on, his head was lowered, bringing his antlers about on a line with his shoulders.

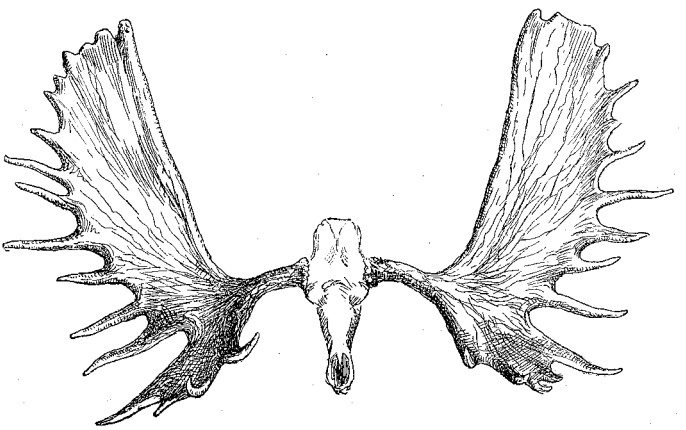
"At other times, both day and evening, I tried to deceive him, but without success. The cow would repeatedly answer, always with a short call, quite different from the long call imitated to call the Moose of the wild woods. A number of different notes this cow used, usually in a tone that could be heard only a short distance." (*F. & S.*, March 25, 1899.)

As this was after the rutting season was done, it is of unusual interest and the patriarch is to be congratulated on the loyal sympathy of his family.

Mr. Flint also states that he found the Moose calling and coming from the middle of September to the end of October —six weeks—that is much longer than the rut. To this I may add that in Manitoba I heard a Moose call as late as December 6th.

Mr. Madison Grant says that "in Nova Scotia it seems to be a well-authenticated fact that bear have been shot by moose-callers—the bear apparently sneaking up to seize the supposed cow."

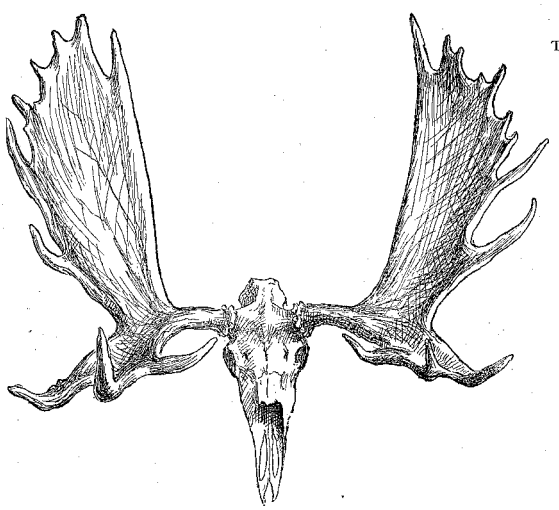
Accounts of moose-calling are very various and indeed conflicting. One man says: "You must give the call of the bull to arouse the jealous wrath of the other bull"; another,



Field Columbian Museum Moose head from Alaska.

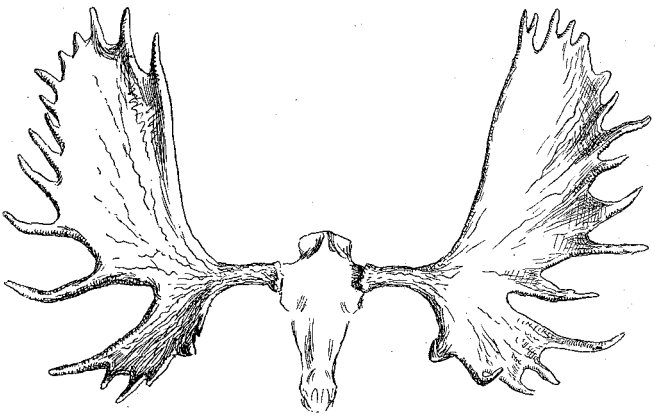
The record bearer; 78½ inches across (originally said to have been 84 inches); weighs 93¼ pounds.

From a photograph.



Moose from Manitoba. Prime of life.

Showing three brow tines and broad palmations (49¼-inch spread). At a later period the brow tines may increase in number, but they turn smaller, shorter, and the whole antler less massive.



Seventy-three and one-quarter-inch Moose head from Alaska.

In the collection of W. F. Sheard, Tacoma, Washington.

From a photograph.

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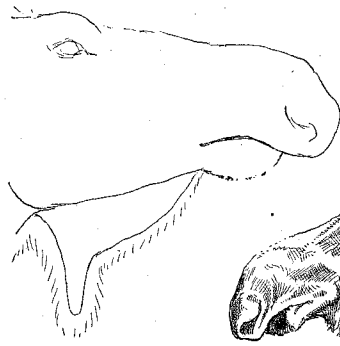


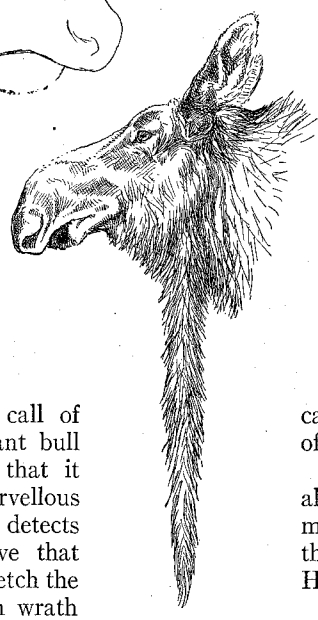
Diagram of Moose bell, from old bull in about tenth year.

Develop 12 inches long, about half an inch thick, and 3½ inches deep.
Bell of same thickness and character but 8 inches long.

"you must imitate the call of the cow to tempt the errant bull forward"; yet another, that it must be done with marvellous truthfulness or the bull detects the fraud; others believe that any kind of a racket will fetch the bull, he is so insane with wrath and desire; many say that moose-calling is confined to Maine and the East, because elsewhere the Moose do not respond; and still others, that from Canso to Yukon the Moose call and are called.

There is little doubt that all these views are founded on some actual observation.

At the beginning of the season the bulls will go anywhere at the slightest suggestion of a cow call. When at length the cows respond and mating is about accomplished, they are ready to assail any bull that suggests a disturbance of their peace. When finally all are mated, they no longer heed the call of another cow; and their varied later behavior, sometimes coming, sometimes refraining, means simply that the caller has chanced on an unmated bull or else on a region where all are happy with their mates. After this month is over it is considered useless to call for Moose.



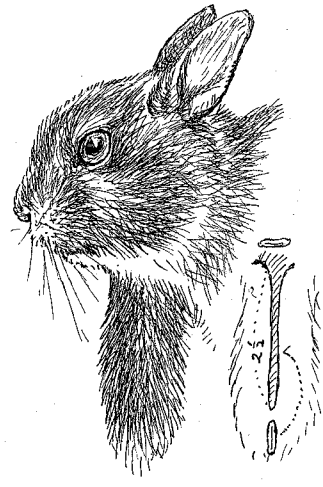
Cow Moose bell, 38 inches long.

From photograph by Mr. E. W. Darbey.
Specimen taken in Manitoba, 1903.

Aside from the various uncatalogued, uncomprehended roars, bellows, grunts, clucks, and whines of the mating season, the Moose has many other vocal expressions that serve to tell the neighbors how he feels or what he is thinking about. A number of young Moose that I have been among and handled uttered a soft, whinnying sound when begging for bread, and proved their training by nosing in the neighborhood of my pocket as they squealed. The cow and calf call to each other in a variety of soft whines.

The Moose is believed to stand alone among our deer in his rigid monogamy. The evidence for this, however, is not conclusive. Here are the chief proofs;

No man ever saw a bull Moose with *a herd* of cow Moose in the mating season. Two adult Moose dwelling together in the mating season are sure to be male and female. A Moose that is mated will rarely reply to a calling cow. All observers agree that the Scandinavian Moose is strictly monogamous, which is strong side evidence, since the two are so closely related. Finally, Judge Caton, the leading authority on American deer, says unhesitatingly that the American Moose is a strictly monogamous animal.



Cottontail Rabbit with bell like that of a Moose.

From specimen taken near Toronto, now in collection of Mr. James H. Fleming.
Bell, 2½ inches long. Second figure shows side view and section.

On the other hand, the hunters in Manitoba and on the Ottawa maintain that the bull roves from one cow's range to another, and will mate with many in the season, though he is rarely seen with more than one cow at a time. In the Kippewa country, I was assured by several hunters that it is quite a common thing for the cow

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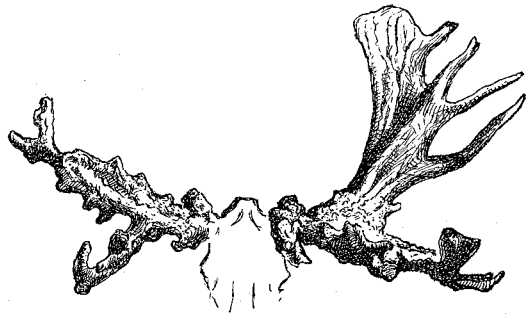
Moose to answer the cow call when she is with her mate, and to come leading him as though she desired to share her position with another. In the few cases of calling that I have seen, however, it was a single roving bull that came in answer to the invitation.

The weight of evidence at present I consider in favor of the monogamy of the species.

Whether the bond lasts more than one season is another question, and one of great interest, but a point which I cannot decide for lack of evidence. The fact that the male does not accompany the female while the calf is very young rather goes to prove that their marriage, like their puberty, lasts but a brief season. A very experienced Moose hunter, Mr. W. Tweddell, of Manitoba, believes that the same pair will seek each other out on successive seasons although separated for half the year.

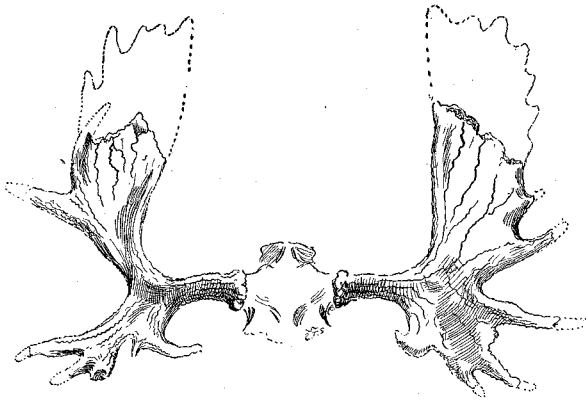
The young bull Moose is tolerated by the stepfather while he is yet a calf; that is, he is allowed to be in the neighborhood at a respectful distance. But in his second year he will fly from his new relative by marriage if he knows what is good for his young skin. At this time he is a spike-buck—that is, his antlers, his second pair, are forked into a couple of spikes. After his mother's recurrent honeymoon, he may drift back to the family group, and thus come, in a sense, under the protection of his stepfather, till the end of the winter. Spring moving scatters the family as before, and September sees him fully equipped with flat horns, lusty body, and ambitions. Everything, indeed, needful to replenish his corner of the earth, except a mate, and the personal prowess to secure one.



Freak Moose horns from the Upper Ottawa, 1897.

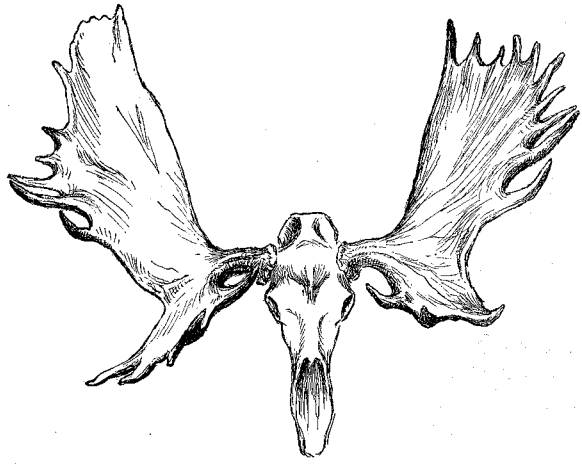
The horns were porous and spongy; probably the animal had been emasculated.

Specimen now in collection of James H. Fleming, Toronto, Ontario. (Greatest spread, 46 inches.)



Why Moose horns are so seldom found.

This massive pair from near Mattawa hung in a tree for only seven years. The weather and the porcupines have reduced them to splintered and friable bone that could not last more than three or four years and much less if on the ground. Shot at Foley's Lake by Le Royer in 1898. (He went with the Ziegler expedition.) All rotten and eaten by porcupine, but not by mice. Every old vein is now a deep crack. Spread on brow now 42 inches.



Ottawa Moose head.

Showing increased webbing and reduced size of tines in a very large Moose past his prime.

Collection of Mrs. Grace G. Seton. (57⅜ inches spread; 26 points.)

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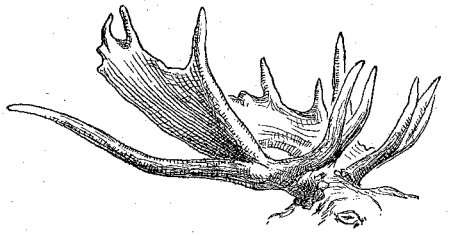
He may try a passage of arms with some big fellow, but usually he has to save himself by flight into regions far away. At this season the young bulls are found roving over the country in most unlikely places. One walked through the main street of Carberry, Manitoba, some years ago; another was seen out on the open prairie twenty miles from Moose Mountain. Many similar cases are recorded from Vermont and New Hampshire, and in each it seems to have been a hopeful young bull Moose going out into the world to seek his fortune.



Freak head from Manitoba, 1899.

In collection of Mr. George Guerin, Winnipeg.
The spike below is 24 inches long. Right horn, 27 inches long girth, 9; points, 8. Left horn, 33½ inches long; girth, 9; points, 10.

Meanwhile the pair that were left in possession of the swamp have been disporting themselves according to their minds. Some authorities testify that in Scandinavia the bull Moose makes a "wallow" or "soil" or "gross," as it is called in the Old World. At a chosen spot in the thicket he digs and paws the ground till it is a mud bath with every intensified odor that his physical personality can contribute. In this he wallows and plays to his infinite satisfaction.

I have seen this wallow many times in America, but have no proof that this very spot is the trysting place of the pair as it is supposed to be in Scandinavia.

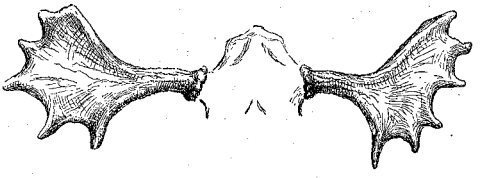
It is an interesting beginning of civilization when we find an animal with special places for special things. This we see well developed in the lek of the capercailzie and the dusting place of the grouse, or among mice which go out of their way to leave their dung at one spot, as well as certain species that repair to a given locality at the approach of death. But so far as known, the present species is the only one of our deer that has advanced on these lines.

The "old bachelor" and the "old maid" are well-known characters in all the higher walks of animal life. Among the Ruminants they are known as the lone bull and the barren cow. The lone bull Moose is usually an old fellow who has outgrown the ardor of youth. Sometimes he is one whose mate has died. He generally wanders alone and is of uncertain temper. The barren cow is commonly so by mischance, and is distinguished first by her fine condition, second the absence of a calf.

Freak Moose horns from Manitoba.

In collection of Mr. Alex. Calder, of Winnipeg. (47 inches spread.)

The food of the Moose is browse, twigs, and leaves of many hard-woods, their particular favorite being the moosewood or striped maple. But they do eat grass, as I have many times witnessed, and once found on dissection that the stomach contents were half grass. They do not need to kneel for it, as is often stated, but eat like a horse, merely bending their necks if the grass is high, or adopting an inelegant giraffe-like straddle if it be low. Although they feed chiefly on twigs and bark in winter, I observed that about Carberry they devoured quantities of equisetum or joint-grass which stands through the snow.



Abnormal antlers of three-year-old Moose shot at Lake Winnipeg, 1904.

Now in the possession of Mr. E. W. Darbey, of Winnipeg.
Spread, 31 inches; girth of right beam, 4 inches; of left, 4½ inches.

Though the least gregarious of our Deer, the Moose are not without social amuse-

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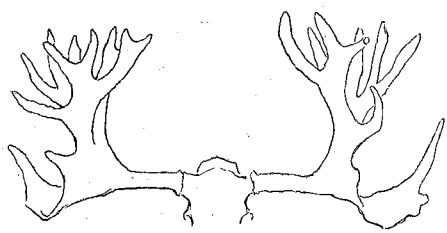
ments. Their yard or winter life is a friendly gathering for the enjoyment and benefits of each other's society, and they have also a weird performance that seems to be as contagious and psychologically deep-rooted as a voodoo dance. This I have often heard of, but never seen. At certain seasons, more especially in high winds, these animals, I am told by many old hunters, "go crazy," coursing around like dogs playing tag, chasing each other without regard to danger from their natural enemies, and yet apparently without any sex impulse.

At this time they are easily approached and shot. Mr. George Meacham, of Woonona, Manitoba, writes me concerning a tame Moose that he knew: "It had an instinctive knowledge of changes in the weather, and before a winter's storm would always run around in a large circle a few times, then lie down in the most exposed place it could find, facing the wind."



Cervalces antlers.
(After Dr. W. B. Scott in Lydekker.)

The Moose is so marvellously gifted with smell, hearing, wariness, and speed that a successful Moose hunter is conceded to have reached the acme of wood-craft, and yet it has been found numberless times that a Moose seeing a man *without smelling* him is likely to stand and gaze in blank curiosity.

This happens oftenest during the summer while the Moose are in the water and the man in a canoe.

This is the camera hunter's chance. Nearly all the good photographs of wild Moose have been taken at such times. The best of those that I have seen are by Mr. F. C. Walcott, taken on the Tobique (New Brunswick) in 1902.

Mr. R. MacFarlane thus comments on this habit:

"While standing in the water they sometimes seem quite indifferent to the near presence of man, and will then retire only after being repeatedly fired at. I myself had proof of this on one occasion when ascending the Anderson River in the end of June, 1866. There were five or six in the party when we observed three full-grown Moose in the water. As they were not in good condition, we did not care to kill them, but, in order to test the truth of this peculiarity, I made the Indians fire a number of shots very close to them, but to no purpose. In fact, we had to scream and yell at them before they got out and stalked away at a very leisurely pace."

Another remarkable weakness of the species is the deep sleep that sometimes possesses it. An instance of this was related to me by Mr. William Clark, of the Hudson Bay Company, at Winnipeg.

"I was crossing," he says, "the wooded country between Lakes Manitoba and Winnipeg in the early spring. I had with me an Indian and a dog team with a loaded sled, besides a couple of hounds running loose. The dogs were being driven with the usual amount of shouting and noise, and this was increased as we came to a difficult hill. On the hill was a tall spruce, and as there was no trail, the Indian climbed it, to ascertain the best route. When he was at the top we held a conversation in tones suited to the distance between us. Just after he came down, the dogs that were beating about chanced into a thicket close by where I was, and with a great uproar put up a pair of Moose that had evidently lain there asleep through all the clamour of our travelling and shouting. Of course, no gun was handy, so they got away."

Though the old bull Moose is apt to be bad-tempered all the year, and sure to be dangerous in the rutting season, the species is blessed with a better disposition than most of the Deer family. A tame Deer is more dangerous than a wild bear. But the Moose that has been brought up by hand is a gentle creature, and usually quite safe, except in the autumn.

Mr. George Meacham writes me: "A neighbor of mine, Mr. Henry Stoggett, of Shoal Lake, had a tame Moose for a considerable time. It was very affectionate and when called would come like a dog; also it was as playful as a kitten, and would, like a kitten, play with a round pebble or croquet ball, striking it with its front feet

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and running after it. It would also gambol with the children, or a dog or young cattle. But its playful slaps were no fun for whoever got them, so it was not encouraged."

I have seen a number of Moose that were broken to harness. They are docile, easily broken, exceedingly swift, and being natural trotters, they are well suited for light travel. They are so much more tractable and valuable than Reindeer that one wonders why they have not been fully domesticated in the countries where they are indigenous. If taken out of their native surroundings they rarely survive long.

The photograph shows a tame Moose that I saw in use at Rat Portage in 1886.

In all the vast region that I have dotted on the map the Moose is, or was, the Indian's staff of life. What the Buffalo was to the plains, the White-tail Deer to the Southern woods, and the Caribou to the Barrens, the Moose is to this great Northern belt of swamp and timberland.

It is the creature that enables the natives to live at all. Assisted in warm weather by various fish, it bears practically the burden of their support. Its delicious steaks are their staple food, but its nose or muzzle is a delicacy. Its hide furnishes the best clothing and moccasin leather, or provides snowshoes that enable the hunter to kill more Moose. Its back sinew is the sewing thread of the country, its horns and bones make tools, its hoofs can be converted into rattles, and its coarse, bristly mane, six inches long, and white except the tips, furnishes raw material for embroidery. When dyed with native dyes and skilfully worked into leather and birch bark these bristles are as effective as porcupine quills, and are, indeed, often mistaken for them by the unskilled.

The enemies of the Moose are, in order of danger, mosquitoes, deerflies, ticks, disease, man, deep snow, wolves, bears, cougars. Probably man should stand first since pump guns have come in use.

Animals have two devices for offsetting deep snow: one is snowshoes, the other stilts, illustrated in the lynx and the Moose. Undoubtedly snowshoes are best, but scarcely possible with such a heavy animal as the latter. When the snow is deep and crusted the lynx is even better off, but the Moose is in a sad plight. Probably it is only at such times that the adult Moose has need to fear the wolves.

It is a fact that the least danger man has to meet in wild countries is from wild beasts. It is so small to-day that it does not count. His greatest perils are wild men, disease, hunger, and insects. So that the Moose is in a similar case, except that he is in no danger of starvation, and, being a stay-at-home, is less likely to get disease than is a stranger in a strange climate.

A most singular case came to my hearing in Manitoba some years ago. It will be remembered that after the first failure of the Atlantic cable, a telegraph line was planned across the continent by way of Winnipeg and Alaska to be carried under Behring's Strait and on by land to St. Petersburg and Paris. This was completed for some hundreds of miles, when the success of the new cable in 1867 put a stop to the work, and the useless wire has hung there till the poles have rotted. But this wire was made before the era of trusts; it was well galvanized, and is sound to-day. In the fall of 1884 a bull Moose butting playfully at one of the tottering poles brought it down on his head, and presently found the wire entangled in his antlers. He struggled and tusselled, getting more and more wound up, till he was helpless and died there. The carcass was found by Chief Metayash some weeks afterward. He was a very fine large Moose, and had over two hundred pounds of wire on his head and horns. The ground around for an acre was beaten and trampled black, not a green thing left on it.

This, with another curious thing in Moose life, was reported to me by Mr. William Tweddell, of Woonona, Manitoba. He asked if I had ever heard of the "*Peetomong-sons*" or little Moose in the big Moose. One Moose in about five hundred, he said, has a little Medicine Moose in its skin. When this is found it is cause for much rejoicing among the Indians. It is carefully preserved as great medicine, and the man who finds it is believed to have secured a mascot of eternal good luck in moose hunting.

Cross-examination did not shake his evidence. It was not a fœtus—Mr. Tweddell was sure of that. It was *in the skin*, and usually that of a *bull* Moose. He had seen

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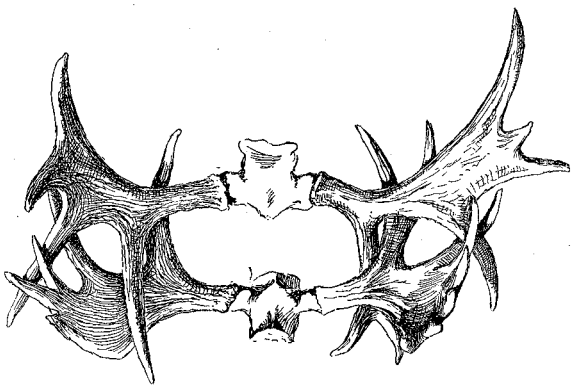
two; the most recent one was about a foot long, it had hoofs and hair but no bones. Also he had once seen the same sort of thing among rabbits.

The explanation of the mystery is not far to seek. It is well known in surgery that within the skin may be formed a pocket in which are developed skin, hair, teeth, nails, or any other product of the skin. These are known as dermoid cysts. They have no established relation to age, sex, or bodily locality. They are best known in the human species, because they have been most looked for there. Yet here evidently was a case of dermoid cyst in the Moose observed by a reliable and educated man.



Locked Moose antlers found in Algonkin Park, Ontario.
From a photograph by Thomas W. Gibson, Esq., Toronto.

There is a curious side to animal nature, seen in most highly organized species and illustrated in the Moose by the following instances:

The first was related by George Crawford the well-known guide of Mattawa:

In March, 1888 (or 9) while out with my partner to catch Moose for Dr. Webb, we came on a Moose calf track in the deep snow. There was no sign of a cow, so we turned our dog loose. Very soon we heard him barking and we came up to the calf. It rushed toward us with bristling mane. My partner ran and I got behind a tree. The calf charged up to me and quickly wheeled to face the dog. It paid no heed to me then, but when I turned homeward it followed me for protection, crowding up close and watching the dog. At home I put a halter on it, and it allowed me to lead it quietly into the stable. It was shipped to Dr. Webb, and is now loose in the Adirondacks.

The following was related to me by Édouard Crête of Deux Rivières:

"In late September of 1893, a mail-carrier was starting from Bear Lake to Deux Rivières. I showed him a short cut over Brulé Lake. Some hours later two men were out that way, looking for axe handles, and heard the mail-carrier shouting for help. Instead of going to him they ran back to camp in great fear. I picked up a rifle and went with the foreman as fast as possible. We heard him as soon as we came within a half a mile. When near enough, he shouted, 'A Moose has me up a tree.' We came close and saw it was a young cow Moose. She would neither go away nor charge. Indeed she paid no attention to us. The foreman, Jean Basquin, walked up within twenty yards and shot her.

"The mail carrier said, that he came on the cow suddenly. She was alone, but came walking toward him squealing. Her mane was up and she seemed to be threatening him. He had nothing but a hatchet, so ran for a tree, and happened to find one leaning, so much that he could walk up. She followed him within touching distance all the way, but did not strike at him. The tree at the highest point was only ten feet up. Here the man sat, the Moose below. She could easily have struck him, but made no attempt to do so. There she stayed watching him; her mane bristled all the time.

"When she heard us coming she merely turned her head, but during the three hours she kept the man up that tree she did not leave the spot for a moment.

"When examined, after skinning, her left side was in a bad condition from the horns of a bull Moose; evidently she had been attacked a few days before. The horns had pierced her flank in five places. The side was inflamed and matter had formed in four places. She must have been suffering great pain, and would probably have died before long. We couldn't make out why she should go to the man, but it is quite sure she wasn't there to do him any harm."

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This instinct when in deep trouble or flying from great danger, to blindly trust another power, that may or may not be friendly, but certainly is superior—to seize on the one remaining hope—is as deep rooted as it is remarkable. We see signs of it throughout the animal creation, and the higher the species the more marked it is.

We have been looking among the animals for the rudiments of civilization; possibly in this we find the rudiment of something else that finds its highest development in man.

THE HOMESICK HEART

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

To Skiddaw though Helvellyn call
With many a singing waterfall,
With forest sigh and stir of grass
Where poets' feet were wont to pass—
Though frore Cristallo hang in blue
A hundred valleys deep with dew,
And lift long scarps of snows thrice-driven,
Like ramparts of some distant heaven—
Though Venice down her weed-washed ways
Draw her dark tides of chrysoprase,
Glassing her ivory palaces
In sunny depths of dreaming seas—
Though day perpetual beauty spill,
Where, on the purple Pincian hill,
Slumbers with ashes on her head
The beggar of the splendid dead—
Though down cathedral aisles his soul
Swoon with great music's mighty roll,
Where pencils loaded with the light
Have caught swift color on its flight,
And sculptured gods with awful eyes
Stand like the guards of Paradise—
In ruined places though the dust
Of kings and queens with every gust
Be blown about—though hour by hour
The jasmine and pomegranate flower
Fall lightly as the moonlight falls
Behind old palace-garden walls—
Dearer to him, far, far away,
The evening-bells' aerial play;
Rather than all he fain would see,
Beneath his own and sheltering tree,
The gentle day's long shadow drawn,
The twilight gather on his lawn,
The river painting on its flow
One great star in the afterglow.
To him, not all the masques of earth
In storied parallels are worth—
Or island palms, or level lines
Where the unblessed Sahara shines,
Or arrowy spire, or clustered dome—
The infinite content of home!

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BUENAS NOCHES

By Eleanor Gates

Illustrations by Arthur Rackham

I

SCARLET fuchsias on a swaying branch freckled the 'dobe wall behind Loretta's perch. The parrot, her claws wide apart, her brilliant rudder tilting to balance her gray body, industriously snapped at the blossoms. One secured at last, she turned slowly about and, with infinite care, let it drop upon the open pages of Padre Alonzo's book.

The padre brushed the flower away and glanced up.

"*Buenos días, señor!*" clacked Loretta; "*buenos días! buenos días! buenos días!*"

"Good-day to thyself," retorted the padre. He spoke in Spanish, shaking a stout finger. "And tear not the flowers again. They be the last of the kind till after the New Year. So take warning, I say, lest thou find thyself thrust without the garden."

Loretta recognized displeasure in his voice. She mumbled an inquiring "*Ga-a-wk! ga-a-wk!*" and shifted thoughtfully from foot to foot. But, presently, the padre having resumed his reading, she turned once more to catch at the swaying branch.

When a second fuchsia came fluttering down to his hand, Padre Alonzo uncrossed his sandals and rose. "Oh! oh! oh!" he cried, wagging his close-cropped head so vigorously that the very beads of his rosary tinkled together. "Thou art the naughtiest bird in all of California! What if Padre Anzar finds thee despoiling his plant? He will put thee again where thou must fight to keep thy feathers—in the kitchen with the cats!"

At the mention of cats a startling change came over the parrot. Her plumage ruffled, her eyes began to roll, she straightened on the perch, uttering hoarse cries of fear and defiance.

"Then be good," he counselled, "be good. Or off thou'lt likely go. Me-e-ow! me-e-ow!"

And now Loretta moved nearer, anxious for friendly terms. "*Dame la mano*," she suggested; "*a-a-aw, dame la mano. A-a-aw! a-a-aw!*" She balanced tremblingly on one leg, curling the other under her.

Padre Alonzo put the stout finger into the proffered claw. "So, so," he said. "And I shall not tattle. But tell me: What wouldst make thee forget to use thy sharp pruning shears? An apple? or seeds? or one of Gabrielda's sweet bis——"

Loretta perked her head to one side. "*To-o-ny, To-o-ny, To-o-ny*," she droned coaxingly.

The padre thrust his thumbs under the white cord of his girdle and broke into a guffaw. "Thou jade!" he teased. "Wilt have Tony, eh? Well, I go to find him." He gathered in his brown cassock, preparatory to stepping over the cacti here bordering the garden path. "But look you, if he comes scrape not the gilt from the wires of his pretty cage."

Another threatening shake of the finger, and the padre crossed the low, spiked hedge and waddled away through the sun.

When he came into sight a moment later round the dun wall of the mission, he carried a canary at his shoulder. "E-oo, e-oo," he cooed, pattering forward. "Loretta wishes thy company. Sst! sst! She is bad after thee, Tony! But be wary, little one, be wary."

The advice was wholly ignored. For, spying the parrot, Tony was instantly transformed from a silent, dumpy ball of yellow to a slim, dapper songster with a swelling throat.

Loretta greeted him with uproarious laughter, and a jargon of Spanish, patois, but triumphant. She paced the horizontal piece that gave her perch the form of a cross. She *pu-r-red* and *gu-r-red*. She swung by her curved beak and one leathery foot, shrilling her "*Buenos días, señor!*" Then, as the padre hung the cage to a nail in the trellis built against the wall, she changed her performance to the clamorous repeating of a mass.

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Padre Alonzo was shocked. "Sst! sst!" he chided; "thou wicked big-ears!"

The noon angelus was ringing. He caught up book and gown. But before going he pulled at Loretta's gaudy tail not unkindly, and chuckled as she edged toward Tony with many a näive and fetching cock of her gray head.

II

HIGH at the garden's center, nailed to a massive tree of wood, stood out the Sacrifice. From behind, fir and pine thrust their long green boughs, as if eager to screen that torn and unclad shape. From below, jasmine and geranium, carnation and rose, sent upward an unfailing incense.

That way, in the heat of mid-afternoon, came Padre Anzar. Thin-lipped, he was, and hollow-eyed. In one hand he held a trowel, in the other a knife. Down the front of his brown cassock, mingling at knee height with red brick stains from the chapel floor, were touches of fresh earth. Anzar the priest was for the moment Anzar the gardener.

He walked slowly, here stooping to right a stalk or jerk a weed, there stretching to pick a fading orange leaf from where it marred the glaucous sheen of its fellows. Fronting the figure, he paused long enough to whisper a prayer and make the holy sign. Then he rambled on, busy with trowel and blade.

But presently he came to a full and startled halt. He was beside the trellis up which climbed his treasured fuchsia. The cross-like perch of the parrot was beyond the bordering cacti, and unoccupied. Nearby, upon its nail, hung the canary cage, with Tony going up stairs and down untiringly, eying his visitor with no uneasiness, greeting him, on the contrary, with saucy chirps. While underneath, spotting the ground in some profusion, and cast as it were at the feet of the garden's singer, were scores of scarlet blossoms!

The padre's look travelled from the scattered flowers to the vacant perch, from the perch to the naked branches swaying against the trellis, from the branches to the wide, warm top of the 'dobe wall. And there was Loretta, patrolling in unconcealed apprehension.

The instant he caught sight of her he knew her guilt. He pursed his thin lips. Then, letting fall trowel and knife, he straddled the hedge.

"I'll wring thy neck for thee!" he vowed.

A sandal in the trellis, a light spring, and his head came even with her. She backed away, raising her wings a little, and *gawking* in protest. He took a fresh grip on the wall, reached out and caught her like a chicken—by both legs.

Wild screeches rang through the garden, screeches that put the sparrows to flight and set the canary cheeping in fear. These were punctuated next by raucous appeals for "*Tony*" or gurgley parrot language.

The padre was down now, and standing on the path again. But he was not fulfilling his threat. Instead, he was viewing his captive angrily, yet in considerable indecision.

Loretta, on the other hand, was at no loss for a course of action. Between cries for the canary, demands for a handshake, and reiterated "*Good-days*", she was vigorously trying her beak upon the padre's fist.

But now a new factor upon the scene. Round the mission wall, waddling fast and propelling himself by his swinging arms, appeared Padre Alonzo. "Is't the cats?" he asked as he came on; "oh, la! la! is't the cats?"

Padre Anzar half turned, scowling. For answer, he only pointed to the severed fuchsias.

The other looked, covering any regret with simulated astonishment. "These were dropping of themselves yesterday," he began between breaths. "They—they fell fast in the night—eh?" He came beside the other now, partly to support the suspended Loretta in his hands. "I saw them—truly."

"Bah!" And Padre Anzar gave Loretta such a shake that she tumbled, squawking and sputtering, from the other's hands and again hung, heels above head, like a chicken caught for the block.

"She did but what the wind hadst done," faltered Padre Alonzo. "Sst! sst!" (This to the parrot.) "Such language from a lady!"

"Ah-*ha!*" grunted Padre Anzar. "I *told* thee not to buy a bird that was raised in a garrison town."

"*To-o-ny! To-o-ny!*" pleaded the parrot. "*A-aw, To-o-ny!*"

"Yes," he went on solemnly, addressing

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"*Buenos dias, señor!*" clacked Loretta.—Page 179.

her, "and thou art of the devil, and hast as many tricks. Twice I forgave thee—once for shouting 'Fire' on St. John's Day as the censer passed; again, for pulling the feathers out of Señor Esteban's choice hen. But thou wilt not escape now. Now, thou'lt go to the kitchen and be shut in with Gabrielda's black mouser. There thou shalt shed some quills."

With this dire threat, he departed along the path, Loretta still hanging head down at his knee.

Scarcely a moment later a commotion sounded from the distance, a commotion muffled by 'dobe wall. First came the voice of old Gabrielda, then the clatter of an overturning pan, next the terror-stricken shrieks of Loretta. Presently, Padre Anzar appeared, his jaw set, his eyes shining with the look of duty done.

"She will be nicely scared this time," he told Padre Alonzo. "She will match her busy peak with Tomasso's claws, and she will remember hereafter to let my blossoms alone."

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"Perhaps," began Padre Alonzo, deprecatingly, "perhaps 'twere as well to take her out of temptation's way, to——"

Padre Anzar raised his shoulders, strode over to knife and trowel and caught them up. "Move her as thou wilt," he said grumpily, "and the farther the better. Tony is proper for us, pretty and songful. But that parrot,"—he shook his tools as if they were Loretta—"how altogether useless and ugly and noisy and blasphemous and good-for-naught!"

With this he departed into the shrubbery.

Sounds were still coming from the kitchen —Gabrielda's cracked voice, Loretta's cries, the sullen yowling of a cat. Nodding sadly, Padre Alonzo waddled to the perch, vacant and formed like a cross. This he lifted and bore to a place along the wall opposite the great crucifix, where climbed no flowers. Then, smiling gently, as if with some tender thought, he waddled back to the trellis, took the cage from its nail, and, returning to the perch, hung Tony close beside.

III

LATE that night, on coming out of the chapel, Padre Alonzo discovered a little black something blocking his way along the moonlit path. As he paused, leaning forward to peer, the black something sidled nearer him, and saluted.

"*Buenas noches!*" it said, its voice monotonous and human with grief and weariness; "*buenas noches! buenas noches!*"

The padre bent lower and lifted the parrot to the level of his face. "Aye, good-night truly, as thou sayest," he repeated proudly. "Thou hast some wicked words of a garrison town, but thou knowest the difference between sun and moon."

"*Aw, Lora,*" murmured the parrot; "*aw, Lo-ra! Lo-ra!*"

"Yes, Tomasso has used thee badly." Padre Alonzo patted her head. "I shall put thee on thy perch," he went on; "though I trust good Anzar will not know it. But the moon is up, and my heart is tender. Alas! one does many things when the moon is up. And the next day—one does penance."

He thrust the parrot into a fold of his cassock, made along to where was the perch, and placed her upon it. Then he stood back, folding his arms.

"To-morrow is Christmas Day, Loretta," he said. "And what wilt thou give to Tony? What can the cactus give the golden poppy? Thou hast only love, eh? Well, that is much, though it grows from naught, as a China lily blooms from a bowl of rocks."

He turned, and found himself before the Tree. Fir and pine massed their branches behind it, making a background of plushy green. Against that background, showing full, hung the torn and unclad shape. The moon glinted upon it, haloing the head of the Crucified.

The padre sank, bowing, and touched himself in the sign.

"*Aw, To-o-ny! To-o-ny!*" came a sleepy croak at his back. The parrot was settling herself for the night.

Padre Alonzo rose and turned, reaching up to stroke her. "Good-night, Loretta," he said fondly. "There were none too lowly for His gift of love. It was spared to thee, a yawping fowl, a talker after the manner of the lazy Mexicans that bred thee."

He turned back upon the path, sighing and raising his eyes once more. "But for high or low," he said, musing aloud, "the fruit of that love is sacrifice."

IV

OUT of the chapel came the sounds of the noon service—the level intoning of prayer, the rumble and swell of the padres' voices. From her place before the great crucifix Loretta mocked it, only ceasing now and then to answer Tony's warbles with little whistles of delight or to run her open bill up and down the bit of vertical pole dividing her perch. Yesterday's bout in the kitchen, yesterday's hunger and fear, the lonely night ramble along the path, the lack of her preening friend—all these were forgotten in to-day's safety, sunlight, plenty, and companionship. And so she *gurred* and *purred*, *a-a-awed* and *ga-a-wked*, shrilled her "*Buenos días!*" across the garden, laughed uproariously, or droned the familiar mass.

In reach of her pacing, in touch of her very tail, was the gilded cage, with Tony darting up stairs and down, yet sparing time now and then for a sip or a seed or a saucy chirp.

But of a sudden the happy cries of both

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Drawn by Arthur Rackham.

For answer, he only pointed to the severed fuchsias.—Page 180.

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Took the cage from its nail.—Page 182.

birds were changed to notes of alarm. The canary, its round eyes starting like two polished shots, fluttered high and low, beating its yellow wings against the wires; while Loretta squared her rudder, spread her pinions and squatted belligerently. For on the ground, advancing that way by soft steps, and with the gloating look of the hunter fixed upon the cage, came Tomasso, the cat.

Quickly the parrot rallied from her panic. As if she knew that her arch-enemy was not seeking her now, but the precious bit of fluff at her side, she began a series of terror-inspiring performances learned in the profane garrison town of her hatching; she gave tongue to dire words that had long since gone out of her repertory. Ruffled to twice her size, she strutted along her perch, shrieking angry orders to mount, flinging out "*Vuelta! vuelta! vuelta!*" in husky trooper tones, and whistling the bugle calls.

It failed to scare Tomasso. Within the cage, as it gently danced from its spring, was a tempting morsel, one that lured all the more through its effort to escape. The cat crept steadily forward, velvet foot following velvet foot, across the shifting dapple before the great crucifix, across the packed gravel of the garden path, to the near shade of a gold of Ophir. There, under the roses, he paused, amber eyes

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glowing, whetted claws slipping in and out expectantly, muscles rolling and flexing with the measurement of the leap.

Then, with the cunning of the wild mother, Loretta adopted new tactics, seeking to divert him. She wobbled upon her perch, giving vent to bursts of hysterical laughter; she got between him and the cage and railed at him.

His unblinking eyes did not leave his quarry, his muscles kept their quiver of preparation. At the end of his sleek body, touching the path, his long tail swept, to and fro, to and fro, to and fro, like a furry pendulum marking off the dread time.

By now other inmates of the garden were alarmed. A blue jay scolded from the terra-cotta roof of the chapel. From the cross-piece of the tree a line of sparrows gave over their squabbling to look down.

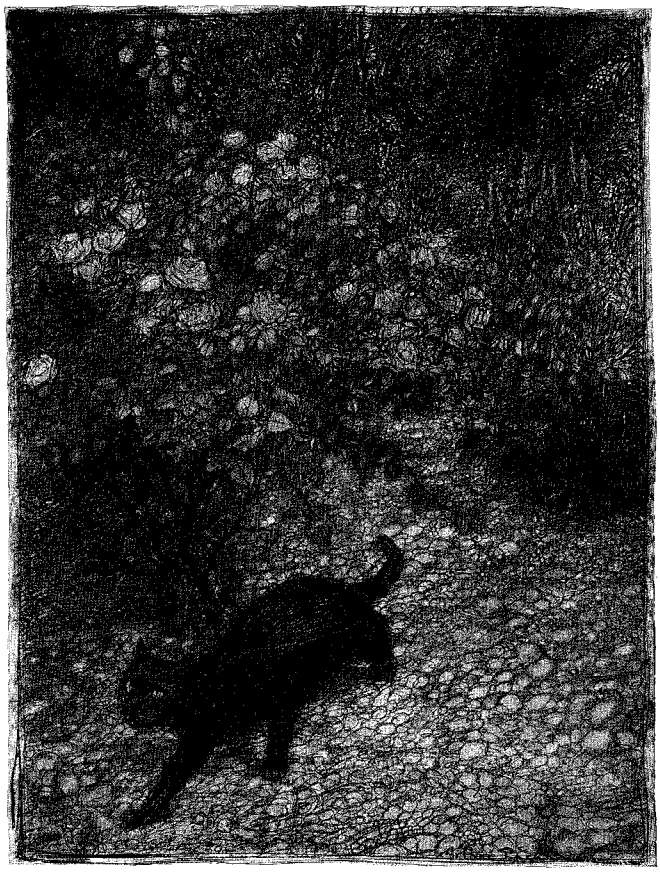
Loretta's excitement grew wilder. Out of her beak poured phrases not of mass or military, not of good-days or—nights. For under the gold of Ophir the furry pendulum was standing out straight and the moving muscles down Tomasso's length were tight and still. Her instinct knew the signs, and again and again she quavered out the "*Fuego!*" that had disgraced St. John's Day.

No one heard. From the chapel still sounded the intoning of prayer, broken by the rumble and swell of the padres' voices.

A moment, and she acted. With a "*Ga-a-wk!*" of defiance, she aimed her flight for the ground, took it in all but a somersault, and landed herself directly before the astonished Tomasso. Then once again she spread her wings and squared her rudder, making ready for a clash.

Tomasso's eyes fell to her, he relaxed, body and tail, spitting resentfully.

Quickly emboldened, she came a hand's



The cat crept steadily forward.—Page 184.

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With a "*Ga-a-wk!*" of defiance, she landed herself directly before the astonished Tomasso.—Page 185.

breadth nearer him, snapping at the black tip of his nose.

He retreated to his haunches, but directed a swift cuff her way.

To this she responded with hoarse laughter and yells of "*To-o-ny!*" as if she summoned the canary to witness the encouraging progress of the fight. Then she stalked forward once more.

Tomasso wrinkled his face. Their positions were unpleasantly reversed. In Gabrielda's domain it was she who backed off or sought the safe places, and he who sallied out from his cosy nook by the range to scare her into noisy protests. While here she was bristling to him. His paw poised itself in mid-air.

Loretta grew reckless. Fanning her wings, in one lightning stroke she bit him between his flattened ears.

The pain of it enraged Tomasso. With a jump, he met her.

Then ensued such a scene as the kitchen knew. There was mewing and spitting and yowling; there was *gawking* and squalling and a rending cry for "*Tony!*" All the while, close to the gold of Ophir, the cat and the parrot went dizzily around and around, a whirligig of gray, scarlet and black—that tossed off fur and feathers.

It was over in a moment, when Tomasso fled, over path and grass, and into a dusky recess between the trunks of fir and pine. There he lay down, sulking and grumbling and licking his paws. But Loretta stayed where she was a little, holding her head sidewise in the attitude of a listener.

"*Lora*," she murmured presently, her voice inquiring, "*Lora, Lora.*"

Then, slowly and clumsily, she made her way to the base of the perch, and with beak and talons climbed it.

V

It was past the noon angelus when Padre Alonzo came waddling along the path, and he found the garden still—still, and filled with the sun-drawn incense of trees and flowers.

"Sst! sst! Tony will be too warm, I fear," he was saying aloud as he neared the cage. "The little one shall go to a cooler spot." And with this conclusion, he halted beside the perch of the parrot and lifted the chirping canary down to his knee.

"Buenos días," he said to Loretta, pausing a moment; "a good day, truly, but over-hot, so that my cassock makes of me a living olla, for I am beaded with water drops from top to toe."

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The parrot shifted a little, and again set her head sidewise, as if she were puzzled and listening. Next, she edged toward him, and uncertainly, putting a foot down, clasping and unclasping the pole, trying it cautiously. Against the vertical piece that made her perch like a cross, she teetered awkwardly and stopped.

"Loretta," said the padre, in some concern, "hast anything in thy craw? Well, gulp down a stone and grind thy grist. What one swallowest that must one digest."

The gravel crunched behind him. He glanced back, to see Padre Anzar advancing, brown cowl shading hollow eyes.

Padre Alonzo colored guiltily. "Tony must go to the shade," he said. "The sun is hot to the cooking-point."

Padre Anzar paused a moment, glowering up at Loretta. "Then may it singe the plumage of that vixen," he answered. "She desecrates our garden." Another frown, and he passed on.

Padre Alonzo watched him out of sight before he again addressed the parrot. "I fear thou must mend thy ways, Loretta," he said. "Here it is Christmas Day, and yet Anzar has no good words for thee. But see,"—he held up a plump hand, displaying one of Gabrielda's sweet biscuits—"riotous as thou art, I have remembered. And now tell me, what hast thou given Tony?"

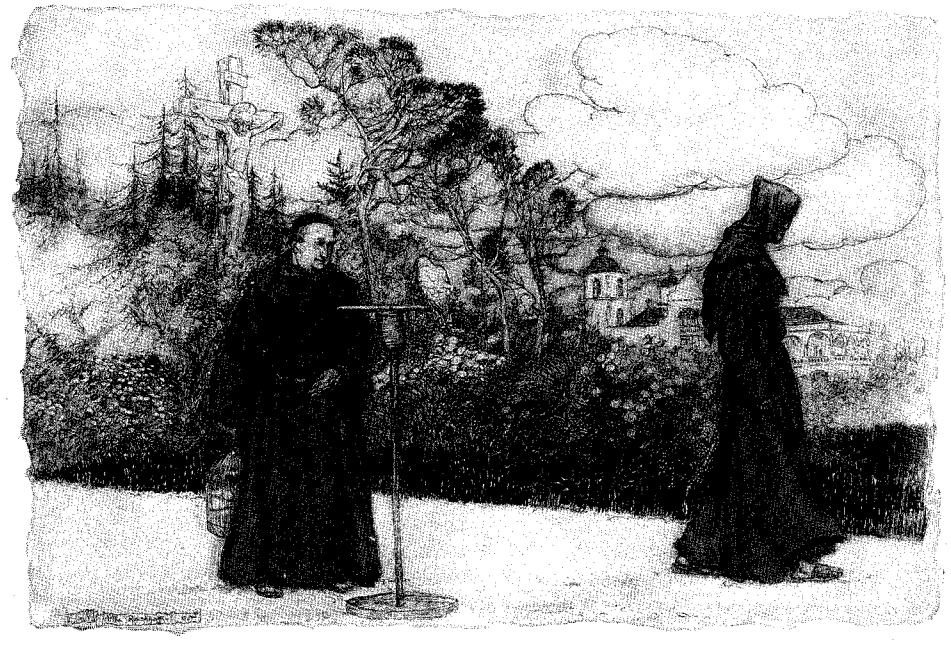
As though in mute answer, the parrot suddenly lowered her head toward him, and he saw that over the gray of her feathered face was a splash of scarlet, as if a vivid fuchsia petal had fallen there.

"Loretta!" he cried anxiously; "Loretta! thine eyes!"

She lifted her head until her beak pointed past the giant crucifix and straight into the glaring sun.

"Buenos días," he prompted tenderly, alarmed now at her unusual silence and the indifference shown his offering; "Loretta, buenos días."

But she was settling herself upon her cross-like perch as if for the night. "*Aaw, To-o-ny! To-o-ny!*" she returned with a little sleepy croak; "*buenas noches! buenas noches!*"



Padre Alonzo watched him out of sight

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Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"Before I knew my danger, the beast was swimming in deep water and I on him."—Page 190.

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THE LAKE OF DEVILS

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATION BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

WHEN I was a youngster I used to be quite a superstitious sort of person—I suppose because I had a nurse till I was rather large, who was the sort of Scotch woman which believes in fairies and red devils and those things. Even at my present age, when I am fourteen, I feel at times a tendency toward the ultra-natural, against my better judgment. I suppose that was the reason I got so keen about finding the hidden "Lake of Devils," the minute I heard about it.

My brother Walter and I were up in his club in Canada, and we had left our regular camp and gone off with tents and guides to find better hunting. We followed up the *Rivière aux Vents*—the River of Winds, you know—and discovered three little lakes on streams that discharged into it, and there were plenty of old caribou and moose trails, but no fresh signs, and we were getting discouraged. We had been away three days, all the time working through such wild country that I was knocked in the head when Walter said we had been going toward the railroad steadily and were not more than five miles from it now. But I looked it up on a map and found he was perfectly correct, as he sometimes is. The railroad doesn't mean much up here anyway, for it runs through a maiden wilderness as wild as you can catch 'em, and only one thing in the likelihood of a settlement in the two hundred miles between Quebec and Lake St. John.

One day we were camped by some rapids on the River of Winds, and after lunch—which identically resembled breakfast and dinner, being trout and bacon, flap-jacks and maple sugar—Walter, who is perpetual emotion, decided to walk up the small stream above our camp, and see if it looked as if there were a lake on beyond. But I'd had enough of tramping through alders and beaver meadow and windfalls, and as there was plenty of sunlight I thought I would bask. It's the reasonable thing for an animal to do after it's fed. So I left the dining room, which was the top of a big flat rock, to the guides, and deployed on to a slope a few feet from them in good hot sunshine, and lay on my back, and became as a boa-constrictor. The fire was blazing in a grove of balsams at the edge of the rock, and the guides bent over it, cooking, and it was nice to hear the lake splash up on one side and trout sizzle on the other.

My back was toward the men as they ate, and as I paid no attention to them they paid none to me. These French Canadians are indefatigable talkers and Walter says they probably talk all night in their sleep. The four men were chattering like madpies. I didn't hear what they said for some time, but after a while I happened to listen out of the deepness of my laziness, and I caught on to it that they were chaffing my guide, Henri Jeunesse, about something. Then I began to take notice. But what with the patois which they talk to each other so fast and so clipped that it makes you dizzy, and what with not believing my ears at the little I caught, I couldn't make any particular head or tail of it. They seemed to be guying Henri about riding a caribou, and Henri acted pleasantly, giggling and chuckling as men do, yet it did not seem to me plausical. Walter won't let me talk to the guides at their meals, so I had to stay corked up and not ask questions; but I made up my mind I would investigate it out of Henri what it was, the first chance. So when he and I went out fishing about five that afternoon I hadn't forgotten, not by no means, and all unknowing to him I took his conversation gently by the nose and guided it with unexampled skill to the point.

"Henri," I said, "what were the men making fun of you about at lunch?"

Henri's paddle missed a dip, and he looked at me with polite surprisedness. "Comment, M'sieur Bob?" he asked, and I repeated.

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"Something about—it sounded as if it was about riding a caribou," I went on, "but of course that's nonsense."

Henri began to laugh in a notice-how-modest-I-am way, but he seemed tickled all the same. "If M'sieur will cast to the left, by the dead tree fallen in the water—a large enough one broke there, *à c't heure*. But yes, M'sieur, it is true, what the others have said—that I rode the caribou. It was a droll of a ride and I was astonished." Henri stopped. You always have to punch him along a little to make him go.

"You rode a caribou—Cæsar!" I said. "Go ahead, Henri, tell me about it—that's great." Of course I had to say it in French, but that's a kind of a free translation.

He grinned sheepishly and just at that junction I hooked a trout in the swift water at the top of the rapids, and story-telling had to stop while I played him and Henri yanked him in, slapping him on both sides of the boat. A monster—must have weighed a quarter of a pound. Henri tossed the flies free, and I cast over the first slide of the rapids into the pool below.

"Go on," I said; "I want to hear about that caribou ride. What was it?"

That guide is awfully easily embarrassed, and he wriggled and looked miserable, and lighted his pipe and fussed about before he began, yet you could see somehow that he wanted to tell about it.

"It is nothing—a very simple thing—but if M'sieur wishes to hear—" and then he was off. "I was with my brother Tomas in the woods—it was two years ago, and on a lake in that direction." He turned and pointed back over his shoulder up the river, west. "In fact, that lake is not badly near this place—thirty minutes, not more. So it happened that Tomas and I guided for a M'sieur who shot a caribou, an old one, a large one, and the beast was by the shore on a sand beach, and he fell and lay, and did not budge. So it happened that I was in front when we came up from behind the rock where the M'sieur had watched, and I ran forward and jumped astride the caribou as he lay, and put my hand to my knife-case to take my knife to cut the throat, as M'sieur knows is right. But as I sat across him, before I could draw the knife, *v'la!* the caribou was on his legs, and with a great spring he jumped to the water, and *v'la!* I was riding him! for as he rose I had clutched at his long mane—he was, as I have said, old, and the collar of his neck was shaggy and white. I was stupid, I, for I was stunned with surprise, having never known a man to ride a caribou, so that before I knew my danger, the beast was swimming in deep water and I on him. And the M'sieur and Tomas, my brother, merely regarded me, astonished. They dared not fire, for fear of killing me. And the beast swam like a *bateau à va peur*, and I continued to ride him by the mane; but I prayed aloud—I prayed to Saint Joseph my patron, that I might get to shore, for I cannot swim, not to this day. M'sieur Bob will probably laugh, but I prayed large prayers across that lake—it was half a mile wide—and it was probably the Saint who preserved me. The great beast debarked into a thicket of alders, yet I was afraid to jump from him, for he went fast—*crais!* it was fast. But it so happened that I became scraped because of the thick woods and because the caribou did not consider me, but, snorting horribly, plunged through them. So that I had misery. So that finally, about two acres from shore, I let go his beard and threw my arms in passing about a strong spruce tree, and I was cast with force against it, and *v'la!* I was again on earth. But much bruised—*crais!* I walked with difficulty after that ride."

I had left off casting, you had better believe, to listen, and when Henri stopped I just stared at him searchingly.

"Are you sure that is all true?" I asked, and I asked it solemnly—he wouldn't have dared to lie.

"*Oui, M'sieur*," he spoke right up, and I believed him, and I do now. Of course I'd heard of creasing animals before—that is, when a bullet grazes their backbones and stuns them for a moment so they drop like dead. But they're only scratched, and most generally they're up and off so fast that their bewildered murderers don't have time to shoot again. That isn't so awfully rare—I'd heard two or three accounts of it, so I knew it was possible. But the riding—that was a stunt! Innocent as I knew Henri to be, it was all I could do to believe it.

"Henri, I tell you that was fierce," I said to him cordially; but I had to say it in French, and it sounded rather prim. Then I thought I would cross-question him. "What kind of a tree did you claw on to?" I asked.

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Henri looked up quickly with a scared expression, and I thought maybe I was about to corner him somehow, but all he said was:

"*Une épinette, M'sieur Bob*"—a spruce, you understand.

"How big?" I continued examiningly.

"It was not badly large"—"*pas mal gros*"—said Henri; "an old enough tree, of perhaps eight inches across.. But why does M'sieur ask about that tree? I have never told but one or two persons about that tree."

"Never told? What was there to tell about it?" Henri looked very embarrassed again, and suddenly began paddling. "Don't turn the boat," I said, "I don't want to go up stream. It's all right here. But I want to know what there was about the tree."

As I said before, you have to give Henri a punch every few minutes to keep him going. He shook his head seriously, and his eyes looked big.

"Ah! that was a strange tree, that—but M'sieur will laugh if I tell the tale. In fact, he will not believe it."

"Oh, that's all right, Henri," I said agreeably. "I may not believe it, but I won't laugh and I would like to hear it."

Well, then, if that guide didn't make me open my eyes. I couldn't believe my two ears, though mostly they are very confidential. I had to draw a few more of his teeth to get it, but the story he told in the end is this which I shall now relate. It seems that the Montagnais Indians, who still live in the country around the Club in considerable numbers, have a tradition of a lake which they call the Lake of Devils, which no white man may see and live, their theory being that it is thick with devils around there and they kill the whites. But the hunting is supposed to be gorgeous, and every year the Indians celebrate a grand hullabaloo very secretly, and go off in small parties to hunt with their blessed devils. None of the French guides know exactly where it is, but it is supposed to be in a general way somewhere about the headwaters of the River of Winds, and the portages to it are blazed with a mysterious blaze, which the Indians never describe, only it is different from any other blaze. Henri said that when he debarked off the caribou he was sitting down backward half way up the tree-trunk, and as he slid he felt his hands catch in a hole. So when he got right side up with care he looked to see what it was, as a hunter would do, and there,on the tree, was the oddest blaze he had ever seen—he couldn't describe it very well, but it was in two parts and cut deep. It was "*pas mal vieux*"—"not badly old"—and Henri said he was as sure as he was of his life that it was the beginning of the portage to the Lake of Devils.

"Didn't you go ahead and follow the trail?" I asked, and he pretty nearly fell out of the boat. He actually trembled at the idea.

"No one in the world could make me follow that road, M'sieur Bob. From that road no white man may return. The trees are all '*plaqués*'—blazed—on the side as one goes, and for the returning one may not find the *plaque*. They fade from the bark as one passes. It is the road of death for us others, white men. Ah! but I know—it is certain. It was the first cousin of my father, Josef Moison, a man of great boldness and very strong—he tried it. It was a bad winter for the hunting—there was not of game in the forest around our village, and his family had need of meat. So it happened that he said he had no fear of devils, he,—he feared more the hunger. And he went to find that lake. One believes well that he reached it, for when they found him in the forest, at the foot of a great rock, with his neck broken, there was the meat of two large caribou in his pack. Also, more lately, perhaps five years ago, Auguste Ouillette of our village, a man very curious, who took pride, as well, to know all of the country, went off alone to see that lake, but of him there was no news afterward. Without doubt the devils killed him. There are other tales as well, of men lost on that road. It is said that the devils are of a scarlet color, and that they jump and play about the edge of the lake."

Well, I broke my word then—I howled. The picture of bright red devils bounding cheerfully over a sand beach waiting for white men for supper took me all of a sudden. But I was sorry I had done it, for Henri shut up, and I couldn't get much more out of him. However, I did extract that he could go straight to the lake where the caribou was killed, and it was not far from camp, and that there was an old portage; he had marked the place where he had found the blazed tree.

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I could hardly sleep that night for planning the fun I would have next day. Naturally, in this enlightened age, I scorn devils, but the idea of them, and of Henri and the Indians really having faith in them, gave me rather nice cold shivers, and I think now that I must have had just the least scrap of belief in the story too; just a faint reminiscence of the superstitions of my childhood. Anyhow I thought it would be no end of fun to find that place and follow it up to the hidden lake.

When I told Walter I was going off alone with my guide and didn't want to tell where till I got home that night, he said:

"You're a mysterious young cuss, aren't you? Going to strike Hudson's Bay across country? I should regret it deeply if you should break those priceless legs of yours when I have not the pleasure of being present. But it will be affecting to see Henri bear you back in his arms—I call that a pretty picture—Mussoo and his faithful guide."

That's the way Walter pronounces "Monsieur." His French is fierce.

I had a hearty lunch packed—thank Providence for that! and Walter addressed us briefly before we left.

"Henri," he said, "*ne laissez pas M'sieur* Bob *devenir perdrix*," and poor Henri looked respectfully serious, but dazed as to why he should not let me become a partridge. Of course Walter meant "*perdu*" —lost—but his French is awfully *risqué*. Then he adjured me to take good care of my legs, because they were models of the Apollo Belvidere, and all the guides laughed, though they hadn't an idea what Apollo Belvidere meant, and I don't remember myself at this moment. But any student of anatomy can see I'm leggy.

"They're longer than yours, anyway," I shouted back, as we went off; then we lost the tents and the rapids and the camp fire down the windings of the forest, and went on, picking our way over rocks and fallen trees, through marshes and thickets—the regular going in Canadian woods.

I could see Henri was not very keen about taking me over to the caribou lake—he looked pretty grouchy. But I didn't ask his opinion, for I know how to manage men. So he swung ahead down the old Indian portage with the canoe, and I jumped along after him with my .30–.30 smokeless Winchester rifle in my hands, and in about twenty-six minutes we looked down from the top of a hill and saw the strange lake shining below through the trees. Of course Henri stopped then, and I went on softly with the gun, in case there should be a caribou or moose in the water. But there wasn't anything, and I signalled back that he might come along. I think it's a pretty sight to see a guide coming through the woods with a canoe on his head. They walk wonderfully quietly, and it looks as if a big mushroom that had grown in the moss had suddenly pulled up its stalk and was gliding through the forest.

Henri slid the canoe into the water and held it for me to embark, and when he was in too, and had pushed off, I told him I wanted to go where he had found the blazed tree. I had my back to him, so I didn't see his expression, but his paddle knocked the gunwale and stopped for about two beats. Then he put it in again and the boat fairly sprang forward with the force he gave his stroke. I spoke to him, and he answered politely, though in polly-syllables, but he evidently did not want to talk. When we debarked and I told him to go ahead to the blazed tree, he didn't object or say a word, but he looked mighty glum. However, he prowled about till he found his own blazes, and they were pretty small, and started into the woods ahead of me all right. They were "*bois forts*"—thick—those woods, and I laughed to think of the caribou going at a hand-gallop with Henri on him, scraped with every jump, but afraid to let go.

Pretty soon he brought up short and pointed without a word to an old spruce, and there, sure enough, was the queerest blaze I'd ever seen. It was cut in deeper than any other blaze, to begin with, and it was two signs, one over the other, and close together. The lower one looked like a half circle, and the upper like a jagged roundish hole—it was impossible to tell exactly what it was. I sat down on a log and tried to remember what I had read in Parkman and other literatures about Indian signs, and the nearest I could get was that the round thing above might mean the sun, and the jags out of it light-rays, and it might stand for Manitou, the Indian god, and the half circle was probably a canoe, and the two together were the things that were to lead them to good hunting—their boats and the help of their gods. Gods and devils are all the same to Indians.

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Anyhow, I was keen now about finding that lake, and I had a scheme for getting back all right. I stepped over a log and wriggled to the other side of the tree and pulled out my big hunting knife and cut a good fat blaze. Henri gave a horrified exclamation, but the bark fell off, and there was a nice fresh blaze, and no devils so far.

"Come along, Henri," I said. "We'll do that to the other side of every tree, and I'd like to see if we can't get back then." But Henri wouldn't budge. He was gentle and respectful enough, but you couldn't stir him. He just planted his fore-feet and stood. "Well, all right," I said finally. "It's pitiful to see a big, strong chap like you afraid of nothing, but I'm going anyway."

Then he just begged like a dog. He said he wasn't afraid of anything on earth, but no man could fight ghosts and spirits. He said M'sieur would shoot him if he went back without me. I left him begging, and went on to the next blaze. It was easy to find, and so was the next and the next, and I was having a lovely old time. I marked the other side of the tree carefully every time, and hadn't any idea of not getting back. It was fine woods and good going, up the side of a mountain, and though I'd forgotten a compass, the sun shone and I took the direction as I went. After a quarter of a mile or so, the line ran through a marsh, and of course the going got bad and I couldn't cover ground as fast, and every now and then I had to hunt two or three minutes for the next blaze.

It had got to be one o'clock by the time I was through the marsh, and I was hungry, having had breakfast early, so I unslung the knapsack that held the lunch and sat down by a fine, cold spring, gathered birch bark and dry sticks, and built a little fire and had lunch all to myself as cosy as a bear in a berry patch. I was sorry for Henri, because I had brought all the lunch, but it served him right. I ate a stick of sweet chocolate for dessert, and felt like a new man, and just anxious to run that devil lake to earth. So I stuck the chocolate that was left in my pack and started on to the next witch tree.

That time I had to look five minutes before I found it, and when I did, I got sight of the one beyond it at the same moment, and raced on without remembering my system of blazing. I must have missed two or three trees before it occurred to me, and then I put my hand to my belt instantly for my knife—and it wasn't there. Of course I knew as soon as I missed it that I must have left it where I lunched, for I had it out to cut the butter. I worked very cautiously two or three blazed trees back, till I came to the blaze where I had looked so long for the next *plaque*. Then I was deadlocked. I couldn't find that back blaze to save my life. I hung my handkerchief high on the last tree I was sure of, and searched from it in every direction, again and again, but I couldn't find the queer cutting that I wanted.

I hunted the woods over for half an hour, till it got to be about three in the afternoon. A big wind had come up and the sky had clouded over, and without a compass I didn't know my direction any more. It shows what a deep, fundamental yearning toward superstition is in the heart of the strongest that I began to feel Henri's story take hold of my heart-strings, whatever heart-strings may be. Something made me feel funny any way. The more I tried not to think about it, the more it crept up and whispered things. This was just what Henri had said—you couldn't find the blazes to go back. I seemed to hear his voice saying: "No white man may return on that road." I tried to laugh out loud to myself, but it sounded something awful—I never heard such a laugh. I didn't try but once, for I wasn't sure but it was one of the devils. Then I tried to whistle the "Bamboo Tree," which is a cheering melody, but the tune went lame and I stopped in the middle when I remembered it was about a tree. I didn't care for any more treeology.

I looked at my watch and it was half-past three; the wind was rushing and howling through the branches; the sky was black, and a drop or so of rain fell. I had to get somewhere; I couldn't stop in those lonely woods; they choked me. Rather the Lake of Devils than this; I could breathe better if I got out from under the waving leaves that looked as if they were rushing to get at me. Of course I was awfully silly, you know: I realized that all right, but I did feel just that way at the time, though I'm ashamed of my human weakness. I got so I hated to stir for fear of the noise I'd make, though there was plenty of noise all around me.

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But at last I gave a jump, gasping as I did it, picked up my rifle and started on a run for the next blaze forward, which I could see distinctly. They followed each other thickly for half a mile, and I walked fast, tearing along just to get somewhere. I must have been growing more and more nervous, for suddenly when I couldn't see a marked tree in front of me anywhere, I stood still and let out a scream like a hyena. I simply couldn't help it, but it seems now as if I were a born idiot to stand there in the woods all alone and yell like a big baby because I was scared. My! but wouldn't I have been glad to see Henri! I hadn't any pride left, and I only wished I'd been a coward too.

Then my eyes lit on a tree I hadn't noticed, and there was that fiendish sign which I hated now with all my soul, yet longed to see as I had never longed before. I found myself hugging the tree and laughing at it. I can't understand how I could have been such a kid, but the foolish things did themselves without waiting for me.

I worked along from tree to tree, and there seemed to be two of me, one the regular Bob that I was used to, and another duffer that broke out every few minutes with crazy tricks. Once I listened, and he was trying to recite "To be or not to be," in French. It was awfully funny, and I laughed at him till tears ran down my face and I tasted them in my mouth. But all the time the two of us were following the trail trom *plaque* to *plaque*, and suddenly there was the glitter of water through the trees—there was a lake! I remember hearing the other boy whisper "Sh—Sh" to me and then giggle softly in a silly way, and as I stole along I loaded my rifle and put it at full cock, which of course is a way I never carry a gun. The other Bob whispered things in French.

"*Voilà le lac aux Diables*, M'sieur Bob," he said. "*Nous serons mangés*," and I answered him out loud:

"I know it's the Lake of Devils, you goose," I said crossly. "But we won't be eaten before I shoot the first one. There aren't any devils anyway—but don't talk or they'll hear us."

Suddenly there was a wide beaten road which I had come into before I saw it. I don't know why, except that I was a lunatic generally, but I dropped on all fours and crawled along it. It seemed safer. However, it was so inconvenient to carry a rifle that way that I soon got up and walked. Then in a minute more I had come out of the woods altogether and was on the shore of a great lake—eight or ten miles long and two or three wide. There were islands in it, and the wind dashed up noisy waves against them and against the shore where I stood. It was wild and beautiful, but I didn't care much for that. A damp mist filled the air and the hills looked steep and black in the storm and twilight, and nowhere was a sign of life. I stood still and waited two or three minutes for something to happen, but it seemed as if I were the only person on earth.

When suddenly I saw, rising in the air above the woods, beyond a point of land on my right, a thick blue cloud of smoke. I can't describe how that pleasing sight blood-curdled me. I was dead sure they were at it, cooking a white man. It was dinner-time—though I don't know if devils dine at night or at noon like other country people. I had to see what was going on, and I crawled up, scared to death, bound to find out the status of things. I didn't make a crack—I stalked those devils well, and when I got where I could peep through some bushes around the point, sure enough there was one of them, jumping about on the beach, just as Henri had told me.

I had got so worked up now that I was hardly surprised at all; but talk about blood freezing! My teeth sounded like a sewing machine. The fiend wasn't all red, only the upper half of him, but his legs were long and skinny, the way devils always are. I hadn't a doubt but it was up with me, for I think I had gone a little crazy, as they say lost people do. Yet I was angry too, and I wanted to do some damage before I was killed, so I put up my rifle and sighted on that jumping-jack on the beach. I was just going to pull the trigger when something in his antics caught my eye. It was unbelievable, but he was certainly doing the running broad jump in just the form that Mr. McKelway, our trainer, puts us through it at school. I lowered the gun and watched, and he made a cracking good jump—it must have been nineteen feet. I was glad I hadn't shot him.

Well, something in the naturalness of that devil's jumping seemed to make me breathe

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easier, and I worked through the bushes to where I could see farther around the point. And what was the sight that burst upon my astonished eyes, but a great big building, a hotel, about a quarter of a mile away! I felt like an elastic band that has been stretched to its longest and then suddenly let go. I never had such a whack of relief. Indians and devils don't build hotels. That knowledge came at me, and the sweetness of the white skin surged up over me. I gave another look at the red and black thing still jumping by itself, and behold! it was a human boy, a boy in a red shirt. I sprinted down that sand whooping, and he turned in surprise as I came up, and then I can just tell you I was surpriseder than he, for it was Billy Bond, a chap who goes to my school.

"How do you do?" he said first, for I was out of breath. "Where did you drop from?"

"Bill," I said solemnly, "I was going to shoot you. I thought you were a devil."

"Well, I'm not," answered Billy. "You would have been awfully fresh if you had."

Then we fell to explanations and recriminations. Instead of the mysterious Lake of Devils I had come out on Lake Edward, right on the railroad, the one settlement of the two hundred miles between Quebec and Lake St. John. Billy and his people were staying here at the hotel for a few days on their way to Roberval on Lake St. John, and he had come down to the beach to see if he had forgotten his track work. We sat down against a log and split my last piece of sweet chocolate, and as we munched I told him about Henri's story and the horrid time I'd had.

"You'll just have to spend the night with me," he said, "and we'll send you back to your brother with a guide in the morning." That was out of kindliness, but of course I didn't need a guide. Then suddenly he gave a shout. "I know what that blaze was," he said. "I've never seen it, but an old hunter who's around the hotel told me about it just the other day. There was a chap here several years ago who was in some little college, and was an Alpha Delta Phi. He was clean silly about his society, and was forever cutting its sign, a star and crescent, on the trees and the piazza and all around. He thought he could fish, too, and was keen about finding new places. Well, one day he went off with a guide who took him to Black Pond—that must be where you started from—and the guide let him believe nobody'd ever discovered it before and that it was full of trout. So he started out to cut a trail to it, and to make it a bigger secret, he cut only on one side of the trees—to show the way back. The other side he marked with pieces of red tape, which is all gone now. And the blaze he cut was the Alpha Delta Phi sign, the star and crescent."

"Oh!" I said; "oh!"

"It took him and a guide a week to cut that trail, old Jean-Baptiste told me," Billy went on. "And there wasn't any fishing in the lake anyway. It's shallow and only good for caribou. Nobody has ever used the trail since—there's an easier way to get to Black Pond."

When I got within a mile of the River of Winds the next day I thought there was a war. At intervals of five minutes the hills rebounded with two rifle shots close together, and when I realized that Walter was signalling for me it made me sick to think how he was wasting cartridges. After all that expense I thought he would welcome me with enthusiasm and brotherly affection. I thought he would kill the fatted canned chicken for me; but no, sir! He was morose at me and wouldn't listen decently to my adventures. I said to him very agreeably that it was all right now, and that it was a pity to lose your temper when things were satisfactory, but all he answered was:

"I hope never to live through another such night. You go off devil hunting just once more, you young cuss, and I'll kick you into the lake."

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REMINISCENCES OF THE IMPRESSIONIST PAINTERS

By George Moore

IT was my good fortune to know certain of the impressionist painters—Manet, Degas, Renoir, Pissaro, Monet, and Sisley—when their talent was beginning, before they were known to the rest of the world. When my mother offered me my choice of Oxford or Cambridge I told her that I had decided to go to Paris. "My dear boy, your education—you learned nothing at school." "That is why, my dear mother, I intend to devote myself entirely to my own education, and I think it can be better conducted in a café than in a university." I went to Paris, taking a valet with me: a valet means conformity to certain conventions; and the young man who sets out on artistic adventure must try to separate himself from all conventions, whether of politics, society, or creed.

I went to Paris in search of Art; I studied at "L'École des Beaux Arts"; and in the evenings I sought for the café of my instinctive predilection round the Odéon and the Luxembourg Gardens. In the Middle Ages young men went in search of the Grail; to-day the café is the quest of a young man in search of artistic education. The cafés about the Odéon and the Luxembourg Gardens did not correspond to my need, I wearied of noisy students, the Latin Quarter seemed to me a little out of fashion, and I migrated to Montmartre and continued my search along the Boulevard Extérieur, and one evening I discovered the ideal café on the Place Pigale. I cannot say now if it were instinct that guided me there or if perchance I met someone who told me that Manet spent his evenings in the café of the Nouvelle Athènes. The name sounds as if it were invented on purpose—"The New Athens." You wouldn't have thought it was "a new Athens" if you had seen it, but it was one for all that. I can see it now, the white nose of a block of buildings, stretching up the hillside into the Place Pigale opposite the fountain. Men of letters used to go there, too: Duranty, one of the original realists, a contemporary of Flaubert, used to stay with us for an hour or so every night; a quiet, elderly man who knew that he had failed and whom failure had saddened. The Nouvelle Athènes was a café of *ratés*, literary and pictorial. The literary *ratés* were Alexis, Ceard and Hennique. At the time I am speaking of, Zola had ceased to go to the café—he spent his evenings with his wife; but his disciples (all except Maupassant and Huysmans, whom I do not remember ever having seen there) collected about the marble tables, lured to the Nouvelle Athènes by their love of art, for one generation of *littérateurs* associates itself with painting, the next clings to music. The aim and triumph of the realist was, to force the pen to compete with the painter's brush and the engraver's needle in the description, let us say, of a mean street, just as the desire of a symbolistic writer was to describe the vague but intense sensations of music so accurately that the reader would guess the piece he had selected for description though it were not named in the text. We all entertained doubts regarding the validity of the art we practised, and envied the art of the painter, deeming it superior to literature; and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that we used to weary a little of conversation among ourselves just as dogs weary of their own society, and I think there was a feeling of relief among us all when the painters came in. We raised ourselves up to welcome them—Manet, Degas, Renoir, Pissaro, Monet, and Sisley; they were our masters.

A partition rising a few feet or more over the hats of the men sitting at the usual marble table separated the glass front from the main body of the café; two tables in the right-hand corner were reserved for Manet and Degas and for their circle of admirers. I like to remember my longing to be received into that circle; and I like to remember my longing to speak to Manet, whom I had begun to recognize as the great

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new force in painting. Evening after evening went by, but I did not dare to speak to him and he did not speak to me, until one evening—thrice happy evening!—as I sat thinking of him, pretending to be correcting some proofs, he asked me if the conversation of the café did not distract my attention, and I answered, "Not at all; I was thinking of your painting." It seems to me that we became friends at once; he invited me to his studio in the Rue Amsterdam, where his greatest works were painted—all the works that are Manet and nothing but Manet, the real Manet, the Parisian Manet, were painted there. But before speaking of his painting some description of his personality is essential to an understanding of Manet. It is often said that the personality of the artist concerns us not, and in the case of bad art it is certainly true, for bad art reveals no personality, bad art is bad because it is anonymous. The work of the great artist is himself, and being one of the greatest painters that ever lived, Manet's art was all Manet; one cannot think of Manet's painting without thinking of the man himself. The last time I saw Monet was at a dinner in the Café Royal, and after talking of many things, suddenly, without any transition, Monet said, speaking out of a dream, "How like Manet was to his painting!" And I answered, delighted—for it is always exciting to talk about Manet: "Yes, how like! That blond, amusing face, the clear eyes that saw simply, truly, and quickly." And having said so much, my thoughts went back to the time when the glass door of the café grated upon the sanded floor and Manet entered. Though by birth and by education essentially Parisian, there was something in his appearance and manner of speaking that often suggested an Englishman. Perhaps it was his dress—his clean-cut clothes and figure. That figure! Those square shoulders that swaggered as he went across the room, and the thin waist; the face, the beard, and the nose—satyr-like shall I say? No, for I would evoke an idea of beauty of line united to that of intellectual expression—frank words, frank passion in his convictions, loyal and simple phrases, clear as well water, sometimes a little hard, sometimes as they flowed away bitter, but at the fountain-head sweet and full of light.

I should emphasize Manet's courage, for without courage there cannot be art. We have all heard the phrase, "I should not like to think like that," and whosoever feels that he would not like to think out to its end every thought that may happen to come into his mind I would dissuade from art if I could. Manet's art is the most courageous ever seen. One looks in vain for those subterfuges that we find in every other painter. What he saw he stated candidly, almost innocently, and what he did not see he passed over. Never in his life did he stop to worry over a piece of drawing that did not interest him because it was possible that somebody might notice the omission. It was part of his genius to omit what did not interest him. I remember a young man whom Manet thought well of; he was a frequent visitor to the studio, and one day he brought his sister with him, not an ill-looking girl, no better nor no worse than another, a little commonplace, that was all. Manet was affable and charming, he showed his pictures, he talked volubly, but next day when the young man arrived and asked Manet what he thought of his sister, Manet said, extending his arm, the gesture was habitual to him—"The last girl in the world I should have thought was your sister." The young man protested, saying Manet had seen his sister dressed to her disadvantage—she was wearing a thick woollen dress, for there was snow on the ground. Manet flung up his head. "I haven't to look twice; I am in the habit of judging things." These were his words, or very nearly, and I think that this anecdote throws a light upon Manet's painting. He saw quickly and clearly, and he stated what he saw candidly, almost innocently. It was not well mannered, perhaps, to speak to a brother of his sister in those terms, but we have not come here to discuss good manners—what are manners but the conventions that obtain at a certain moment, and among a certain class? Well-mannered people do not think sincerely, their minds are full of evasions and subterfuges. Well-mannered people constantly feel that they would not like to think like this or that they would not like to think like that, and, as I have said, whoever feels that he would not like to think out to the end every thought that may come into his mind should turn away from art. All conventions of politics, society and creed—yes and of art, too—must be cast into the melting-pot; he who would be an artist

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must melt down all things; he must discover new formulas, new moulds; all the old values must be swept aside, and he must arrive at a new estimate. The artist should keep himself free from all creed, from all dogma, from all opinion. As he accepts the opinions of others he loses his talent; all his feelings and his ideas must be his own, for art is a personal rethinking of life from end to end, and for this reason the artist is always eccentric. He is almost unaware of your moral codes; he laughs at them when he thinks of them, which is rarely, and he is unashamed as a little child. The word "unashamed," perhaps, explains Manet's art better than any other; it is essentially unashamed, and in speaking of him one must never be afraid to repeat the word "unashamed." Manet was born in what is known as refined society, he was a rich man, in dress and appearance he was an aristocrat, but to be aristocratic in art one must avoid polite society; and Manet was obliged for the sake of his genius to separate himself from his class; his genius obliged him to spend his evenings in the café of the Nouvelle Athènes, and his friends were artists; however poor and miserable, if they were artists they were welcome in Manet's studio. The price one pays for shamelessness, for truth, sincerity, personality, is public neglect; and during the years that I knew Manet he never sold a picture; I have heard that some years before Durand Ruel bought two thousand pounds' worth of pictures, but these remained on his hands.

After Manet's death his friends made some little stir; there was a sale, and then the prices sank again—sank almost to nothing—and it seemed as if the world would never appreciate Manet. There was a time, fifteen or sixteen years ago, when Manet's pictures could have been bought for twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty pounds apiece. I remember saying to Albert Wolff some years after Manet's death (it was at Tortoni's—the celebrated café is now gone): "How is it that Degas and Whistler and Monet have come into their inheritance, but there is no sign of recognition of Manet's art?" Wolff was the art critic of the *Figaro*, and understood painting as well as another. He answered: "Put that hope aside; the time will never come when people will care for Manet's painting." I can recall the feeling of depression that this pronouncement caused me, and how I went away asking myself if the most beautiful painting the world had ever seen was destined to remain the most unpopular. That was fifteen years ago, and to-day I am asked which of two of Manet's pictures it would be better to buy for the proposed gallery of modern art in Dublin—the "Itinerant Musician" or the portrait of Mademoiselle Gonzales. I answered, "I am afraid whichever you choose you will regret you had not chosen the other." The picture of the "Itinerant Musician" is a Spanish Manet; it was painted after Manet had seen Goya, but it is as obviously a Manet as the portrait of Mademoiselle Gonzales. To anyone who knows Manet's work it possesses all the qualities which we associate with Manet. The eye that sees clearly and quickly is as apparent in one picture as in the other. Manet saw nature rapidly, and in full contour, and before he began to paint all those people were seated and standing in his mind's eye as they are on the canvas. The painting is as unashamed as Whitman; Manet is a sort of Whitman in paint. Look at that girl's foot—it is stated without either fear of offending or desire of pleasing anybody, and was not that Whitman's attitude of mind? Mademoiselle Gonzales's rounded white arm is even more courageously stated, for it is entirely without sexual appeal, and I am afraid the picture will to many people seem vulgar for that very reason. In the Spanish picture Manet is disguised a little, so little that one hesitates to admit it; but one should never hesitate about saying anything—the larger picture is Manet and Goya, whereas the portrait is Manet and nothing but Manet. That portrait is an article of faith. It says, "Be not ashamed of anything except of being ashamed; and he who admires that picture is already half free, the shackles are broken, and will fall presently." I hope that is the picture that will be purchased, for it will, perhaps, help to bring about the crisis we are longing for, that spiritual crisis when men shall begin once more to think out life for themselves.

Though there be no unimpeachable collection of modern pictures in London, yet there are modern pictures to be seen in different galleries, but in Dublin there is no criterion. The only beautiful pictures in the National Gallery are ancient pictures,

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and for the purpose of instruction in the art of modern painting ancient pictures are useless, for the whole method of painting has changed within the last hundred years. Who, for instance, would go to see the two beautiful Ruysdaels in order to inform himself how he should begin the picture he is thinking of painting at Malahide or Blessington? What remains of Ruysdael is his grave and noble mind set forth in symbols of gray sky and brown woods; but the student will never look into those brown woods and gray skies for instruction in the art of painting; nor may he seek Ruysdael's mournful moods amid the woods of Malahide and Blessington, for Ruysdael's mind exists in his painting and is dependent upon it. As the whole method of painting has changed within the last hundred years—and changed radically—we moderns no longer feel and see like the ancient masters. And this will be apparent to anyone who goes to the Louvre with a view to examining how the ancient masters painted. He will find that all pictures painted before the nineteenth century were painted first in black and white and were then glazed. To explain a word that will be very well understood in the studios, I will say that "glazing" means the use of transparent colors without any admixture of white. However much the artists of Italy, Spain, Holland, and France differed, they all painted in this respect alike; their pictures were painted in black and white, and then the natural colors were applied. The roses painted in Holland in the seventeenth century were painted black first and then glazed with crimson lake. Even down to Boucher's day, to the end of the eighteenth century, we find no trace of what we moderns know as solid painting. Greuze was the inventor of modern painting. And if anyone doubts that the modern mind is dependent upon its artistic methods, let him paint a landscape in black and white and then glaze it, as the ancients did, and he will find that he has painted, if not an archaic picture, at least a picture wearing a slightly archaic air. The ancient painters, owing to their method, saw nature in larger aspects than we do; we are interested in detail, we are eager to note every passing effect of rain or shine; we desire light above all things, and chiaroscuro bores us, and we do not omit a stone in the foreground, though its value is the same as the value of a bit of wall in the middle distance. To explain myself in a way that will make my meaning clear to everyone, I will say that our pictures are no longer vignetted. Claude Monet has escaped from the vignette of Turner and Constable. A vainer suggestion was never put forward than that the impressionists derived their art from Turner. It will be noticed that I have attributed the modern mind to the modern method; some may prefer to think that it was the modern mind that invented the modern method—well, it will always be difficult to decide whether the egg preceded the chicken or the chicken preceded the egg. But this at least is certain, that the event of solid painting was bound to lead to impressionism, to the Nouvelle Athènes.

The glass door of the café grates upon the sand again. It is Degas, a round-shouldered man in a suit of pepper and salt. There is nothing very trenchantly French about him either, except the large necktie. His eyes are small, his words are sharp, ironical, cynical. Manet and Degas are the leaders of the impressionist school, but their friendship has been jarred by inevitable rivalry. "Degas was painting 'Semiramis' when I was painting 'Modern Paris,'" says Manet. "Manet is in despair because he cannot paint atrocious pictures like Duran and be fêted and decorated. He is an artist, not by inclination but by force; he is as a galley-slave chained to the oar," says Degas. And their methods of work are quite different. Manet paints his whole picture from nature, trusting to his instinct to lead him aright through the devious labyrinth of selection. But his instinct never fails him; there is a vision in his eyes which he calls nature, and which he paints unconsciously, as he digests his food, thinking and declaring vehemently that the artist should not seek a synthesis, but should paint merely what he sees. This extraordinary oneness of nature and artistic vision does not exist in Degas, and even his portraits are composed from drawings and notes.

At this time a new faith was abroad, a new manner of thinking, and I find I have already written this description of the naturalistic movement in which I found myself caught. "The idea of a new art based upon science in opposition to the art of the old world, that was based upon imagination, an

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art that should explain all things and embrace life in its entirety, in its endless ramifications, be, as it were, a new creed in a new civilization, filled me with wonder, and I stood dumb before the vastness of the conception and the height of the ambition. In my fevered fancy I saw a new race of writers that would arise and with the aid of the novel continue to a more glorious and legitimate conclusion the work that the Hebrew prophets had begun." A few pages later I find the admission that "I was deceived, as was all my generation, by a certain externality, an outer skin, a nearness, *un approchement*—in a word, by a substitution of Paris for the distant and exotic background so beloved of the romantic school." I think that Degas was more typical of his time than was Manet. Looking at a picture by Degas, we think, "Yes, that was how we thought in the seventies and in the eighties." Manet desired modernity as earnestly as Degas, but his genius saved him from ideas that were of his time. Manet was a pure painter and it mattered nothing to him whether he painted a religious subject—angels watching by the side of the dead Christ, or yachting at Argenteuil. Manet was an instinct, Degas an intellectuality, and his originality is according to the prescription of Edgar Poe, who held that one is original by declining to do a certain thing because it has been done before. However this may be, Degas might be cited as proof of Poe's æstheticism. The day came when Degas put "Semiramis" aside for a ballet-girl. "Semiramis" had been painted; the ballet-girl, in pink tights, clumsy shoes, and bunched skirts, looking unnatural as a cockatoo, had not. And it was Degas who introduced the acrobat into art, and the *repasseuse*. His portrait of Manet on the sofa listening to Madame Manet playing the piano is one of the most intellectual pieces of painting ever done in the world. Its intellectuality reminds one of Leonardo da Vinci, for like Degas, Leonardo painted by intellect rather than by instinct.

The "Mona Lisa" and Degas's "Leçon de Danse" are intellectual pictures; they were painted with the brains rather than with the temperaments. And what is any intellect compared to a gift like Manet's? The intellectual pleasure that we receive from a mind so curiously critical, inquisitive, and mordant as Degas withers, but the joy we get from the gift of painting like Manet's is a joy that lasts forever. Of what value are Degas's description of washerwomen and dancers and race-horses compared with the fallen flower, the Aubusson carpet, above all, the footstool in the Gonzales portrait? The pleasure of an early Degas, the "Semiramis," is more lasting than that which we get from the dancers plunging forward in the blaze of the "limes." By the Semiramis hangs a tale: Degas painted "Semiramis" at the head of a group of women admiring the walls of Babylon. But one day he scratched half the picture away—there were hanging gardens in the background—and his explanation was that Semiramis would not surround herself with women; Semiramis would walk surrounded by men. Degas's best pictures were painted before he began to think, when he was merely interested in nature. Then he could tell the story of a character in a face better than it has been told since Holbein, and if anyone of Degas's pictures are bought for the Dublin gallery I hope it will be one of these early pictures—the red-headed girl, for instance, an unfinished sketch exhibited sometime ago at Knightsbridge, the property, I believe, of Durand Ruel.

In the days of Nouvelle Athènes we used to repeat Degas's witticisms—how he once said to Whistler, "Whistler, if you were not a genius you would be the most ridiculous man in Paris." Leonardo made roads, Degas makes witticisms. I remember his answer when I confided to him one day that I did not care for Daumier. The beautiful "Don Quixote" and "Sancho Panza" I had not then seen; that is my excuse—an insufficient one, I admit. Degas answered: "If you were to show Raphael a Daumier he would admire it, he would take off his hat; but if you were to show him a Cabanel he would say with a sigh, 'That is my fault.'" It is not possible to be wittier than this or more appreciative, but I ask again what does such intellect amount to when compared to that fallen flower or the beautiful painting of Mademoiselle Gonzales's white arm, or the dress so liquid, so beautiful, more beautiful than silk or ivory, every accent in its place? To omit any one of them would be a loss. Manet said to me once, "I tried to write, but I couldn't write," and I thought he spoke apologetically, whereas his words were a boast. "He who paints

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as I paint could never think of doing anything else" was what was in his mind, and if Manet had lived till he was a hundred he would have painted to the last. But Degas being merely a man of intellect, wearied of painting; he turned to modelling for relaxation, and he has collected pictures. His collection is the most interesting in Paris, for it represents the taste of one man. His chief admirations are Delacroix and Ingres and Manet, especially Ingres. There was a time when he knew everyone who owned an Ingres, and it is said that the *concierges* used to come to tell him regarding the health of the owners of certain pictures, and hearing of an appendicitis that might prove fatal or a bad attack of influenza, Degas at once flapped his wings and went away like a vulture. One day I met him in the Rue Mauberge, "I've got it," he said, and he was surprised when I asked him what he had got. Great egotists always take it for granted that everyone is thinking of what they are doing. "Why, the 'Jupiter,' of course, the 'Jupiter,'" and he took me to see the picture—not a very good Ingres, I thought, good but somewhat tedious—a "Jupiter" with beetling brows and a thunderbolt in his hand. But next to it was a pear, and I knew that pear—just a speckled pear painted on six inches of canvas; it used to hang in Manet's studio—six inches of canvas nailed to the wall—and I said to Degas, "I think, after all, I like the pear better than 'Jupiter.'" And Degas said, "I put it there, for a pear painted like that would overthrow any god."

"Anyone," Degas said once to me, "can have talent when he is five and twenty; the thing is to have talent when you are fifty." I remember the Salon in which Bastien-Lepage exhibited his "Potato Harvest," and we all admired it till Degas said, "A Bouguereau of the modern movement." Then everyone understood that Bastien-Lepage's talent was not an original, but a derivative talent. When Roll, another painter of the same time, exhibited his enormous picture, entitled "Work," containing fifty figures, Degas said, "One doesn't make a crowd with fifty figures, one makes a crowd with five." But what is all this intellect compared with that flower fallen on the carpet or that plump white arm moulded without a shadow?

Monet and Sisley being landscape painters, only appeared in the Nouvelle Athènes after long absences; they would return suddenly from the country bringing with them twenty or thirty canvases, all irreproachably perfect, all masterpieces. The method of painting is the same in both; in style their pictures are almost undistinguishable, yet it would be difficult to mistake one for the other. Monet is more external, there is a little more reverie in Sisley; his painting is a little more human, and though the standard of excellence is not so well maintained by Sisley as by Monet, there is in Sisley's pictures a delicacy which we look for in vain in the work of any other painter. I remember two winter scenes by Sisley; both were equally beautiful, but one I remember better than the other, not because it was more beautiful, but because no one remembers two things equally well. The scenes were the most casual that could be selected; the one that I remember distinctly comprised but the bare wall of a cottage, a frozen pond, and on the other side of the pond some poplar-trees—these and their shadows were the picture. The delicacy of the eye that saw these trees against the winter sky and their mauve and transparent shadows floating over the frozen ground to the pond's edge can only be compared to the delicacy of the ear that heard for the first time the combination of instruments in the Siegfried idyl. The comparison may be obscure and ineffectual, but it is the best I can think of to-day. The other picture I do not remember so distinctly, but I remember that at the time I wondered which I liked the better. Without wishing to depreciate the art of Constable and Turner desiring only to express my own personal feeling, I confess that to hesitate between Sisley and Constable would be like hesitating between the wine of France and English beer. Both are good, but the delicacy of those mauve shadows floating over the frozen ground lingers in my memory as the memory of some extraordinary bottle of Sauterne lingers, no doubt, in the memory of some of my readers. But in putting Sisley above any English landscape painter I am not depreciating the art of these islands. Sisley was an Englishman, however French his art may be, and those who like to trace all individual qualities back to race influence may, if they will, trace back the exquisite reverie which distinguishes

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Sisley's pictures from Monet to Sisley's English blood.

Of the originality of these two painters, and of the originality of the impressionist school, one cannot think too often or too long; there arose suddenly an art in France unlike any other art that had ever been seen in the world before, and no country, not even France, is prepared for such surprising innovations as Monet's and Sisley's pictures. Monet especially paid dearly for the gift of his genius. He very nearly starved; there were times when he could not get more than one hundred francs apiece for his pictures; very often no price could be obtained, and Monet went without his dinner. He began by imitating Manet and Manet ended by imitating Monet. They were great friends; Manet painted Monet and Madame Monet in their garden, and Monet painted Manet and Madame Manet in the same garden; they exchanged pictures, but after a quarrel each returned the other his picture. Monet's picture of Manet and his wife I never saw, but Manet's picture of Monet and Madame Monet belongs to a very wealthy merchant, a Monsieur Pellerin, who has the finest collection of Manets and Cezannes in the world. I do not remember ever to have seen Cezanne at the Nouvelle Athènes, he was too rough, too savage a creature, and appeared in Paris only rarely. We used to hear about him—he used to be met on the outskirts of Paris wandering about the hillsides in jack-boots. As no one took the least interest in his pictures he left them in the fields; when his pictures began to be asked for, his son and daughter used to inquire them out in the cottages, and they used to keep watch in the hedges and collect the sketches he had left behind him. It would be untrue to say that he had no talent, but whereas the intention of Manet and of Monet and of Degas was always to paint, the intention of Cezanne was, I am afraid, never very clear to himself. His work may be described as the anarchy of painting, as art in delirium. It is impossible to deny to this strange being a certain uncouth individuality. Uncouth though it be, there is life in his pictures; otherwise no one would remember them, and it is permissible to pause to think if one prefers one of Millet's conventional simpering peasants to one of Cezanne's crazy cornfields peopled with violent reapers—reapers from Bedlam. But why do I linger talking of Cezanne when, perhaps, the greatest of all this group of painters has only been mentioned by name—Renoir. Nor is this the first time I have delayed to speak of him, and so betrayed a lack of appreciation. Among the impressionist painters there is an English—I should say an American—Mary Cassatt. She did not come to the Nouvelle Athènes, it is true, but she lived on the Boulevard Extérieur; her studio was within a minute's walk of the Place Pigale, and we used to see her every day. Her art was derived from Degas as Madame Morizot's art was derived from Manet. Madame Morizot, or I should say, Berthe Morizot, was Manet's sister-in-law, and I remember him saying to me once: "My sister-in-law would not have existed without me; she did nothing but carry my art across her fan." Berthe Morizot is dead, but Mary Cassatt I met last year after an absence of many years in Durand Ruel's, and at breakfast next day we talked of all the people we had known, and at the end of breakfast she said, "There is one we haven't spoken about—perhaps the greatest of all." I said, "You mean Renoir?" And she accused me of having been always a little indifferent to Renoir's art. Is this true? If it be true it is only true in a way, for I know of nothing that I would sooner possess, and by our desire of possession we may measure our admiration, than one of Renoir's nudes. He has modelled whole bodies of women in the light, and the light is not only on the surface, it is under the surface. Some of his portraits of children are the most beautiful I know; they are white and flower-like, and therefore very unlike the stunted leering little monkeys which Sir Joshua Reynolds persuaded us to accept as representative of tall and beautiful English children.

Renoir began life as a porcelain painter; I have seen flowered vases painted by him and pictures of flowers painted exactly as a porcelain painter would paint them. It was not till the sixties that he began to paint portraits. I think that it was at the end of the sixties that he painted the celebrated picture of the woman looking into the canary cage—a wonderful picture, but very unlike the Renoir of the nudes that I hunger to possess. It is strange that an art so strangely personal as Renoir's should have been de-

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veloped by degrees; Manet was Manet as soon as he left Couture's studio, even before he went there; Degas was always Degas; but there was no sign of the late Renoir even in the portrait of the lady looking into the canary cage. I do not think that the beautiful Renoir that we prize would ever have come to birth if he had not come to the café of the Nouvelle Athènes. It is an admirable painting, but not the Renoir of the nudes. There is no certainty in Renoir's art; he seems to stand between Degas and Manet; there is something of Monet's influence in him; and is it not strange that he who was so much influenced should have ended by influencing all the others? Manet's last years were spent thinking of Renoir. Renoir was always in the café of the Nouvelle Athènes, and I remember well the hatred with which he used to denounce the nineteenth century, the century in which he used to say there was no one who could make a piece of furniture or a clock that was beautiful and that was not a copy of an old one. It was about that time that Durand Ruel began to buy his pictures, and one day, finding himself in easier circumstances, he thought he would take what the newspapers call a well-deserved—or is it a well-earned?—holiday. Should he lay in a stock of wine and cigars and give dinner-parties, or should he furnish a flat and fall in love? These are the outlets that life offers to the successful painter, and it would have been well for Renoir if he had not been virtuous. He went to Venice to study Tintoretto; he copied Tintoretto and he entered a studio with a view to perfecting his drawing, and in two years he had destroyed forever the beautiful art which had taken twenty years to elaborate, and which in the opinion of those most competent to judge is destined for an eternity of admiration. The last time I saw him was on the Butte Montmartre, a decaying quarter full of crumbling façades, pillars, and abandoned gardens. He was living in a small house at the end of one of these gardens, interested far more in his rheumatism than in painting. We were speaking of Aungtin, who believes that the whole century has gone astray, that we must return to the painting of our ancestors, to glazes, but Renoir showed little interest —he only said, "*Chacun a sa marrotte*," which means that everyone has a bee in his bonnet. Renoir has said what he had to say, and when a man has done that the rest had better be silence.

The evenings that Pissaro did not come to take his coffee in the Nouvelle Athènes were very rare, indeed; he was there more frequently than Manet or Degas, and when they were there he sat listening, approving of their ideas, joining in the conversation quietly. No one was kinder than Pissaro. He would always endeavor to explain to students from the Beaux Arts why Jules Lefebvre was not a great master of drawing, but he never said anything strikingly original. He was a wise and appreciative Jew and he looked like Abraham; his beard was white, and his hair was white, and he was bald, though at the time he could not have been much more than fifty. He was the oldest of that group—yes, he must have been the oldest. He died two years ago at an advanced age, I think seventy-five. The last time I saw him was at Rouen, about six years ago, and he did not look older then than he had looked twenty years before, nor was he older in mind. He was enthusiastic and interested in everything; he was painting the cathedral—I suppose because Monet had been there the year before, and had painted the cathedral. Pissaro always followed in somebody's footsteps; he was a sort of will-o'-the-wisp of painting, and his course was zigzag. But though his wanderings were many and sudden, he never quite lost his individuality, not even when he painted yachts, after the manner of Signac, in dots. In the "Confessions of a Young Man" I find an appreciation of Pissaro, and as I think to-day as I thought then, I may quote it. Speaking of a group of girls gathering apples in a garden, I wrote: "Sad grays and violets, beautifully harmonized. The figures seem to move as in a dream; we are on the thither side of life, in a world of quiet color and happy aspiration. Those apples will never fall from the branches, those baskets that the stooping girls are filling will never be filled, that garden is the garden that life has not for giving, but which the painter has set in an eternal dream of violet and gray." Pissaro has painted many such pictures—pictures of hillsides where the peasants hoe the little mildew that has collected on the earth's surface. No one has understood the pathos of the peasant's lot better than Pissaro; he has understood

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it far better than Millet, who has never seemed to me much more than an eighteenth-century painter. His subjects differ from Romney or Greuze, but the painting is much the same, and the mind is the same, given over to tedious sentimentalities.

Reference has already been made to a discussion which arose when Pissaro died. The question was asked in the newspapers, Who had invented impressionism, who had painted the first impressionist picture? It was stated that Monet had been to England and had been influenced by Turner. The impressionists admired Turner, of course, platonically, as they admired the old masters, Salvator Rosa and Hobbema, but any more personal admiration were impossible. No very special discernment is required to understand that Turner and Constable, painters whose desire was a world of shadow, could have any closer interest for men whose aim was to exhibit a world of light. It may be doubted if it will ever be possible to discover who painted the first impressionist picture, or what suggested the abandonment of chiaroscuro. It certainly was not Constable or Turner; more than that it is impossible to say here. To trace a school of art to its source, to speculate how a new æstheticism arises, and how it develops from a seed to a blown flower, would be an interesting speculation indeed; but the question cannot be discussed here. Nor yet another question, almost nearly as interesting—the value of museums to the nation. Passing these subjects by, I will content myself with saying that no collection would help an Irish or American town as much as a collection of impressionist pictures. They would inspire not only a desire to possess beautiful things, but I can imagine young men and women deriving an extraordinary desire of freedom from the landscapes of Monet and Sisley: Manet, too. Manet, perhaps, more than anyone liberates the mind from conventions, from prejudices. He creates a spirit of revolt against the old; he inculcates a desire of adventure. Adam standing in Eden looking at the sun rise was not more naked and unashamed than Monet. I believe that a gallery of impressionist pictures would be more likely than any other pictures to send a man to France, and that is the great point. Everyone must go to France. France is the source of all the arts. Let the truth be told. We go there, everyone of us, like rag-pickers with baskets on our backs, to pick up the things that come in our way, and out of unconsidered trifles fortunes have often been made. We learn in France to appreciate not only art—we learn to appreciate life, to look upon life as an incomparable gift. In some café, in some Nouvelle Athènes, named though it be not in any Baedeker or marked on any traveller's chart, the young man's soul will be exalted to praise life. Art is but praise of life, and it is only through the arts that we can praise life.

Life is a rose that withers in the iron fist of dogma; it was France that forced open the deadly fingers of the ecclesiastic and allowed the rose to bloom again, and France is in the world's van to-day in her repudiation of the deadly doctrine that some Bedouin tribes invented in the desert long ago, that life is a mean and contemptible thing and that renunciation of life is the greatest virtue. The dusk of the gods thickened in the temples and about the holy shrines where life was praised in joyous procession. Century passed over century, and art was silent; the beautiful limbs of the lover and the athlete were forbidden to the sculptor and the meagre thighs of dying saints were offered him instead. Literature died, for literature can but praise life. Music died, for music can but praise life, and the lugubrious "Dies Iræ" was heard in the fanes. What use had a world for art when the creed current among men was that life is a mean and miserable thing, and amid lugubrious chant and solemn procession the dusk thickened until the moment of deepest night was reached in the ninth and the tenth and the eleventh centuries. In the fifteenth century the dawn began in Italy, and sculptors and painters turned their eyes toward Greece. Donatello and Michael Angelo replaced Praxiteles and Phidias. But day follows night, as surely as night follows day; the light that began in Italy in the fifteenth century has been widening ever since, veil after veil has been scattered, and now there is broad daylight in the land of France.

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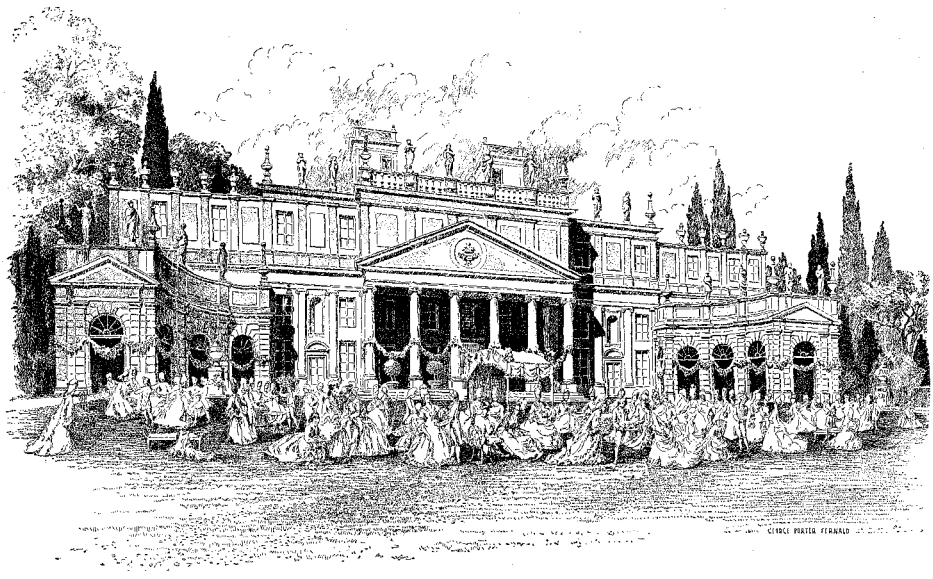

In the Gardens at Strà.

VILLAS OF THE VENETIANS

By George Porter Fernald

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

MANY visitors to Venice have peered from their compartment windows across the great plains of Lombardia and Venetia as their train brings them eastward from the Alps and Italian Lakes to the Adriatic and Venice. This great, luxuriant, garden-like country is greatly overlooked by the traveller. There are few attractions for the average student of art and history; and, after finishing with the northern towns, he is filled with the intense desire to fly to that phantom city of marble churches and palaces, leaving this flat, fertile region, drained by rivers and canals, scattered over by many gleaming villas and thrifty farms, quite unobserved. Yet the seed is sown, the grain is reaped, and the grapes are gathered for the vintage, while the daily trains rush past from Venice to Padua, Vicenza, and Verona.

Shelley has described wonderfully well the sea of fertile land bound by the Euganean Hills and the Adriatic. Lombardia comes up to meet it, Venetia and Padua claim it for their own. The peculiar charm of the scene is in the endless expanse of flat, green, calm country, with a sense of unimpaired, serene blue sky and accumulated sunshine. This Holland-like tract, cultivated with enormous skill and great expense for more than six hundred years, is the district where the Venetian nobles have had their villas for centuries. Even now, it is yearly threatened with destruction by the Adige and Brenta, which bear the waters of the distant Alps and deposit vast accumulations of mountain sediment and stones in the beds of the rivers, causing them to overflow their banks in spite of the intricate system of ditches and canals which run through the fields and vineyards until they empty into the lagoons. Many of the draining canals and ponds are covered with water lilies and filled in between with maize and hedged by mulberry and willow. Here and there are gleaming stucco villas with stately poplars; one sees tall, thin campanile, and in the far background a faint opal line of the snow-clad Alps.

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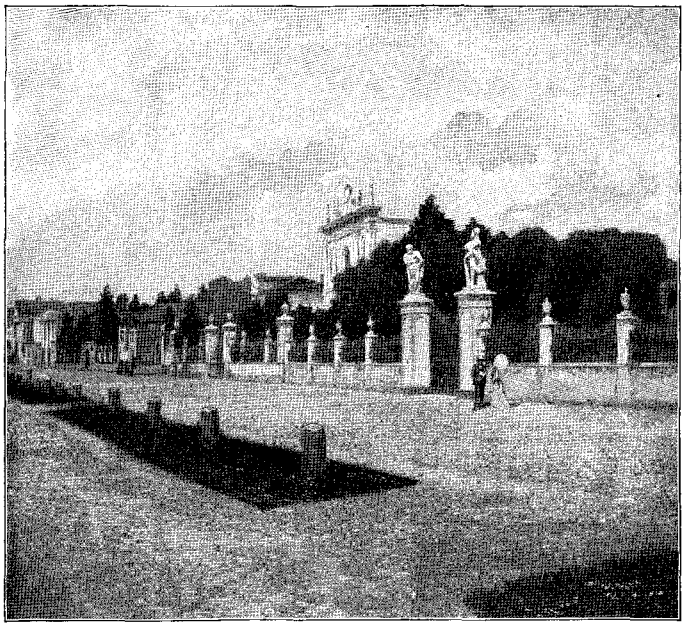
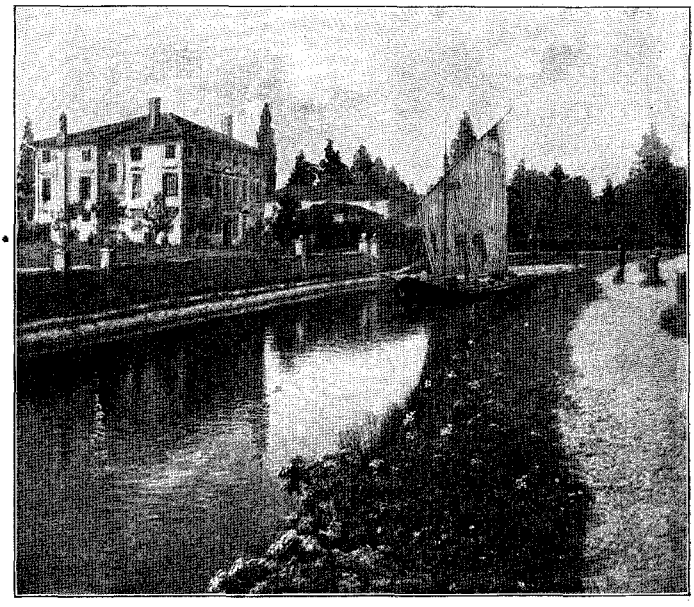


A Paris-like boulevard.

To drive along the Paris-like boulevard that borders the Brenta Canal is to see a continuous line of classic villas and gardens with an ideal setting of poplar trees, weeping willows, and vine-draped walls, reflected in canals sprinkled with water lilies and water plants, veiled with a hazy atmosphere from the sea and laden with the perfume of every blooming flower. In their decay, these Venetian villas, like those near many Italian cities, are too often a pathetic feature of the artistic and social life of that decadent country. Although unlike the Roman and Florentine villas in magnificence, a great many can boast of their simple elegance and refined architecture; and, in a setting of venerable groves, they are extremely picturesque. Their graceful simplicity, with the rich luxuriance of the vegetation of their gardens, makes them most charming, and the more ruinous and overgrown with lichens they are, the more picturesque they become.

Perfect carriage roads follow this chain of villas and skirt the canal, affording a splendid opportunity for the Venetians to indulge in their favorite pastime of driving to their heart's content. In the villa towns of Dolo, Mira (where the candles are manufactured for Venice), Strà and Mestre, we find a great variety of charming houses where they lead their summer life.



On the banks of the Brenta.

The Romans, Florentines, and Genoese have been accustomed to sport and rusti-

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A gleaming white villa of the Brenta.

cate in the Campagna like the ancient Romans, dashing aside all reserve and stateliness once they were free in the country. The restrictions in styles of dress were quite ignored, and the prince, unconsciously imitating one of his peasants, attended himself to his vines, fruit and flower garden, while the princess, *divertimento*, arrayed herself in her regal costumes, enjoying reflections in the tall pier glasses of her villa, and flitting about in the marble halls. This easy-going life common to all Italians was not, however, adopted by the Venetians. Their custom was quite different, as they preferred *far figura* in their summer villas. They would save up some of their energies and pennies through the winter months in their water palaces, and when the summer came, blossom forth with fine array and stronger gambling propensities, when they would set a pace in gambling and extravagant living such as one finds at Aix, Ostend, Monte Carlo and Homburg. Their fashionable season is humorously mentioned in the soft Venetian dialect by one of Goldoni's heroines, who asks of a friend who, like herself, is making preparations for the *villeggiatura*. "How many dresses are you taking with you this summer?" "*Ecco!*" replies the little lady, "that awful dressmaker tells me she can only send me seventy-five gowns and thirty cloaks, and as I shall be absent three months in the country, I shall be in continual disgrace by having to appear in the same gown twice."

One grand, discontented dowager came out from Venice and built her villa a short distance from Fusina, near the source of the Canale di Brenta, which winds its way from the mountains, flowing through Padova, and emptying into the Laguna. Here with her stately Doge she started the gay summer colony which followed, and their classic villas and gardens soon formed a stately procession reaching from Fusina to Padua and Mestre. The lovely spot became so popular, with the villas following in such rapid succession, that the discontented lady found no rest, surrounded again by the same gay society which she had hoped to leave behind in Venice, and her simple, dignified house had the unhappy name of "Malcontenta" thrust upon it.

These two-storied, spread-out villas, of sparkling white stucco, surrounded by gardens and bosket, and gleaming like pearls in an emerald setting, form an endless chain of garden walls and entrance gates, arcades,

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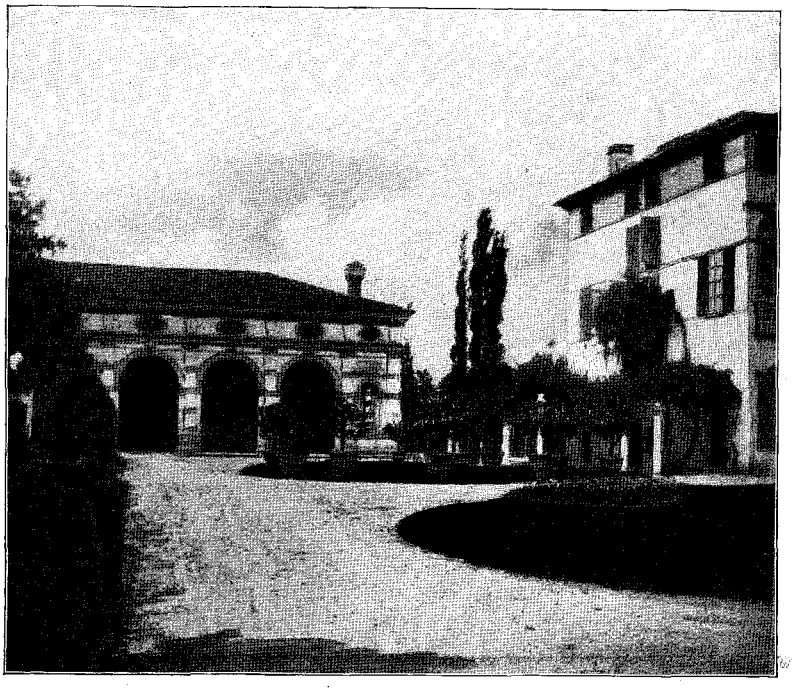

Orange trees that flourish in terra-cotta pots.—Page 209.

colonnades, and stately campanile for nearly thirty miles. They are built in every variety of size to suit the requirements and taste of the *Padroni*, and are very classic in character; for the old Roman villas seldom rose above two stories, but spread themselves over a vast space, forming several courts.

In the larger villas built during the *Renaissance*—some of the grander ones having three and four stories—the lofty and wide common hall, running through the villa and leading to the garden, has, on either side, rooms set apart for the service portion, and the grand staircase leading to the *Piano Nobile*. On the second floor is another centre hall with loggias opening from either end, where one can sit and enjoy a vista through the garden walks and pergolas, or go to the other loggia for a peep in the fore-court. This large hall leads to the grand salons and chambers, which open from one another, giving a great effect of space and a chance for the air from the sea and garden to cool a little as it is filtered through the shutters, vaulted chambers, and halls. The walls of these salons are invariably panelled off in fresco colors, the ceilings painted with mythological characters in panels, and the floors marble or tile. Crystal chandeliers and side-brackets filled with candles, silk and chintz hangings, and light walnut furniture give these rooms a most delightful cool effect, and make the most charming place to retire to on a hot day that one can imagine.

The windows are all hung with Venetian blinds and perforated shutters, and when the sun gets too hot, the blinds are drawn and the shutters closed, leaving the window open; then the cool air from the sea or garden filters through and keeps the lofty, vaulted chambers deliciously cool. Or, perchance, a bee comes through the shutter in quest of fresh honey from the morning buds which have been gathered from the garden and placed about these spacious salons and loggias, until he buzzes against a marble column and drops to the tiled floor, and lies there glistening in a sun's ray that has stolen through the shutter.

A very attractive feature of the adjoining buildings, such as the chapel, pavilions, and stables, are the arcaded screens, forming a façade and in some cases obliterating, by their heavy shade, the irregularity of the fenestration, beside giving a shaded background to the first garden and stable court.

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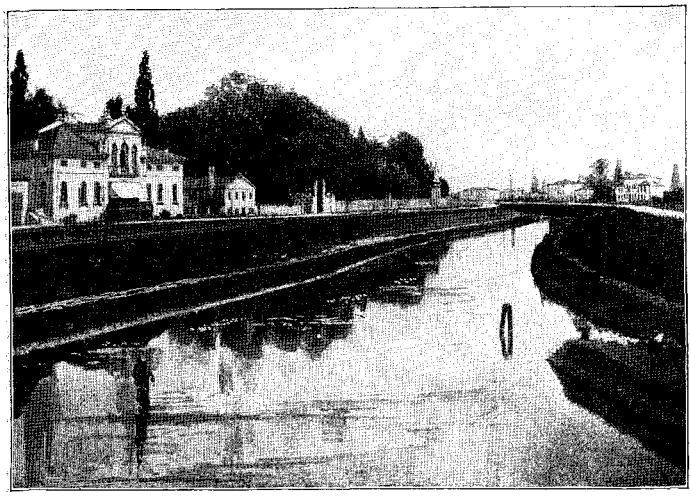
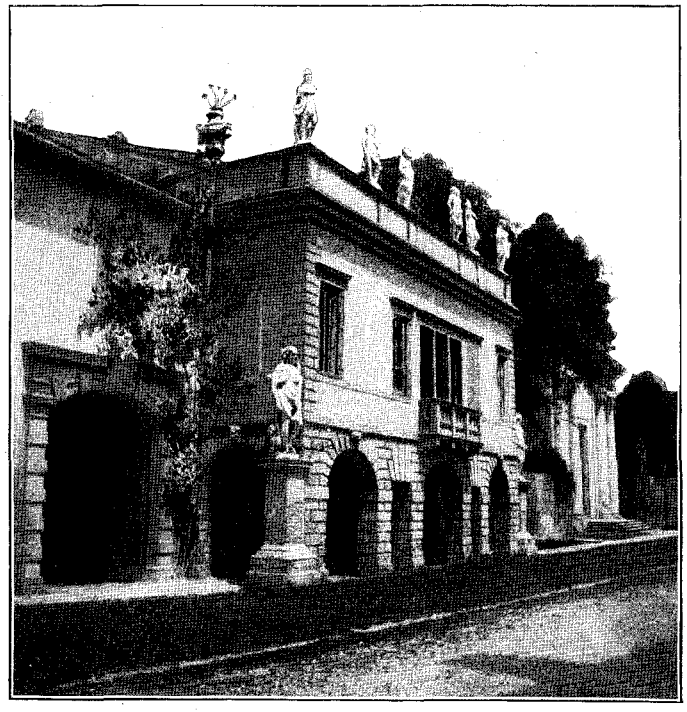


An endless chain of villas and garden walls.—Page 207.

These older villas, rich in reliefs and balustrades, covered with baroque statuary (quite unlike any being, but none the less fascinating), like the beautiful gleaming Palazzo at Strà with frescoes by Tiepolo, were, until the fall of the Republic in 1789, the scene of a most brilliant and luxuriant existence. They are surrounded by huge garden walls, enclosing beautiful gardens with long vistas, fountains and ponds, covered with pond lilies and presided over by some moss-grown water god or other, who in more flourishing times had sufficient strength to send high up into the air a stately crystal column of water, but now, being old and decrepit, only lets it drip lazily from one great conch shell to another, just covering the pool with sparkling beads. By the cross-paths are pedestals and altars, upon which, centuries ago, the sacrificial smoke rose to gods whose very names are now forgotten. Here, terminating a long avenue of lilies and roses, at the end of the vista, is a charming imitation of a Roman ruin, with columns and entablature draped in wistaria, honeysuckle, and climbing roses, all backed by an impenetrable laurel hedge, behind which rise long walls, broken by fence-posts and gates, filled with very ornate iron grilles and topped with Greek urns and classic statuary. Loggias are perched on the corners of these walls, where one can have a retiring spot in the garden and enjoy glimpses of the many carriages that pass in the street below, or look across the huge vases of geraniums and roses as they stand



These older villas covered with baroque statuary.

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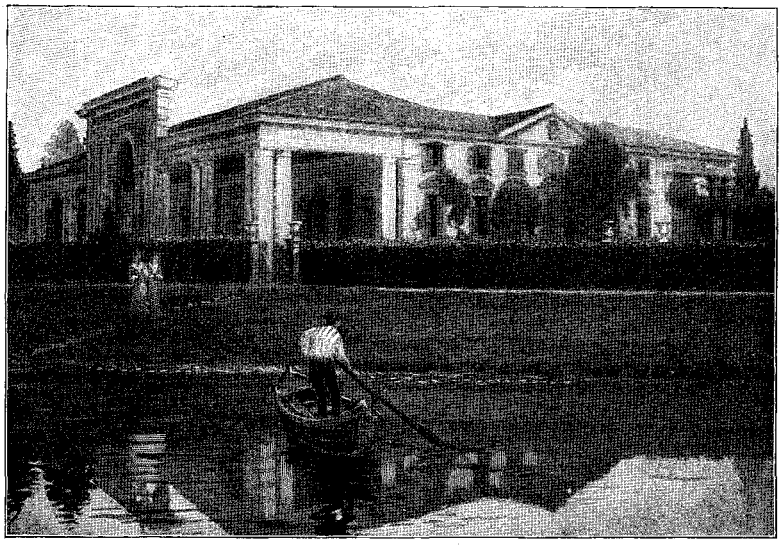
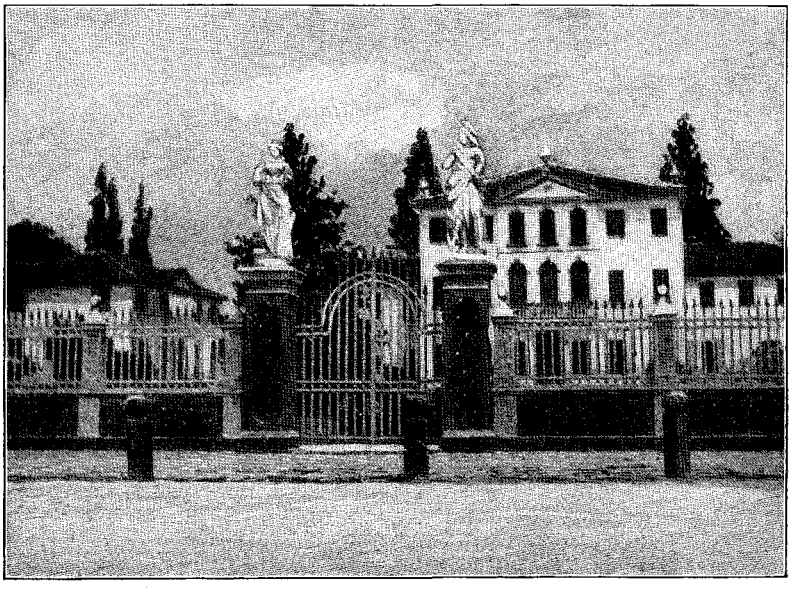


Crossing the Brenta.

at intervals along the walls, and the orange trees that flourish in terra-cotta pots. Strolling in these enchanting gardens, after Mass in the little chapel draped in vine, which so picturesquely replaces the temple of the household gods of the classic villa, we find a wealth of flowers—veritable cascades of roses, intermingled with the trumpet vine, delicate honeysuckle, fragrant lilac, and star jasmine. Here are walk-bordered beds overflowing with every sort and variety of roses and lilies, and long avenues of ilex with their population of dancing figures in marble.

The gardens and grounds are not filled up with clumps and strips of trees, after the undigested ideas of a builder or decorator, or planted out with helter-skelter patches of rare shrubbery by a nurseryman. Here is taste and display to advantage, where



Garden walls and entrance gates.

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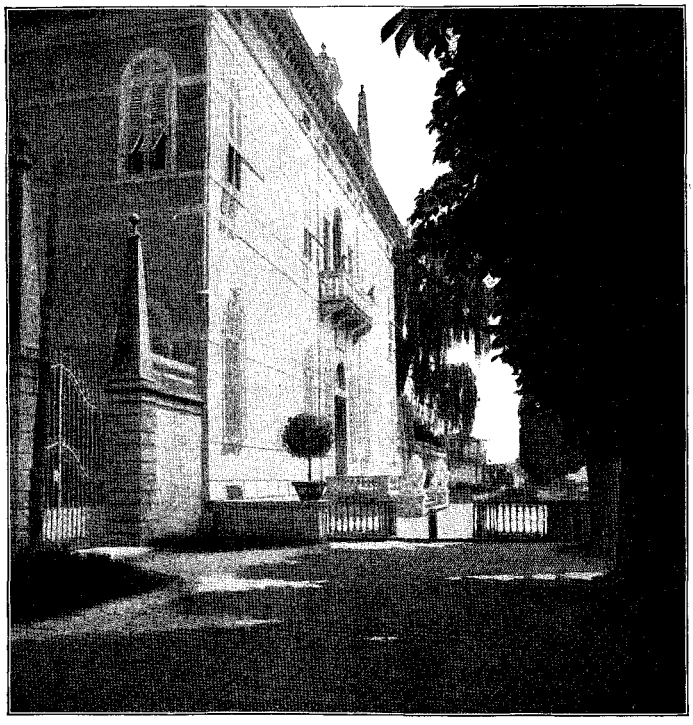
there is neither great extent to work on, nor an immense sum to be expended. It is natural for a mind unacquainted with the power of art to suppose that professional assistance can effect little in laying out small gardens or places of a few acres; but this is to infer that nothing can be beautiful that is not also extensive. Beauty or expression depend no more on dimension than on expense, but are the result of a combination calculated by its fitness and utility to gratify the mind, and by its effect to charm the eye.



These two-storied, spread-out villas of sparkling white stucco.—Page 207.

As we look at these villas we must once more acknowledge very great obligations to those restorers of architecture whom the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries produced in Italy—Bramante, Barbari, Sansovino, Sangallo, Michael Angelo, Raphael; and Giulio Romano, Labacco, Scamozzi, and many others who greatly helped to raise this noble art from the ruins of barbarism; but above all, the great Palladio, who exceeded all before him and surpassed his contemporaries, whose ingenious labors will eclipse many and rival most of the ancients. The older countries have all felt the classic influence of Italy's art and adopted her style, but none have reproduced it more fittingly than the English architects, Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir William Bruce, Sir John Vanbrugh, and many others of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; while Charles Bulfinch has brought down to us in an attenuated form, in his designs of the Capitol at Washington, the State House in Boston, and many wooden buildings throughout New England, a classic flavor that again recalls it.

Could we not reproduce here some of these graceful villas of the Brenta? We weary of the thought, even, of some of our badly planned, poorly proportioned, over-ornamented and crudely colored country and seaside homes; and yet the climate has to shoulder the blame for the lack of good taste and ideas of the architect. "Not fitted to our climate," is invariably the excuse for not adapting a style in use elsewhere, even when the climate there is nearly the same as ours. Does it apply to these little-known but superb examples on either side of the Brenta Canal, from Fusina to Padua, Mestre and Treviso?

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NEPENTHE

By Henry van Dyke

YES, it was like you to forget,
And cancel in the welcome of your smile
My deep arrears of debt,
And with the putting forth of both your hands
To sweep away the bars my folly set
Between us—bitter thoughts, and harsh demands,
And reckless deeds that seemed untrue
To love, while all the while
My heart was aching through and through
For you, sweetheart, and only you.
Yet, as I turned to come to you again,
I thought there must be many a mile
Of sorrowful reproach to cross,
And many an hour of mutual pain
To bear, until I could make plain
That all my pride was but the fear of loss,
And all my doubt was but the sense
Of ill desert to win your innocence;
And even that which looked most ill
Was but the fever-fret and effort vain
To dull the thirst which you alone could still.
But as I turned the desert miles were crossed,
And when I came the weary hours were sped!
For there you stood beside the open door,
Glad, gracious, smiling as before,
And with bright eyes and tender hands outspread
Restored me to the Eden I had lost.
Never a word of cold reproof,
No sharp reproach, no glances that accuse
The culprit whom they hold aloof,—
Ah, 'tis not thus that other women use
To put their power to proof!
For there is none like you, dear heart, not one
Secure enough to do what you have done.
Where did you learn this heavenly art—
You sweetest and most wise of all that live—
With silent welcome to impart,
Assurance of the royal heart
That never questions where it would forgive?
None but a queen could pardon me like this!
My sovereign lady, let me lay
Within each rosy palm a loyal kiss
Of penitence, then close the fingers up,
Thus—thus! Now give the cup
Of full nepenthe in your crimson mouth,
And come—the garden blooms with bliss,
The wind is in the south,
The rose of love with dew is wet—
Dear, it was like you to forget!

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THE TIDES OF BARNEGAT

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

VIII

AN ARRIVAL

WITH the departure of Jane and Lucy the old homestead took on that desolate, abandoned look which comes to most homes when all the life and joyousness has gone from them. Weeds grew in the roadway between the lilacs, dandelions flaunted themselves over the grass-plots; the shutters of the porch side of the house were closed, and the main gate, always thrown wide day and night in ungoverned welcome, was seldom opened except to a few intimate friends of the old nurse.

At first Pastor Dellenbaugh had been considerate enough to mount the long path to inquire for news of the travelers and to see how Martha was getting along, but after the receipt of the earlier letters from Jane telling of their safe arrival and their sojourn in a little village but a short distance out of Paris, convenient to the great city, even his visits ceased. Captain Holt never darkened the door; nor did he ever willingly stop to talk to Martha when he met her on the road. She felt the slight, and avoided him when she could. This resulted in their seldom speaking to each other, and then only in the most casual way. She fancied he might think she wanted news of Bart, and so gave him no opportunity to discuss him or his whereabouts; but she was mistaken. The captain never mentioned his name to friend or stranger. To him the boy was dead for all time. Nor had anyone of his companions heard from him since that stormy night on the beach.

Doctor John's struggle had lasted for months, but he had come through it chastened and determined. For the first few days he went about his work as one in a dream, his mind on the woman he loved, his hand mechanically doing its duty. Jane had so woven herself into his life that her sudden departure had been like the upwrenching of a plant tearing out the fibres twisted about his heart, cutting off all his sustenance and strength. The inconsistencies of her conduct especially troubled him. If she loved him—and she had told him that she did, and with their cheeks touching—how could she leave him in order to indulge a mere whim of her sister's? And if she loved him well enough to tell him so, why had she refused to plight him her troth? Such a course was unnatural, and out of his own and everyone else's experience. Women who loved men with a great, strong, healthy love, the love he could give her, and the love he knew she could give him, never permitted such trifles to come between them and their life's happiness. What, he asked himself a thousand times, had brought this change?

As the months went by these doubts and speculations one by one passed out of his mind, and only the image of the woman he adored, with all her qualities—loyalty to her trust, tenderness over Lucy, and unquestioned love for himself—rose clear. No, he would believe in her to the end! She was still all he had in life. If she would not be his wife she should be his friend. That happiness was worth all else to him in the world. His was not to criticise, but to help. Help as *she* wanted it; preserving her standard of personal honor, her devotion to her ideas, her loyalty, her blind obedience to her trust.

Mrs. Cavendish had seen the change in her son's demeanor and had watched him closely through his varying moods, but though she divined their cause she had not sought to probe his secret.

His greatest comfort was in his visits to Martha. He always dropped in to see her when he made his rounds in the neighborhood; sometimes every day, sometimes once a week, depending on his patients and their condition—visits which were always

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prolonged when a letter came from either of the girls, for at first Lucy wrote to the old nurse as often as did Jane. Apart from this the doctor loved the patient caretaker, both for her loyalty and for her gentleness. And she loved him in return; clinging to him as an older woman clings to a strong man, following his advice (he never gave orders) to the minutest detail when something in the management or care of house or grounds exceeded her grasp. Consulting him, too, and this at Jane's special request—regarding any financial complications which needed prompt attention, and which but for his services might have required Jane's immediate return to disentangle. She loved, too, to talk of Lucy and of Miss Jane's goodness to her bairn, saying she had been both a sister and a mother to her, to which the doctor would invariably add some tribute of his own which only bound the friendship the closer.

His main relief, however, lay in his work, and in this he became each day more engrossed. He seemed never to be out of his gig unless at the bedside of some patient. So long and wearing had the routes become—often beyond Barnegat and as far north as Westfield—that the sorrel gave out, and he was obliged to add another horse to his stable. His patients saw the weary look in his eyes—as of one who had often looked on sorrow—and thought it was the hard work and anxiety over them that had caused it. But the old nurse knew better.

"His heart's breakin' for love of her," she would say to Meg, looking down into his sleepy eyes—she cuddled him more than ever these days—"and I don't wonder. God knows how it'll all end."

Jane wrote to him but seldom; only half a dozen letters in all during the first year of her absence; among them one to tell him of their safe arrival, another to thank him for his kindness to Martha, and a third to acknowledge the receipt of a letter of introduction to a student friend of his who was now a prominent physician in Paris, and who might be useful in case either of them fell ill. He had written to his friend at the same time, giving the address of the two girls, but the physician had answered that he had called at the street and number, but no one knew of them. The doctor reported this to Jane in his next letter, asking her to write to his friend so that he might know of their whereabouts should they need his services, for which Jane, in a subsequent letter, thanked him, but made no mention of sending to his friend should occasion require. These subsequent letters said very little about their plans and carefully avoided all reference to their daily life or to Lucy's advancement in her studies, and never once set any time for their coming home. He wondered at her neglect of him, and when no answer came to his continued letters, except at long intervals, he could contain himself no longer, and laid the whole matter before Martha.

"She means nothing, doctor, dear," she had answered, taking his hand and looking up into his troubled face. "Her heart is all right; she's goin' through deep waters, bein' away from everybody she loves—you most of all. Don't worry; keep on lovin' her, ye'll never have cause to repent it."

That same night Martha wrote to Jane, giving her every detail of the interview, and in due course of time handed the doctor a letter in which Jane wrote: "He *must not* stop writing to me; his letters are all the comfort I have"—a line not intended for the doctor's eyes, but which the good soul could not keep from him, so eager was she to relieve his pain.

Jane's letter to him in answer to his own expressing his unhappiness over her neglect was less direct, but none the less comforting to him. "I am constantly moving about," the letter ran, "and have much to do and cannot always answer your letters, so please do not expect them too often. But I am always thinking of you and your kindness to dear Martha. You do for me when you do for her."

After this it became a settled habit between them, he writing by the weekly steamer, telling her every thought of his life, and she replying at long intervals. In these no word of love was spoken on her side; nor was any reference made to their last interview. But this fact did not cool the warmth of his affection nor weaken his faith. She had told him she loved him, and with her own lips. That was enough—enough from a woman like Jane. He would believe to the contrary when she denied it in the same way. In the meantime she was his very breath and being.

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One morning two years after Jane's departure, while the doctor and his mother sat at breakfast, Mrs. Cavendish filling the tea-cups, the spring sunshine lighting up the snow-white cloth and polished silver, the mail arrived and two letters were laid at their respective plates, one for the doctor and the other for his mother.

As Doctor John glanced at the handwriting his face flushed, and his eyes danced with pleasure. With eager, trembling fingers he broke the seal and ran his eyes hungrily over the contents. It had been his habit to turn to the bottom of the last page before he read the preceding ones, so that he might see the signature and note the final words of affection or friendship, such as "Ever your friend," or "Affectionately yours," or simply "Your friend," written before Jane's name. These were to him the thermometric readings of the warmth of her heart.

Half-way down the first page—before he had time to turn the leaf—he caught his breath in an effort to smother a sudden outburst of joy. Then with a supreme effort he regained his self-control and read the letter to the end. (He rarely mentioned Jane's name to his mother, and he did not want his delight over the contents of the letter to be made the basis of comment.)

Mrs. Cavendish's own cry of joy over the contents of her envelope broke the silence and relieved his tension.

"Oh, how fortunate!" she exclaimed. "Listen, John; now I really have good news for you. You remember I told you that I met old Dr. Pencoyd the last time I was in Philadelphia, and had a long talk with him. I told him how you were buried here and how hard you worked and how anxious I was that you should leave Barnegat, and he promised to write to me, and he has. Here's his letter. He says he is getting too old to continue his practice alone, that his assistant has fallen ill, and that if you will come to him at once he will take you into partnership and give you half his practice. I always knew something good would come out of my last visit to Philadelphia. Aren't you delighted, my son?"

"Yes, perfectly overjoyed," said the doctor, laughing. He was more than delighted—brimming over with happiness, in fact—but not over his mother's news; it was the letter held tight in his grasp that was sending electric thrills through him. "A fine old fellow is Dr. Pencoyd—known him for years," he continued; "I attended his lectures before I went abroad. Lives in a musty old house on Chestnut Street, stuffed full of family portraits and old mahogany furniture, and not a comfortable chair or sofa in the place; wears yellow Nankeen waistcoats, takes snuff, and carries a fob. Oh, yes, same old fellow. Very kind of him, mother, but wouldn't you rather have the sunlight dance in upon you as it does here and catch a glimpse of the sea through the window than to look across at your neighbors' back walls and white marble steps?" It was across that same sea that Jane was coming, and the sunshine would come with her!

"Yes; but, John, surely you are not going to refuse this without looking into it?" she argued. "Go and see him, and then you can judge. It's his practice you want, not his house."

"No; that's just what I don't want. I've got too much practice now. Somehow I can't keep my people well. No, mother, dear, don't bother your dear head over the old doctor and his wants. Write him that I am most grateful, but that the fact is I need an assistant myself and that if he will be good enough to send someone down here, I'll keep him busy every hour of the day and night. Then, again," he continued, a more serious tone in his voice, "I couldn't possibly leave here now, even if I wished to, which I do not."

Mrs. Cavendish looked up. She had expected just such a refusal. Nothing that she ever planned for his advancement did he agree to.

"Why not?" she asked, with some impatience.

"The new hospital is about finished, and I am going to take charge of it."

"Do they pay you for it?" she asked, in an incisive tone.

"No, I don't think they will, nor can. It's not that kind of a hospital," answered the doctor gravely.

"And you will look after these people just as you do after Fogarty and the Branscombs, and everybody else up and down the shore, and never take a penny in pay!" she retorted with some indignation.

"I am afraid I will, mother. A disappointing son, am I not? But there's no one to blame but yourself, old lady," and with a laugh he rose from his seat, Jane's

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letter in his hand, and kissed his mother on the cheek.

"But, John, dear," she exclaimed in a pleading petulance as she looked into his face, still holding on to the sleeve of his coat to detain him the longer, "just think of this letter of Pencoyd's; nothing has ever been offered you better than this. He has the very best people in Philadelphia on his list, and you would get——"

The doctor slipped his hand under his mother's chin, as he would have done to a child, and said with a twinkle in his eye—he was very happy this morning:

"That's precisely my case—I've got the very best people in three counties on my list. That's much better than the old doctor."

"Who are they, pray?" She was softening under her son's caress.

"Well, let me think. There's the distinguished Mr. Tatham, who attends to the transportation of the cities of Warehold and Barnegat; and the Right Honorable Mr. Tipple, and Mrs. and Miss Gossaway, renowned for their toilets——"

Mrs. Cavendish bit her lip. When her son was in one of these moods it was all she could do to keep her temper.

"And the wonderful Mrs. Malmsley, and——"

Mrs. Cavendish looked up. The name had an aristocratic sound, but it was unknown to her.

"Who is she?"

"Why, don't you know the wonderful Mrs. Malmsley?" inquired the doctor, with a quizzical smile.

"No, I never heard of her."

"Well, she's just moved into Warehold. Poor woman, she hasn't been out of bed for years! She's the wife of the new butcher, and——"

"The butcher's wife?"

"The butcher's wife, my dear mother, a most delightful old person, who has brought up three sons, and each one a credit to her."

Mrs. Cavendish let go her hold on the doctor's sleeve and settled back in her chair.

"And you won't even write to Dr. Pencoyd?" she asked in a disheartened way, as if she knew he would refuse.

"Oh, with pleasure, and thank him most kindly, but I couldn't leave Barnegat; not now. Not at any time, so far as I can see."

"And I suppose when Jane Cobden comes home in a year or so she will work with you in the hospital. She wanted to turn nurse the last time I talked to her." This special arrow in her maternal quiver, poisoned with her jealousy, was always ready.

"I hope so," he replied, with a smile that lighted up his whole face; "only it will not be a year. Miss Jane will be here on the next steamer."

Mrs. Cavendish put down her tea-cup and looked at her son in astonishment. The doctor still kept his eyes on her face.

"Be here by the next steamer! How do you know?"

The doctor held up the letter.

"Lucy will remain," he added. "She is going to Germany to continue her studies."

"And Jane is coming home alone?"

"No, she brings a little child with her, the son of a friend, she writes. She asks that I arrange to have Martha meet them at the dock."

"Somebody, I suppose, she has picked up out of the streets. She is always doing these wild, unpractical things. Whose child is it?"

"She doesn't say, but I quite agree with you that it was helpless, or she wouldn't have protected it."

"Why don't Lucy come with her?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"And I suppose you will go to the ship to meet her?"

The doctor drew himself up, clicked his heels together with the air of an officer saluting his superior—really to hide his joy—and said with mock gravity, his hand on his heart:

"I shall, most honorable mother, be the first to take her ladyship's hand as she walks down the gangplank." Then he added, with a tone of mild reproof in his voice: "What a funny, queer old mother you are! Always worrying yourself over the unimportant and the impossible," and stooping down, he kissed her again on the cheek and passed out of the room on the way to his office.

"That woman always comes up at the wrong moment," Mrs. Cavendish said to herself in a bitter tone. "I knew he had received some word from her, I saw it in his face. He would have gone to Philadelphia but for Jane Cobden."

The doctor kept his word. His hand was the first that touched Jane's when she

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came down the gangplank, Martha beside him, holding out her arms for the child, cuddling it to her bosom, wrapping her shawl about it as if to protect it from the gaze of the inquisitive.

"O doctor! it was so good of you!" were Jane's first words. It hurt her to call him thus, but she wanted to establish the new relation clearly. She had shouldered her cross and must bear its weight alone and in her own way. "You don't know what it is to see a face from home! I am so glad to get here. But you should not have come and left your people; I wrote Martha and told her so. All I wanted you to do was to have her meet me here. Thank you, dear friend, for coming."

She had not let go his hand, clinging to him as a timid woman in crossing a narrow bridge spanning an abyss clings to the strong arm of a man.

He helped her to the dock as tenderly as if she had been a child; asking her if the voyage had been a rough one, whether she had been ill in her berth, and whether she had taken care of the baby herself, and why she had brought no nurse with her. She saw his meaning, but she did not explain her weakness or offer any explanation of the cause of her appearance or of the absence of a nurse. In a moment she changed the subject, asking after his mother and his own work, and seemed interested in what he told her about the neighbors.

When the joy of hearing her voice and of looking into her dear face once more had passed, his skilled eyes probed the deeper. He noted with a certain sinking at the heart the dark circles under the drooping lids, the drawn, pallid skin and telltale furrows that had cut their way deep into her cheeks. Her eyes, too, had lost their lustre, and her step lacked the spring and vigor of her old self. The diagnosis alarmed him. Even the mould of her face, so distinguished, and to him so beautiful, had undergone a change; whether through illness, or because of some mental anguish, he could not decide.

When he pressed his inquiries about Lucy she answered with a half-stifled sigh that Lucy had decided to remain abroad for a year longer; adding that it had been a great grief to her, and that at first she had thought of remaining with her, but that their affairs, as he knew, had become so involved at home that she feared their means of living might be jeopardized if she did not return at once. The child, however, would be a comfort to both Martha and herself until Lucy came. Then she added in a constrained voice:

"Its mother would not, or could not care for it, and so I brought it with me."

IX

A LATE VISITOR

THE arrival of the baby at Warehold created no end of excitement.

"My, but I'm glad you're back!" Uncle Ephraim burst out. "Martha's been lonelier than a cat in a garret, and down at our house we ain't much better. And so that Bunch of Roses is going to stay over there, is she, and set those Frenchies crazy?"

Pastor Dellenbaugh took both of Jane's hands into his own and looking into her face, said:

"Ah, but we've missed you! There has been no standard, my dear Miss Jane, since you've been gone. I have felt it, and so has everyone in the church. It is good to have you once more with us."

The women—they came in groups—asked dozens of questions before Jane had had even time to shake each one by the hand. Was Lucy so in love with the life abroad that she would never come back? was she just as pretty as ever? what kind of bonnets were being worn? etc., etc.

Mrs. Cavendish could hardly conceal her satisfaction, although she was careful what she said to her son. Her hope was that the care of the child would so absorb Jane that John would regain his freedom and be no longer subservient to Miss Cobden's whims.

She called the day after Jane's arrival, and expressed her great joy at her return, and her deep regret that Lucy was to stay in Paris.

"She is so charming and innocent, that sweet sister of yours, my dear Miss Jane, and so sympathetic," she said, with one of her sweetest smiles. "I quite lost my heart to her. And so she wants to stay and study music? A most noble accomplishment, my dear. My grandmother, who was an Erskine, you know, played divinely

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on the harp, and many of my ancesters, especially the Dagworthys, were accomplished musicians. Your sister will look lovely bending over a harp. My grandmother had her portrait painted that way by Peale, and it still hangs in the old house in Trenton. And so you have brought a little angel with you to bring up and share your loneliness? How pathetic, and how good of you! It certainly will be a great comfort."

The child in Martha's arms was, of course, the object of special attention. They all agreed that it was a healthy, hearty, and most beautiful baby; just the kind of a child one would want to adopt if one had any such extraordinary desires. This continued until they had gained the highway, when they also agreed—and this without a single dissenting voice—that in all the village Jane Cobden was the only woman conscientious enough to want to bring up somebody else's child, and a foreigner at that, when there were any quantity of babies up and down the shore that could be had for the asking.

The little creature was, no doubt, helpless, and appealed to Miss Jane's sympathies, but why bring it home at all? they argued. Were there not places enough in France where it could be brought up, etc., etc. This sort of talk went on for days after Jane's return, each dropper-in at tea-table or village gathering having some view of her own to express, the women doing most of the talking.

Soon the discussion begun by her friends was taken up by the sewing societies and church gatherings, one member in good standing remarking loud enough to be heard by everybody:

"As for me, I ain't never surprised at nothin' Jane Cobden does. She's queerer than Dick's hat-band, and allus was, and I've knowed her ever since she used to toddle up to my house and I bake cookies for her. I've seen her many a time feed the dog with what I give her, just because she said he looked hungry, which there warn't a mite o' truth in, for there ain't nothin' goes hungry round my place, and never was. She's queer, I tell ye."

"Quite true, dear Mrs. Pokeberry," remarked Pastor Dellenbaugh in his gentlest tone—he had heard the discussion as he was passing through the room and had stopped to listen—"especially when mercy and kindness is to be shown. Some poor little outcast, no doubt, with no one to take care of it, and so this grand woman brings it home to nurse and educate. I wish there were more Jane Cobdens in my parish. Many of you talk good deeds, and justice, and Christian spirit; here is a woman who puts them into practice."

This statement having been made during the dispersal of a Wednesday night meeting, and in the hearing of half the congregation, furnished the key to the mystery, and so for a time the child and its newfound mother ceased to be an active subject of discussion.

Ann Gossaway, however, was not satisfied with this explanation. The more she thought of it the more she resented the affront to her intelligence.

"If folks wants to pick up stray babies," she shouted to her old mother on her return home one night, "and bring 'em home to nuss, they oughter label 'em with some sort o' pedigree, and not keep the village a-guessin' as to who they is and where they come from. I don't believe a word of this little outcast yarn. Guess Miss Lucy is all right, and she knows enough to stay away when all this tomfoolery's goin' on. She doesn't want to come back to a child's nussery." To all of which her mother nodded her head, keeping it going like a toy mandarin long after the subject of discussion had been changed.

Little by little the scandal spread: by innuendoes; by the wise shakings of empty heads; by nods and winks; by the piecing out of incomplete tattle. For the spread of gossip is like the spread of fire: First a smouldering heat—some friction of ill feeling, perhaps, over a secret sin that cannot be smothered, try as we may; next a hot, blistering tongue of flame creeping stealthily; then a burst of scorching candor and the roar that ends in ruin. Sometimes the victim is saved by a dash of honest water—the outspoken word of some brave friend. More often those who should stamp out the burning brand stand idly by until the final collapse and then warm themselves at the blaze.

Here in Warehold it began with some whispered talk; Bart Holt had disappeared; there was a woman in the case somewhere; Bart's exile had not been entirely caused by

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his love of cards and drink. Reference was also made to the fact that Jane had gone abroad but a short time *after* Bart's disappearance, and that knowing how fond she was of him, and how she had tried to reform him, the probability was that she had met him in Paris. Doubts having been expressed that no woman of Jane Cobden's position would go to any such lengths to oblige so young a fellow as Bart Holt, the details of their intimacy were passed from mouth to mouth, and when this was again scouted, reference was made to Miss Gossaway, who was supposed to know more than she was willing to tell. The dressmaker denied all responsibility for the story, but admitted that she had once seen them on the beach "settin' as close together as they could git, with the red cloak she had made for Miss Jane wound about 'em."

"'Twarn't none o' my business, and I told Martha so, and tain't none o' my business now, but I'd rather die than tell a lie or scandalize anybody, and so if ye ask me if I saw 'em I'll have to tell ye I did. I don't believe, howsomever, that Miss Jane went away to oblige that good-for-nothin' or that she's ever laid eyes on him since. Lucy is what took her. She's one o' them flyaways. I see that when she was home, and there warn't no peace up to the Cobdens' house till they'd taken her somewheres where she could git all the runnin' 'round she wanted. As for the baby, there ain't nobody knows where Miss Jane picked that up, but there ain't no doubt but what she loves it same's if it was her own child. She's named it Archie, after her grandfather, anyhow. That's what Martha and she calls it. So they're not ashamed of it."

When the fire had spent itself, only one spot remained unscorched: this was the parentage of little Archie. That mystery still remained unsolved. Those of her own class who knew Jane intimately admired her kindness of heart and respected her silence; those who did not soon forgot the boy's existence.

The tavern loungers, however, some of whom only knew the Cobden girls by reputation, had theories of their own; theories which were communicated to other loungers around other tavern stoves, most of whom would not have known either of the ladies on the street. The fact that both women belonged to a social stratum far above them gave additional license to their tongues; they could never be called in question by anybody who overheard, and were therefore safe to discuss the situation at their will. Condensed into illogical shape, the story was that Jane had met a foreigner who had deserted her, leaving her to care for the child alone; that Lucy had refused to come back to Warehold, had taken what money was coming to her, and, like a sensible woman, had stayed away. That there was not the slightest foundation for this slander did not lessen its acceptance by a certain class; many claimed that it offered the only plausible solution to the mystery, and must, therefore, be true.

It was not long before the echoes of these scandals reached Martha's ears. The gossips dare not affront Miss Jane with their suspicions, but Martha was different. If they could irritate her by speaking lightly of her mistress, she might give out some information which would solve the mystery.

One night a servant of one of the neighbors stopped Martha on the road and sent her flying home; not angry, but terrified.

"They're beginnin' to talk," she broke out savagely, as she entered Jane's room, her breath almost gone from her run to the house. "I laughed at it and said they dare not one of 'em say it to your face or mine, but they're beginnin' to talk."

"Is it about Barton Holt? have they heard anything from him?" asked Jane. The fear of his return had always haunted her.

"No, and they won't. He'll never come back here ag'in. The captain would kill him."

"It isn't about Lucy, then, is it?" cried Jane, her color going.

Martha shook her head in answer to save her breath.

"Who, then?" cried Jane, nervously. "Not Archie?"

"Yes, Archie and you."

"What do they say?" asked Jane, her voice fallen to a whisper.

"They say it's your child, and that ye're afraid to tell who the father is."

Jane caught at the chair for support and then sank slowly into her seat.

"Who says so?" she gasped.

"Nobody that you or I know; some of the beach-combers and hide-by-nights, I think, started it. Pokeberry's girl told me; her brother works in the shipyard."

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Jane sat looking at Martha with staring eyes.

"How dare they——"

"They dare do anything, and we can't answer back. That's what's goin' to make it hard. It's nobody's business, but that don't satisfy 'em. I've been through it meself; I know how mean they can be."

"They shall never know—not while I have life left in me," Jane exclaimed firmly.

"Yes, but that won't keep 'em from lyin'."

The two sat still for some minutes, Martha gazing into vacancy, Jane lying back in her chair, her eyes closed. One emotion after another coursed through her with lightning rapidity—indignation at the charge, horror at the thought that any of her friends might believe it, followed by a shivering fear that her father's good name, for all her care and suffering, might be smirched at last.

Suddenly there arose the tall image of Doctor John, with his frank, tender face. What would he think of it and how, if he questioned her, could she answer him? Then there came to her that day of parting in Paris. She remembered Lucy's willingness to give up the child forever, and so cover up all traces of her sin, and her own immediate determination to risk everything for her sister's sake. As this last thought welled up in her mind and she recalled her father's dying command, her brow relaxed. Come what might, she was doing her duty. This was her solace and her strength.

"Cruel, cruel people!" she said to Martha, relaxing her hands. "How can they be so wicked? But I am glad it is I who must take the brunt of it all. If they would treat me so, who am innocent, what would they do to my poor Lucy?"

These rumors never reached the doctor. No scandal-monger ever dared talk gossip to him. When he first began to practise among the people of Warehold, and some garrulous old dame would seek to enrich his visit by tittle-tattle about her neighbors, she had never tried it a second time. Doctor John of Barnegat either received the news in silence or answered it with some pleasantry; even Ann Gossaway held her peace whenever the doctor had to be called in to prescribe for her oversensitive throat.

He recognized, of course, that Jane had laid herself open to criticism in bringing home a child about which she had made no explanation, but he never spoke of it nor allowed anyone to say so to him. He would have liked to have probed the matter farther, and he would have been much happier if she had given him her confidence in this as she had in many other matters affecting her life; but he accepted her silence as part of her whole attitude toward him. Knowing her as he did, he refused to recognize any other motive than one of charity, both for the child and for the poor mother whose sin or whose poverty she was concealing, and in this connection, remembered how in one of her letters to Martha she had told of the numberless waifs she had seen and how her heart ached for them; especially in the hospitals which she had visited and among the students. He recalled that he himself had had many similar experiences in his Paris days, having known of more than one instance in which a woman like Jane Cobden would have been a veritable angel of mercy.

Mrs. Cavendish's ears, however, were more easily approached by the gossip of Warehold and vicinity. Then, again, she was always curious over the inmates of the Cobden house, and any little scraps of news, reliable or not, about either Jane or her absent sister were eagerly listened to. Finding it impossible to restrain herself any longer, she seized the opportunity one evening when she and her son were sitting together in the *salon*, a rare occurrence for the doctor, and only possible when his patients were on the mend, and opened up the question by saying:

"I'm sorry Jane Cobden was so foolish as to bring home that baby."

"Why?" said the doctor, without lifting his eyes from the book he was reading.

"Oh, she lays herself open to criticism. It is, of course, but one of her eccentricities, but she owes something to her position and birth and should not invite unnecessary comment."

"Who criticises her?" asked the doctor, his eyes still on the pages.

"Oh, you can't tell; everybody is talking about it. Some of the gossip is outrageous, some I could not even repeat."

"I have no doubt of it," answered the doctor quietly. "All small places like Warehold and Barnegat need topics of conversation, and Miss Jane for the moment is furnishing one of them. They utilize you, dear mother, and me, and everybody

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else in the same way. But that is no reason why we should lend our ears or our tongues to spread and encourage it."

"I quite agree with you, my son, and I told the person who told me how foolish and silly it was, but they will talk, no matter what you say to them."

"What do they say?" asked the doctor, laying down his book and rising from his chair.

"Oh, all sorts of things. One rumor is that Captain Holt's son, Barton, the one that quarrelled with his father and who went to sea, could tell something of the child, if he could be found."

The doctor laughed. "He can be found," he answered. "I saw his father only last week, and he told me Bart was in Brazil. That is some ten thousand miles from Paris, but a little thing like that in geography doesn't seem to make much difference to some of our good people. Why do you listen to such nonsense, mother, dear?" and kissing her tenderly and patting her cheek, he left the room and entered his study. His mother's talk had made but little impression upon him. Gossip of this kind was always current when waifs like Archie formed the topic; but it hurt nobody, he said to himself—nobody like Jane.

Sitting under his study lamp looking up some complicated case, his books about him, Jane's sad face came before him. "Has she not had trouble enough," he said to himself, "parted from Lucy and with her unsettled money affairs, without having to face these gnats whose sting she cannot ward off?" With this came the thought of his own helplessness to comfort her. He had taken her at her word that night before she left for Paris, when she had refused to give him her promise and had told him to wait, and he was still ready to come at her call; loving her, watching over her, absorbed in every detail of her daily life, and eager to grant her slightest wish, and yet he could not but see that she had, since her return, surrounded herself with a barrier which he could neither understand nor break down whenever he touched on their personal relations.

Had he loved her less he would, in justice to himself, have faced all her opposition and demanded an answer—Yes or No—as to whether she would yield to his wishes. But his generous nature forbade any such stand and his reverence for her precluded any such mental attitude. Lifting his eyes from his books and gazing dreamily into the space before him, he recalled, with a certain sinking of the heart, a conversation which took place between Jane and himself a few days after her arrival—an interview which had made a deep impression upon him. The two, in the absence of Martha—she had left the room for a moment—were standing beside the crib watching the child's breathing. Seizing the opportunity, one he had watched for, he told her how much he had missed her during the two years, and how much happier his life was now that he could touch her hand and listen to her voice. She had evaded his meaning, making answer that his pleasure was nothing compared to her own when she thought how safe the baby would be in his hands; adding quickly that she could never thank him enough for remaining in Barnegat and not leaving her helpless and without a "physician." The tone with which she pronounced the word hurt him. He thought he detected a slight inflection, as if she were making a distinction between his skill as an expert and his love as a man, but he was not sure.

Still gazing into the shadows before him, his unread book in his hand, he recalled a later occasion when she appeared rather to shrink from him than to wish to be near him, speaking to him with downcast eyes and without the frank look in her face which was always his welcome. On this day she was more unstrung and more desolate than he had ever seen her. At length, emboldened by his intense desire to help, and putting aside every obstacle, he had taken her hand and had said with all his heart in his voice:

"Jane, you once told me you loved me. Is it still true?"

He remembered how at first she had not answered, and how after a moment she had slowly withdrawn her hand and had replied in a voice almost inarticulate, so great was her emotion.

"Yes, John, and always will, but it can never go beyond that—never, never. Don't ask me any more questions. Don't talk to me about it. Don't hate me! Let us be as we have always been—please, John! Not now, John—not now! You would not refuse me if you knew."

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He had started forward to take her in his arms; to insist that now every obstacle was removed she should give him at once the lawful right to protect her, but she had shrunk back, the palms of her hands held out as barriers, and before he could reason with her Martha had entered with something for little Archie, and so the interview had come to an end.

Then, still absorbed in his thoughts, his eyes suddenly brightened and a certain joy trembled in his heart as he remembered that with all these misgivings and doubts there were other times—and their sum was in the ascendency—when she showed the same confidence in his judgment and the same readiness to take his advice; when the old light would once more flash in her eyes as she grasped his hand and the old sadness again shadow her face when his visits came to an end. With this he must be for a time content.

These and a hundred other thoughts raced through Doctor John's mind as he sat to-night in his study chair, the lamplight falling on his open books and thin, delicately modelled hands.

Once he rose from his seat and began pacing his study floor, his hands behind his back, his mind on Jane, on her curious and incomprehensible moods, trying to solve them as he walked, trusting and leaning upon him one day and shrinking from him the next. Baffled for the hundredth time in this mental search, he dropped again into his chair, and adjusting the lamp, pulled his books toward him to devote his mind to their contents. As the light flared up he caught the sound of a step upon the gravel outside, and then a heavy tread upon the porch. An instant later his knocker sounded. Doctor Cavendish gave a sigh—he had hoped to have one night at home—and rose to open the door.

Captain Nat Holt stood outside.

His pea-jacket was buttoned close up under his chin, his hat drawn tight down over his forehead. His weather-beaten face, as the light fell upon it, looked cracked and drawn, with dark hollows under the eyes, which the shadows from the lamplight deepened.

"It's late, I know, doctor," he said in a hoarse, strained voice; "ten o'clock, maybe. but I got somethin' to talk to ye about," and he strode into the room. "Alone, are ye?" he continued, as he loosened his coat and laid his hat on the desk. "Where's the good mother? Home, is she?"

"Yes, she's inside," answered the doctor, pointing to the open door leading to the *salon* and grasping the captain's brawny hand in welcome. "Why? Do you want to see her?"

"No, I don't want to see her; don't want to see nobody but you. She can't hear, can she? 'Scuse me—I'll close this door."

The doctor looked at him curiously. The captain seemed to be laboring under a nervous strain, unusual in one so stolid and self-possessed.

The door closed, the captain moved back a cushion, dropped into a corner of the sofa, and sat looking at the doctor, with legs apart, his open palms resting on his knees.

"I got bad news, doctor—awful bad news for everybody," as he spoke he reached into his pocket and produced a letter with a foreign postmark.

"You remember my son Bart, of course, don't ye, who left home some two years ago?" he went on.

The doctor nodded.

"Well, he's dead."

"Your son Bart dead!" cried the doctor, repeating his name in the surprise of the announcement. "How do you know?"

"This came by to-day's mail," and he handed the letter to the doctor. "It's from the consul at Rio. Bart come in to see him dead broke and he helped him out. He'd run away from the ship and was goin' up into the mines to work, so the consul wrote me. He was in once after that and got a little money, and then he got down with yellow fever and they took him to the hospital, and he died in three days. There ain't no doubt about it. Here's a list of the dead in the paper; you kin read his name plain as print."

Doctor John reached for the letter and newspaper clipping and turned them toward the lamp. The envelope was stamped "Rio Janeiro" and the letter bore the official heading of the consulate.

"That's dreadful, dreadful news, captain," said the doctor in sympathetic tones. "Poor boy! it's too bad. Perhaps, however, there may be some mistake, after all. Foreign hospital registers are not always reliable," added the doctor in a hopeful tone.

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"No, it's all true, or Benham wouldn't write me what he has. I've known him for years. He knows me, too, and he don't go off half-cocked. I wrote him to look after Bart and sent him some money and give him the name of the ship, and he watched for her and sent for him all right. I was pretty nigh crazy that night he left, and handled him, maybe, rougher'n I oughter, but I couldn't help it. There's some things I can't stand, and what he done was one of 'em. It all comes back to me now, but I'd do it ag'in." As he spoke the rough, hard sailor leaned forward and rested his chin on his hand. The news had evidently been a great shock to him.

"I'm very, very sorry, captain, for you and for Bart," said the doctor, and he reached over and laid his hand on the captain's knee; "and the only son you have, is it not?"

"Yes, and the only child we ever had. That makes it worse. Thank God, his mother's dead! All this would have broken her heart." For a moment the two men were silent, then the captain continued in a tone as if he was talking to himself, his eyes on the lamp:

"But I couldn't have lived with him after that, and I told him so—not till he acted fair and square, like a man. I hoped he would some day, but that's over now."

"We're none of us bad all the way through, captain," reasoned the doctor, "and don't you think of him in that way. He would have come to himself some day and been a comfort to you. I didn't know him as well as I might, and only as I met him at Yardley, but he must have had a great many fine qualities or the Cobdens wouldn't have liked him. Miss Jane used often to talk to me about him. She always believed in him. She will be greatly distressed over this news."

"That's what brings me here. I want you to tell her, and not me. I'm afraid it'll git out and she'll hear it, and then she'll be worse off than she is now. Maybe it's best to say nothin' 'bout it to nobody and let it go. There ain't no one but me to grieve for him, and they don't send no bodies home, not from Rio, nor nowheres along that coast. Maybe, too, it ain't the time to say it to her. I was up there last week to see the baby, and she looked thinner and paler than I ever see her. I didn't know what to do, so I says to myself, 'There's Doctor John, he's at her house regular and knows the ins and outs of her, and I'll go and tell him 'bout it and ask his advice.' I'd rather cut my hand off than hurt her, for if there's an angel on earth she's one. She shakes so when I mention Bart's name and gits so flustered, that's why I dar'n't tell her. Now he's dead there won't be nobody to do right by Archie. I can't; I'm all muzzled up tight. She made me take an oath, as she has you, and I ain't goin' to break it any more'n you would. The little feller'll have to git 'long best way he kin now."

Doctor John bent forward in his chair and looked at the captain curiously. His words conveyed no meaning to him. For an instant he thought that the shock of his son's death had unsettled the man's mind.

"Take an oath! What for?"

"'Bout Archie and herself."

"But I've taken no oath!"

"Well, perhaps it isn't your habit; it ain't some men's. I did."

"What about?"

It was the captain's turn now to look searchingly into his companion's face. The doctor's back was toward the lamp, throwing his face into shadow, but the captain could read its expression plainly.

"You mean to tell me, doctor, you don't know what's goin' on up at Yardley? You do, of course, but you won't say—that's like you doctors!"

"Yes, everything. But what has your son Bart got to do with it?"

"Got to do with it! Ain't Jane Cobden motherin' his child?"

The doctor lunged forward in his seat, his eyes staring straight at the captain. Had the old sailor struck him in the face he could not have been more astounded.

"His child!" he cried savagely.

"Certainly! Whose else is it? You knew, didn't ye?"

The doctor settled back in his chair with the movement of an ox felled by a sudden blow. With the appalling news there rang in his ears the tones of his mother's voice retailing the gossip of the village. This, then, was what she could not repeat.

After a moment he raised his head and asked in a low, firm voice:

"Did Bart go to Paris after he left here?"

"No, of course not! Went 'board the

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Corsair bound for Rio, and has been there ever since. I told you that before. There weren't no necessity for her to meet him in Paris."

The doctor sprang from his chair and with eyes blazing and fists tightly clenched, stood over the captain.

"And you dare to sit there and tell me that Miss Jane Cobden is that child's mother?"

The captain struggled to his feet, his open hands held up to the doctor as if to ward off a blow.

"No! My God, man! Are you crazy? Sit down, sit down, I tell ye!"

"Who, then? Speak!"

"Lucy! That's what I drove Bart out for. Mort Cobden's daughter—Mort, mind ye—that was a brother to me since I was a boy! Jane that child's mother! Yes, all the mother poor Archie's got! Ask Miss Jane, she'll tell ye. Tell ye how she sits and eats her heart out to save her sister that's too scared to come home. I want to cut my tongue out for tellin' ye, but I thought ye knew. Martha told me you loved her and that she loved you, and I thought she'd told ye. Jane Cobden crooked! No more'n the angels are! Now, will you tell her Bart's dead, or shall I?"

"I will tell her," answered the doctor firmly, "and to-night."

X

MORTON COBDEN'S DAUGHTER

THE cold wind from the sea freighted with the raw mist churned by the breakers cut sharply against Doctor John's cheeks as he sprang into his gig and dashed out of his gate toward Yardley. Under the shadow of the sombre pines, along the ribbon of a road, dull gray in the light of the stars, and out on the broader highway leading to Warehold, clattered the feet of the mare, the sharp click of her hoofs echoing through the night. The neighbors recognized the tread and the speed, and Uncle Ephraim threw up a window to know whether it was a case of life or death, an accident, or both; but the doctor only nodded and sped on. It *was* a case of both life and death with him—life for the woman he loved, death for all who traduced her. The strange news that had dropped from the captain's lips did not affect him except as would the ending of any young life; neither was there any bitterness in his heart against the dead boy who had wrecked Lucy's career and brought Jane humiliation and despair. All he thought of was the injustice of Jane's sufferings. Added to this was an overpowering desire to reach her side before her misery should continue another moment; to fold her in his arms, stand between her and the world; help her to grapple with the horror which was slowly crushing out her life. That it was past her hour for retiring, and that there might be no one to answer his summons, made no difference to him. He must see her at all hazards before he closed his eyes.

As he whirled into the open gates of Yardley and peered from under the hood of the gig at the outlines of the old house, looming dimly through the avenue of bushes, he saw that the occupants were asleep; no lights shone from the upper windows and none burned in the hall below. This discovery checked to some extent the impetus with which he had flung himself into the night, his whole being absorbed and dominated by one idea. The cool night wind, too, had begun to tell upon his nerves. He drew rein on the mare and stopped. For the first time since the captain's story had reached his ears his reason began to work. He was never an impetuous man; always a thoughtful and methodical one, and always overparticular in respecting the courtesies of life. He began suddenly to realize that this midnight visit was at variance with every act of his life. Then his better judgment became aroused. Was it right for him to wake Jane and disturb the house at this hour, causing her, perhaps, a sleepless night, or should he wait until the morning, when he could break the news to her in a more gentle and a less sensational way?

While he sat thus wondering, undetermined whether to drive lightly out of the gate again or to push forward in the hope that someone would be awake, his mind unconsciously reverted to the figure of Jane making her way with weary steps down the gangplank of the steamer, the two years of her suffering deep cut into every line of her face. He recalled the shock her appearance had given him, and his perplexity

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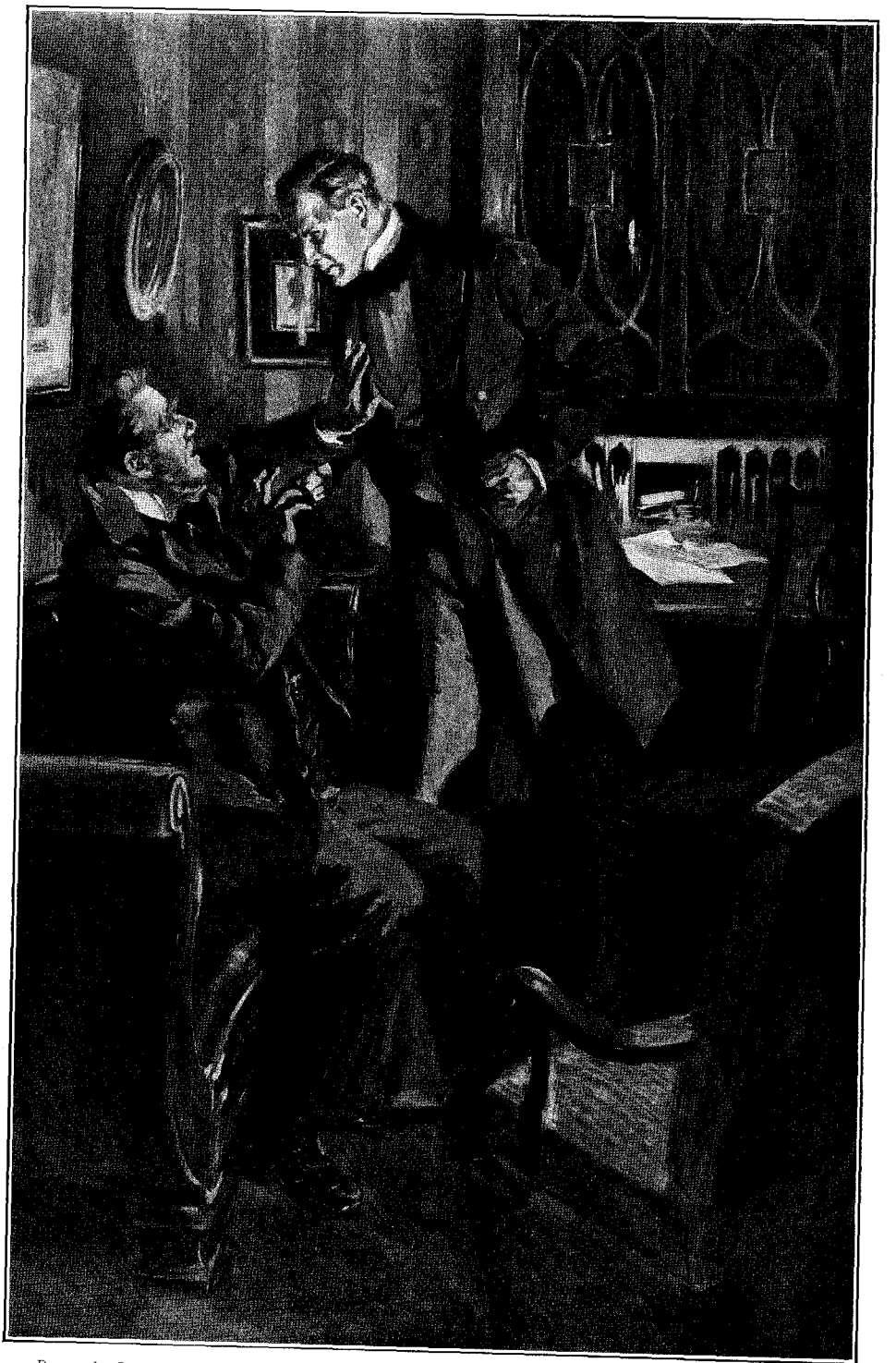

Drawn by George Wright.

The doctor stood over the captain with eyes blazing and fists tightly clenched.
—"The Tides of Barnegat."

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over the cause. He remembered her refusal to give him her promise, her begging him to wait, her unaccountable moods since her return.

Then Lucy's face came before him, her whole career, in fact (in a flash, as a drowning man's life is pictured), from the first night after her return from school until he had bade her good-by to take the train for Trenton. Little scraps of talk sounded in his ears, and certain expressions about the corners of her eyes revealed themselves to his memory. He thought of her selfishness, of her love of pleasure, of her disregard of Jane's wishes, of her recklessness.

Everything was clear now!

"What a fool I have been!" he said to himself. "What a fool—fool! I ought to have known!"

Next the magnitude of the sacrifice, and the cruelty and cowardice of the woman who had put her sister into so false a position swept over him. Then there arose, like the dawning of a light, the grand figure of the woman he loved, standing clear of all entanglements, a Madonna among women, more precious than ever in the radiance of her own sacrifice.

With this last vision his mind was made up. No, he would not wait a moment. Once this terrible secret out of the way, Jane would regain her old self and they two fight the world together.

As he tightened the reins over the sorrel a light suddenly flashed from one of the upper windows, disappeared for a moment, and reappeared again at one of the smaller openings near the front steps. He drew rein again. Someone was moving about—who he did not know; perhaps Jane, perhaps one of the servants. Tying the lines to the dashboard, he sprang from the gig, tethered the mare to one of the lilac bushes, and walked briskly toward the house. As he neared the steps the door was opened and Martha's voice rang clear:

"Meg, you rascal, come in, or shall I let ye stay out and freeze?"

Doctor John stepped upon the porch, the light of Martha's candle falling on his face and figure.

"It's I, Martha, don't be frightened; it's late, I know, but I hoped Miss Jane would be up. Has she gone to bed?"

"Lord, how ye skeered me, doctor!" she cried starting back. "I don't know whether she's asleep or not. She's upstairs with Archie, anyhow. I come out after this rapscallion that makes me look him up every night. I've talked to him till I'm sore, and he's promised me a dozen times, and here he is out ag'in. Here! Where are ye? In with ye, ye little beast!" The dog shrank past her and darted into the hall. "Now, then, doctor, come in out of the cold."

Doctor John stepped softly inside and stood in the flare of the candle-light. He felt that he must give some reason for his appearance at this late hour, even if he did not see Jane. It would be just as well, therefore, to tell Martha of Bart's death at once, and not let her hear it, as she was sure to do, from someone on the street. Then again, he had kept few secrets from her—none in which Jane was concerned; she had helped him many times before, and her advice was always good. He knew that she was familiar with every detail of the captain's story, but he did not propose to discuss Lucy's share in it with the old nurse. That he would reserve for Jane's ears alone.

"Bring your candle into the sitting-room, Martha; I have something to tell you," he said gravely, loosening the cape of his overcoat and laying his hat on the hall table.

The nurse followed. The measured tones of the doctor's voice, so unlike his cheery greetings, especially to her, unnerved her. This, in connection with the suppressed excitement under which he seemed to labor and the late hour of his visit, at once convinced her that something serious had happened.

"Is there anything the matter?" she asked in a trembling voice.

"Yes."

"Is it about Lucy? There ain't nothing gone wrong with her, doctor, dear, is there?"

"No, it is not about Lucy. It's about Barton Holt."

"Ye don't tell me! Is he come back?"

"No, nor never will. He's dead!"

"That villain dead! How do ye know?" Her face paled and her lips quivered, but she gave no other sign of the shock the news had been to her.

"Captain Nat, his father, has just left my office. I promised I would tell Miss Jane to-night. He was too much broken up and too fearful of its effect upon her to do it himself. I drove fast, but perhaps I'm too late to see her."

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"Well, ye could see her, no doubt—she could throw somethin' around her—but ye mustn't tell her *that* news. She's been downhearted all day and is tired out. Bart's dead, is he?" she repeated with an effort at indifference. "Well, that's too bad. I s'pose the captain's feelin' purty bad over it. Where did he die?"

"He died in Rio Janeiro of yellow fever," said the doctor slowly, wondering at the self-control of the woman. Wondering, too, whether she was glad or sorry over the event, her face and manner showing no index to her feelings.

"And will he be brought home to be buried?" she asked with a quick glance at the doctor's face.

"No; they never bring them home with yellow fever."

"And is that all ye come to tell her?" She was scrutinizing Doctor John's face, her quick, nervous glances revealing both suspicion and fear.

"I had some other matters to talk about, but if she has retired, perhaps I had better come to-morrow," answered the doctor in undecided tones, as he gazed abstractedly at the flickering candle.

The old woman hesitated. She saw that the doctor knew more than he intended to tell her. Her curiosity and her fear that some other complication had arisen—one which he was holding back—got the better of her judgment. If it was anything about her bairn, she could not wait until the morning. She had forgotten Meg now.

"Well, maybe if ye break it to her easy-like she can stand it. I don't suppose she's gone to bed yet. Her door was a little open when I come down, and she always shuts it 'fore she goes to sleep. I'll light a couple o' lamps so ye can see, and then I'll send her down to ye if she'll come. Wait here, doctor, dear."

The lamps lighted and Martha gone, Doctor John looked about the room his glance resting on the sofa where he had so often sat with her; on the portrait of Morton Cobden, the captain's friend; on the work-basket filled with needle-work that Jane had left on a small table beside her chair, and upon the books her hands had touched. He thought he had never loved her so much as now. No one he had ever known or heard of had made so great a sacrifice. Not for herself this immolation, but for a sister who had betrayed her confidence and who had repaid a life's devotion with unforgivable humiliation and disgrace. This was the woman whose heart he held. This was the woman he loved with every fibre of his being. But her sufferings were over now. He was ready to face the world and its malignity beside her. Whatever sins her sister had committed, and however soiled were Lucy's garments, Jane's robes were as white as snow. He was glad he had yielded to the impulse and had come at once. The barrier between them once broken down and the terrible secret shared, her troubles would end.

The whispering of her skirts on the stairs announced her coming before she entered the room. She had been sitting by Archie's crib and had not waited to change her loose white gown, whose clinging folds accentuated her frail, delicate form. Her hair had been caught up hastily and hung in a dark mass, concealing her small, pale ears and making her face all the whiter by contrast.

"Something alarming has brought you at this hour," she said, with a note of anxiety in her voice, walking rapidly toward him. "What can I do? Who is ill?"

Doctor John sprang forward, held out both hands, and holding tight to her own, drew her close to him.

"Has Martha told you?" he said tenderly.

"No; only that you wanted me. I came as soon as I could."

"It's about Barton Holt. His father has just left my office. I have very sad news for you. The poor boy——"

Jane loosened her hands from his and drew back. The doctor paused in his recital.

"Is he ill?" she inquired, a slight shiver running through her.

"Worse than ill! I'm afraid you'll never see him again."

"You mean that he is dead? Where?"

"Yes, dead, in Rio. The letter arrived this morning."

"And you came all the way up here to tell me this?" she asked, with an effort to hide her astonishment. Her eyes dropped for a moment and her voice trembled. Then she went on. "What does his father say?"

"I have just left him. He is greatly shaken. He would not tell you himself, he said; he was afraid it might shock you too much, and asked me to come up. But

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it is not altogether that, Jane. I have heard something to-night that has driven me half out of my mind. That you should suffer this way alone is torture to me. You cannot, you shall not live another day as you have! Let me help!"

Instantly there flashed into her mind the story Martha had brought in from the street. "He has heard it," she said to herself, "but he does not believe it, and he comes to comfort me. I cannot tell the truth without betraying Lucy."

She drew a step farther from him.

"You refer to what the people about us call a mystery—that poor little child upstairs?" she said slowly, all her self-control in her voice. "You think it is a torture for me to care for this helpless baby. It is not a torture; it is a joy—all the joy I have now." She stood looking at him as she spoke with searching eyes, wondering with the ever-questioning doubt of those denied love's full expression.

"But I know——"

"You know nothing—nothing but what I have told you; and what I have told you is the truth. What I have not told you is mine to keep. You love me too well to probe it any further. I am sorry for the captain. He has an iron will and a rough exterior, but he has a warm heart underneath. If you see him before I do give him my deepest sympathy. Now, my dear friend, I must go back to Archie; he is restless and needs me. Good-night," and she held out her hand and passed out of the room.

She was gone before he could stop her. He started forward as her hand touched the door, but she closed it quickly behind her, as if to leave no doubt of her meaning. He saw that she had misunderstood him. He had intended to talk to her of Archie's father, and of Lucy, and she had supposed he had only come to comfort her about the village gossip.

For some minutes he stood like one dazed. Then a feeling of unspeakable reverence stole over him. Not only was she determined to suffer alone and in silence, but she would guard her sister's secret at the cost of her own happiness. Inside that sacred precinct he knew he could never enter; that wine-press she intended to tread alone.

Then a sudden indignation, followed by a contempt of his own weakness took possession of him. Being the older and stronger nature, he should have compelled her to listen. The physician as well as the friend should have asserted himself. No woman could be well balanced who would push away the hand of a man held out to save her from ruin and misery. He would send Martha for her again and insist upon her listening to him.

He started for the door and stopped irresolute. A new light broke in upon his heart. It was not against himself and her own happiness that she had taken this stand, but to save her father's and her sister's name. He knew how strong was her devotion to her duty, how blind her love for Lucy, how sacred she held the trust given to her by her dead father. No; she was neither obstinate nor quixotic. Hers was the work of a martyr, not a fanatic. No one he had ever known or heard of had borne so great a cross or made so noble a sacrifice. It was like the deed of some grand old saint, the light of whose glory had shone down the ages. He was wrong, cruelly wrong. The only thing left for him to do was to wait. For what he could not tell. Perhaps God in his mercy would one day find the way out.

Martha's kindly voice as she opened the door awoke him from his revery.

"Did she take it bad?" she asked.

"No," he replied aimlessly, without thinking of what he said. "She sent a message to the captain. I'll go now. No, please don't bring a light to the door. The mare's only a short way down the road."

When the old nurse had shut the front door after him she put out the lamps and ascended the stairs. The other servants were in bed. Jane's door was partly open. Martha pushed it gently with her hand and stepped in. Jane had thrown herself at full length on the bed and lay with her face buried in her hands. She was talking to herself and had not noticed Martha's footsteps.

"O God! what have I done that this should be sent to me?" Martha heard her say between her sobs. "You would be big enough, my beloved, to bear it all for my sake; to take the stain and wear it; but I cannot hurt you—not you, not you, my great, strong, sweet soul. Your heart aches for me and you would give me all you have, but I could not bear your name without telling you. You would forgive me, but I

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could never forgive myself. No, no, you shall stand unstained if God will give me strength!"

Martha walked softly to the bed and bent over Jane's prostrate body.

"It's me, dear. What did he say to break your heart?"

Janeslipped her arm about the old nurse's neck, drawing her closer, and without lifting her own head from the pillow talked on.

"Nothing, nothing. He came to comfort me, not to hurt me."

"Do ye think it's all true 'bout Bart?" Martha whispered.

Jane raised her body from the bed and rested her head on Martha's shoulder.

"Yes, it's all true about Bart," she answered in a stronger and more composed tone. "I have been expecting it. Poor boy, he had nothing to live for, and his conscience must have given him no rest."

"Did the captain tell him about——" and Martha pointed toward the bed of the sleeping child. She could never bring herself to mention Lucy's name when speaking either of Bart or Archie.

Jane straightened up, brushed the tears from her eyes, smoothed her hair back from her temples, and said with something of her customary poise:

"No, I don't think so. The captain gave me his word, and he will not break it. Then, again, he will never discredit his own son. The doctor doesn't know, and there will be nobody to tell him. That's not what he came to tell me. It was about the stories you heard last week and which have only just reached his ears. That's all. He wanted to protect me from their annoyance, but I would not listen to him. There is trouble enough without bringing him into it. Now go to bed, Martha."

As she spoke Jane regained her feet, and crossing the room, settled into a chair by the boy's crib. Long after Martha had closed her own door for the night Jane sat watching the sleeping child. One plump pink hand lay outside the cover; the other little crumpled rose-leaf was tucked under the cheek, the face half-hidden in a tangle of glossy curls, now spun gold in the light of the shaded lamp.

"Poor little waif," she sighed, "poor little motherless, fatherless waif! Why didn't you stay in heaven? This world has no place for you."

Then she rose wearily, picked up the light, carried it across the room to her desk, propped a book in front of it so that its rays would not fall upon the sleeping child, opened her portfolio, and sat down to write.

When she had finished and had sealed her letter it was long past midnight. It was addressed to Lucy in Dresden, and contained a full account of all the doctor had told her of Bart's death.

(To be continued.)

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HIS SPORTING AUNT

By Ann Devoore

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. I. KELLER

HE read the letter over a second time. It was written on transparent rice-paper in a delicate, old-fashioned hand, and the final page was crossed with careful nicety. It was plainly a note from a lady of the last generation. As he drew it from the envelope a strong smell of tobacco, and—how shall it be said?—a faint, unmistakable whiff of the stables filled the air.

He read:

"HICKORY HILL,
"PLUM CORNERS, CONN.
"June Third.

"*To the Rev. Harvey Burke.*

"MY DEAR BOY: I hear you have been called as assistant to a church in my neighborhood, and are coming to live within a mile or two of Hickory Hill. I haven't seen you since you left off bib-aprons, but I dare say a brand new surplice will be quite as becoming. If you have half a heart you will call on your old aunt, who is very anxious to be friends with you. There isn't much to offer you here but a good cigar, a bottle of ale, and the fastest horse in the parish, if you care for that sort of thing. One more very small inducement which I forgot to mention is a warm welcome from

"Your aff. aunt,
"LAVINIA GATES."

It was plainly a note from a lady of the last generation.

Harvey held the little missive to his nose, laughed, and exclaimed: "Aunt Lavinia! Why she's sixty if she's a day. What can she be doing with cigars, ale, and fast horses? Not the suspicion of a husband to make use of them, either."

He recalled what he could of this long-forgotten relative. One day, no doubt soon after the bib-apron period, he had been shown a daguerrotype of a little girl in curls and pantalets, "Aunt Lavinia at the age of six." Had those pursed lips and frilled ankles indicated a future development of low tastes? He thought not, though memory was less distinct than he could wish. He had been early left an orphan, and his boyhood had been passed in the family of an old friend of his father, a professor in a small New England college. His relatives had been gradually lost sight of, and when the professor died and he had entered the ministry, there was practically not a tie to bind him to any of his fellows, save an ardent humanity. He set to work at once in the slums of New York, and there he had labored for a year or more, till he caught a fever which left him rather lean and hollow-eyed. He was ordered to the country for the summer, and the rector at Plum Corners having undergone an operation on the eyes, and being in need of an assistant, Harvey decided to go there.

To catechize a handful of rosy urchins

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once a week, baptize a baby or so, and chat with the ample farmers' wives seemed to him a task too light for a young and zealous disciple. Mild activities wearied his strenuous soul, and he looked forward to his new duties as he conceived them with forced cheerfulness. But this friendly letter with the odd invading perfume added a hint of home-coming to his arrival in the country. He persuaded himself that it smelled of bacon and the barnyard, and he had it safely folded in his pocket when he stepped out of the train upon the station platform at Plum Corners.

The rector, a portly gentleman with an insubordinate twinkle behind his glasses, met him, and they walked together up the main street. It was a pretty village. The shops were neat and few, the houses brightly painted and hung with morning-glories, and the paths from latch-gate to doorstep edged with shells. The trailing draperies of the bordering elms brushed Harvey's shoulder; out of a sky of absolute blue the sunshine and the cool air gushed, and the voices of the feathered householders chimed from every bush and branch.

"These little towns on the New England border are pleasant to live in," said the rector; "but Plum Corners doesn't grow as it should. We are a lazy lot, I'm afraid; not shiftless, you understand, but overcontent. If our front door has a new coat of paint and the watering-cart lays the dust daily our ambition and our public spirit are satisfied. There are practically no poor, and to be frank with you, Mr. Burke, there is only one unreclaimed heathen in the parish."

Harvey looked at him eagerly. "Yes," said the rector, answering the look, "it's a much-needed conversion. You must try your hand."

He chuckled and they turned the corner into another street. As they did so a young lady galloped by on a chestnut horse. Her hair was the same warm color; she was beautifully flushed with the exercise, and she bowed to the rector with a flash of bright lips and eyes.

"Who is she?" asked Harvey.

The rector looked pleasantly stirred. "She is a beauty, isn't she?" he asked. "Her name is Lavinia Gates."

Lavinia Gates! Harvey caught up his breath. This radiant creature, the author of the letter and the outcome of the little person in curls and pantalets! He was so much flustered that when the rector asked, "What is the matter, Mr. Burke? Do you know her?" he answered, "She is my aunt."

The rector's laughter was uncontrolled. "Your aunt! Why, man, she's not twenty yet," he shouted.

Aunt Lavinia was sixty if a day.

"Well then, my cousin," said Harvey. "But Aunt Lavinia was unmarried and Gates her maiden name." He grew more flustered.

"Your niece, perhaps," suggested the rector. "The privileges of an uncle ought not to be overlooked."

Harvey laughed. "You see," he said, "it is a family name." He drew the letter from an inner pocket and handed it to the old gentleman.

"Ah, ha!" said the rector, "then you are connected with the young lady, after all. You share the same aunt. Forgive my unworthy suspicions. If I were thirty years younger, I should probably qualify as a brother to the beauty. But here we are at home. You are more than welcome, Mr. Burke. Those troublesome eyes of mine have done me a good turn. An old bachelor with his cook and his cat don't fill a house, and a half-written sermon is not the most enlivening of companions. You may consider yourself in the light of an acquisition."

They crossed the threshold of the rectory and entered a modest hall which led to a study well lined with books, and deranged and dusty enough to hint at scholarly tastes. Sunshine streamed through an open window and a yellow cat lay on the sill. Beyond the window was a space of green lawn and the ivy-covered wall of the church, where the birds made a cheerful noise and the leaves fluttered perpetually. This cool seclusion and peace refreshed the spirit. It seemed that virtue must be the oldest inhabitant of such a village, and piety a lodger under every roof. Harvey drew a deep breath and found that he had inhaled a perfume full of association. There on the desk at his elbow lay a small transparent envelope. The handwriting was that of his Aunt Lavinia. The rector espied it at the same moment, and with a murmured apology opened it. He read with a succession of nods, a puckered brow, and eyes full of amusement.

"It is from your aunt," he said. "She

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Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"The world would run better if men and women shared the same pursuits."—Page 234.

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writes for my advice. There has been a little love-affair in her household, and nothing could disturb her more. She is the most persistent of spinsters." He laid the letter in a portfolio with a care that approached tenderness. "My dear Mr. Burke," he said, "your aunt is the most original woman I have ever met, and not the least charming. It was of her I spoke as an unreclaimed heathen, yet a more charitable soul never breathed. She keeps a stock farm; horses, dogs, and horned cattle innumerable, and she finds work for every tramp and shiftless vagabond that asks it. What is more she turns them into good men and valuable servants. It is practical philanthropy enough to cover a multitude of sins; but this angel of mercy can't be got inside a church. She laughs at my exhortations.

"'Sit still with my nose in a book,' she cries, 'and read print!' Ha, ha," laughed the rector. "Then she blows a puff from her cigarette." He mimicked the action.

"Cigarette!" exclaimed Harvey.

"Ah, yes," said the rector, "there is much to be deprecated."

It may be imagined that Harvey lost no time in calling upon his interesting relative. On an afternoon in the following week he set out for Hickory Hill. The road he followed ran between meadows riotous with clover and rose to hill-tops where the turf was cropped close by nibbling sheep, and dipped in hollows where brooks babbled among moss and tall weeds. Between the rails of the zigzag fences wild roses bloomed and grape-vines swung there dripping honey from their invisible blossoms. Hickory Hill was a ridge that could be seen for half a mile before it was reached. The house was low and rambling, and quite diminished by its square, capacious barns. The level fields spread on every side of it, evenly fenced and rippling with ripe grass or dotted with cattle. As Harvey walked up the drive a half dozen bull-terriers met him, leaping and barking, a horse whinnied from the stable, and a boy in whip-cord came running around the corner of the house.

It was a disappointment to be told that Miss Gates was out driving.

"She mostly is," the youth added. He filled his chest as he spoke her name.

Harvey realized that his aunt inspired in the manly bosom admiration and respect. He turned and reluctantly retraced his steps, choosing a cross-country route, and about a mile from Plum Corners he sat down upon a stile to rest. Just below him four roads met, and here a finger-post was set and a trough from which a chestnut horse was drinking noisily. A girl stood with her hand upon the horse's neck, and a young man was talking to her in a low, emphatic voice. The horse stopped drinking and splashed the water about with his nose, the man lifted the girl into the saddle, and she leaned down to him and kissed him.

The scene was as vivid as a little painted picture: the patch of green where the weather-worn finger-post pointed sideways, the horse whose red flanks glistened in the sun, the girl's slim figure bending to her lover, and his dark face lifted to hers. In another moment he had swung off in the direction the finger-post pointed.

The girl watched him out of sight, then turned her horse and let him walk slowly along the road to Plum Corners. Harvey jumped from the stile and soon overtook her. As he passed she bowed to him.

"Isn't this Mr. Burke?" she asked.

He admitted that it was and tried to keep out of his eyes his admiration for her.

"I have just been to call upon Miss Gates," he said, "but hadn't the good luck to find her home."

"You must come soon again," the girl said. "My aunt is anxious to see you." She smiled good-by sweetly, though he thought her face wore a troubled look as she rode away.

It was natural that Harvey should think frequently of this chance interview with his cousin; but that he should be haunted even in his dreams by the recurring picture of the lovers parting at the cross-roads seemed unnecessary. He remembered the rector's remark, "There has been a little love-affair in your aunt's household and nothing could disturb her more." But his uneasiness was not caused altogether by disapproval of Lavinia's attempt to carry on an attachment which an aunt objected to; it was more a feeling of restlessness, and a curiosity to know if the face that swam before his eyes were a correctly featured likeness. He was very glad when an invitation to dine with his aunt reached the rectory. The rector looked no less pleased, and it was a spick-and-span pair of clergymen that entered the old homestead on Hickory Hill on the appointed evening.

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"She smokes a pipe now when she settles the accounts."—Page 236.

Harvey's aunt rose to meet him. She was a small woman, with a high nose and full sparkling blue eyes.

"My dear boy," she said, "you won't think me too effusive if I offer you my cheek? I assure you it has never been kissed except by good men and near relatives."

Her voice was clear, and her cheek, though withered, was soft and ruddy.

"I think you have met my niece," she went on. "Lavinia has a way of meeting people."

Lavinia laid her hand in the young man's. Yes, every feature was as he remembered it, even to her eyelashes, which curved upward and were darkest at the tips.

The room in which dinner was served looked like the hall of a hunting-lodge. It was long and low, and panelled with sporting prints from floor to ceiling. A stag's head gazed nobly down from the chimney-breast, and the shelf below was littered with pipes and beer-mugs, riding-crops and spurs. A great desk piled with account-books filled one end of the room, and the window above it was open. The night air entered, so fresh from its trip across dewy fields that it was easy to ignore the fact that it had since traversed the stable-yard. Not a sign was anywhere of a woman's occupancy.

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"Now confess," said Miss Gates, tapping the rector's hand with an ivory fan, "that you have been telling tales and prejudicing my nephew against me."

"My communications," said the rector, "like Bopeep's lambs, have wandered quite aimlessly without a tale to grace them."

"That sounds very innocent," said Miss Gates, "but I know you too well to believe it."

"Ask Burke," said the rector, shifting the weight of the argument to younger shoulders.

Harvey had to admit that a hint had been dropped.

Miss Gates shook her head at the rector. "How sad it is," she said, "to be given a tongue and no discretion."

Lavinia said: "That is the reason aunt and I get on so well. She has the tongue and I the discretion."

"My dear child," said her aunt, "how silly you are! Could an indiscreet woman have stayed single for over half a century?"

She dwelt much upon the folly of marriage. "One would think," she said, "that we were made in pairs, a right and a left!"

"I haven't a doubt that we are," said the rector.

When coffee was brought tobacco followed in its wake. Harvey did not smoke, and could not disguise his concern when his aunt laid a cigarette between her lips. Her eyes twinkled at him through the smoke.

"My dear nephew," she said, "don't pull such a long face. I smoke from a sense of duty. I have a theory that the world would run better if men and women shared the same pursuits. I try to combine the refinement and taste of my sex with the common sense and courage of yours. Of course, there must be concessions to convention, and so I ride side-saddle and part my hair in the middle."

Lavinia did not smoke; indeed she seemed to hold few of her aunt's opinions, and Harvey wondered that she had escaped the influence of so strong a nature till later in the evening when they talked together on the porch, and he learned that she had come from the West only a few years before.

"My father," she said, "had died some time before that, and when my elder sister married there were only myself and my brother Bob left. My aunt sent for us and I shall never forget her goodness. Now that he is gone there is no one to repay it but me." Her voice, which was very flexible, dropped to a sad note.

On the return drive Harvey asked the rector when his cousin's brother had died.

"Died?" said the rector. "He isn't dead. He had a disagreement with your aunt a while ago, and left this neighborhood with an inclination for Australia, Mexico, or some other outlandish place. To tell the truth, Miss Gates forgets that he has any more right to a will of his own than when he visited her as a boy and she washed out his mouth with soap because he quoted too extensively a *protégé* of hers. She has a taste for keeping people under her thumb. It's a fault common to clever women who have no one to guide them. Your aunt needs guidance, Mr. Burke, but fortunately she is delighted with you. She considers you handsome and a good listener. You must do your best to change her views of life. They are not a part of her, just the froth and sparkle of a lively mind. As she says, she is 'a black sheep and it is her nature to frisk.'"

"Doesn't she scandalize the neighborhood?" asked Harvey.

"Not a bit of it," said the rector; "they know her worth. Speak of her as you visit from house to house, and see the friendly smiles." He talked of the spinster's good deeds, and quoted some of her sallies.

They drove slowly home and as they passed the church Harvey noticed that a window was illumined and a strain of music reached his ear. "It is Cora Hart," said the rector, "the young girl who plays the organ. She lives near by and often practises here of an evening."

Harvey lingered by the study window after the rector had left him. It was pleasant to listen to the soft breathing of the organ, and the minor chords recalled Lavinia's voice. He waited till the window in the church darkened and the side-door opened. Two figures emerged and disappeared under the trees. It was evident that in spite of Miss Lavinia's conspicuous example, young hearts, here as elsewhere, dared to meet happiness half-way.

The duties of a country parish were not very different from what Harvey had expected. It took him some time to realize that a clean and well-fed community may have sins of its own and need spiritual food

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Drawn by A. I. Keller.

"Well, how many of you are married?"—Page 238.

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and medicine. The contrast was so great between the sunlit farm-houses and the tenements where he had lived and worked, that he could not bring himself to believe that these people needed his help who were so amply able to help themselves. He might have found it hard to occupy his time if he had not undertaken the conversion of his aunt. With the utmost ardor he sought this stray sheep, and he used affection as a crook to guide her into the fold. The road to Hickory Hill grew so familiar that he could have travelled it blindfold, and if his persistence were at all due to the fact that the same road which led to his aunt led to Lavinia, he was unconscious of the double motive. He saw less of his cousin than might be supposed. She was lively and talkative, but had the reserve which may admit a newcomer to the outer court of the mind, but keeps the inner temple of the heart inviolate. She never referred to the incident of the cross-roads, and when Harvey passed that way in his walks about the country, he shut his eyes lest the finger-post should remind him too poignantly of that tender scene of which he had been a witness.

This trick of shutting his eyes led to the most intimate conversation which their friendship had as yet afforded. She had overtaken him on his return from a farm which lay among the hills.

"Can I give you a lift?" she asked, pulling up beside him.

They spun along merrily between the fields where the haymakers were at work. The sun hung low and stared at them through a veil of dust. Lavinia was chattering like a brook in spring, when on coming to the cross-roads, Harvey, as usual, closed his eyes. She must have looked up to ask some question, for she said, "What is the matter?"

"Oh," said Harvey, "it is just that I don't like this place."

"I think it is quaint and pretty," said Lavinia. "Wasn't it here that I first met you? When I ride I always stop to give my horse a drink from the trough."

She was silent for a moment, then asked, "Do you think that to hide the truth is the same as lying?"

"That depends on the motive."

"And if the motive is purely unselfish?"

"A purely unselfish motive is a better guide than I am," said Harvey.

Lavinia had little faith in the successful conversion of her aunt. The rector and she presided over the evening discussions, and often the sedate timepiece in the corner would hold up both hands in horror and strike an admonishing dozen to remind them that it was time for maiden ladies and country parsons to separate. When a month had passed and his aunt still puffed cigarettes in his presence, and refused to be boxed up in a pew for the best part of a morning, Harvey became discouraged.

"You are only doing harm," said Lavinia. "She smokes a pipe now when she settles the accounts."

However, the rector's confidence was unshaken. Referring to the pipe, he said: "It is mere bravado. She feels herself weakening," and he proved to be right.

One day quite suddenly Miss Gates surrendered. She met Harvey, saying meekly: "The victory is yours. My conscience has turned against me at last, and I haven't slept for a week. So this morning I divided my cigarettes among the stable-boys, and gave my pipe to Thomas. To-morrow night I am coming to hear you preach."

Harvey wondered what it would be best to preach about. With his Aunt Lavinia tongue-tied and imprisoned he could say whatever he thought fit, and he did not care to waste the opportunity. The rector too was painfully anxious that Harvey should make the most of such an occasion.

"My dear boy," he said with peculiar earnestness of tone, "if you could say anything to lessen Miss Gates's ridiculous prejudice against marriage you would be doing more good than you can conceive. Without violating a confidence, I cannot make the situation clear, but believe me, this fad of hers (for so I regard it) is doing incalculable harm."

Harvey felt that he ought to share the rector's deep concern. This domestic tyranny his aunt practised was enough to make any girl rebellious, if not deceitful; but the consideration of the topic increased his own restless unhappiness to such an extent that it was with difficulty he put aside his personal feelings and determined to say what he could to change his aunt's pernicious point of view.

It was now the middle of August, and the next evening was so hot that every window in the church stood open. A flood of moon-

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light shone through the glass, and made visible the row of saints, who were all indecorously tilted to admit the breeze. The gaslights flared and shed a flickering brightness on the red upturned faces of the farmers and their wives. As Harvey stepped into the pulpit the last note of a hymn died away and the words of his text fell upon attentive ears.

"The woman whom Thou gavest to be with me."

It was a short text; the sermon too was short, yet strangely convincing. Harvey spoke well extemporaneously, and though the train of thought had been followed to an end and the illustrations carefully prepared he had the advantage of being able to seize the inspiration of the moment. His opening words were full of the vague poetic emotion that is common to youth. With a few sentences he re-created for his hearers the garden of Eden, built about them the green walls of that first paradise, arched it with the near sky, and sent them wandering in happy couples through its blameless groves. Many a well-soaped farmer lad was emboldened to cast sheep's eyes at his heart's treasure, who sat lapped in muslin and embarrassment. Many a ruddy young matron looked toward the end of the pew, proud that she owned a husband, and the little dressmaker, whose lover had fallen at Gettysburg, shed a furtive tear.

Then the tone deepened and he spoke of the brave, uncomplaining comradeship of a man and woman who ask only to share joy and sorrow and to go together to meet the future; and the middle-aged, to some of whom life had become a dull round of unvarying toil, stirred uneasily as if with the inclination to stand shoulder to shoulder; and the dim faces of the aged wore a look that was almost sublime as he dwelt on the enduring love which could become completely a part of two souls and so attain immortality.

He did not once look at his aunt. When he saw Lavinia's face raised to listen, all the feelings he had suppressed for so many weeks crowded to his lips, and though he had planned to preach the sermon to Miss Gates he preached it to Lavinia. What she thought of it he could not tell. Several of his hearers waited in the aisle and stopped him on the way out. Among them the young organist, Cora Hart, who turned from her instrument to thank him with wistful tears in her eyes, but a dimple in her cheek. By the time he reached the door Miss Gates and her niece were already in the carriage. At sight of him the elder lady drove rapidly off, with a snapping whip.

Harvey turned aside under the avenue of elms. He hoped that a short walk would calm him and make sleep possible. To look down from the pulpit into his cousin's face, to watch her eyes soften and brighten, to see the other faces fade and diminish till only hers was there, with the peaked roof above it and a line of flickering lights on either side, and to speak from his soul and know that she was listening had made it impossible for him to misunderstand his feeling for her.

He had not walked far when he heard steps behind him, and turning, found himself face to face with the hero of the cross-roads. It was light enough to see that the young man's expression was friendly even to merriment.

"Mr. Burke," he said, "I listened to your sermon to-night, and your words hit the mark; so I have come to ask you to help me. You must have heard of me often enough from Lavinia, and that is the best kind of an introduction. I will go straight to the point. I am planning a runaway marriage for to-morrow, and will you lend me a hand?"

Harvey said, "What do you want me to do?"

"Marry us," replied the other. "You see, Miss Gates is set against it; you know her views. She has driven me from the house, and refuses to see me because I won't give up the little girl. All we can do is to run off together and kiss and make up with aunty later. What do you say, Mr. Burke? Will you make your words good and help a poor young couple to be happy?"

"Why do you come to me?" asked Harvey.

"Well," said the other, "we had planned a visit to the justice of the peace—you see the rector is under Miss Gates's thumb—but what you said to-night made me hope that you would be willing to help us. Besides, she would rather have you than a stranger."

"She said that?" asked Harvey.

"Yes, I stole a few words with her just now, and she made me promise to beg your

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consent. You don't mind getting up early, do you? Suppose we meet at the church at six o'clock, then we can catch the six-twenty train?"

Harvey said that he did not mind getting up early, and that he would be ready at six. It was a relief to have the joyful bridegroom whistle himself out of earshot.

Happiness is like the tower of Babel—when it reaches heaven the confusion of its builders is at hand. Harvey walked till dawn. The night was very still, the leaves were folded close, and the moon was a white circle in the darkness. Lavinia's face shone as white in the night of despair that darkened Harvey's mind; but as the hours passed and he calmed to a real consideration of his trouble, the face changed till it was no longer Lavinia's, but the face of a woman he had found starving in the streets the winter before. His almost forgotten work claimed him. He told himself that duty could fill a life as well as love, and he looked up to the paling sky and saw that the morning of renunciation was already come.

By the time he reached the church again Lavinia was waiting there. She had walked from home in order to escape quietly, she said. She wore a dress as faintly tinted as the sky, and at that early hour her beauty had an ethereal bloom more touching than its usual brightness. She seemed a trifle sad.

For a while Harvey found it difficult to speak. It was so strange to find her alone, the first to come. How could any man keep her waiting, or be late by a second in claiming such a bride? As they entered the empty church together, she looked up and noticed the effects of his sleepless night.

"Oh," she cried, "how unhappy you look! I am sure you think this as wrong as I do. When Bob called me to the window last night to tell me that you had consented I could scarcely believe him."

Harvey drew his hand wearily across his forehead. "Since you asked it," he said, "you should not blame me."

"I ask it?" she exclaimed.

"I was told," said Harvey, "that you wished me to marry you."

Lavinia's face flooded with crimson. Her eyes wavered, then steadied on his. "What do you mean?" she asked in a low voice.

"You must know what I mean," said Harvey. "Why doesn't he come? He told me last night that it was your express wish that I should perform the ceremony, that you had planned to be married by a justice of the peace, but would prefer me to a stranger. By the way, when he introduced himself he omitted to mention his name."

Lavinia's eyes had opened very wide. "Oh," she said breathlessly, "you have made a great mistake! I can't imagine how it has happened. Bob is my brother, and he is going to marry Cora Hart."

Just then the door behind them swung open and the runaway couple appeared.

"Here we are at last," the bridegroom announced. He was as cheerful and blustering as a northwest wind, and the bride was like a small cloud which he puffed before him. If he had withheld his support for a moment she would have dissolved in tears.

It was necessary to hasten through the service, as the train would scarcely wait even to assist an elopement, and ten minutes later the wedding party descended the church steps. They found themselves in the presence of Miss Gates and the rector. The lady wore her riding-habit and carried a crop. It gave her a threatening air. She looked them over and demanded.

"Well, how many of you are married?"

The guilty pair were pushed forward.

"Only two?" asked Miss Lavinia. "I am surprised. Dear me! After the sermon we heard last night, I call this very moderate. Don't stand and tremble, you silly children. If it was enough to keep an old maid dreaming of cupids and turtle-doves, you can't be blamed for anything so small as a wedding-ring."

Thereupon she took them to her heart and sent them to catch their train, pardoned and wreathed in grateful smiles. While the rector and she went to await breakfast in the study Harvey and Lavinia stayed without and walked in the narrow path which skirted the churchyard. The birds were awake now and the ivy leaves astir. The first sunbeam looked through the green lattice of the trees and dazzled Lavinia's eyes. She put up her hand to shield them.

Harvey said: "Last night I planned to go back to-day to my work in the city; but now I am going to wait till I can take you with me. Will you come, dear?"

She faltered, "I must not leave my aunt."

They were passing beneath the study

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window where the yellow cat lay purring on the sill. The rector's voice reached them, raised in protest.

"What! You keep me waiting a dozen years and more, and now you will not let me kiss you?"

Miss Gates answered: "Just one, then, since you insist. The cheek, please; I shall keep my lips for a wedding present."

The sunbeam slipped under Lavinia's sheltering palm and revealed her eyes, where love and laughter mingled.

GRENSTONE RIVER

By Witter Bynner

THINGS you heard that blessed be
You shall tell to men like me:

What you heard my lover say
In the golden yesterday,
Leaving me a childish heart,
Glad to revel, quick to start.

And though she awhile is gone
And I come to-day alone,
'Tis the self-same whisper slips
Through your ripple from her lips.

Long shall she and I be dead,
While you whisper what you said;
You, when I no word can give her,
Shall forever, whisper, river:

Things you heard that blessed be,
Telling them to men like me.

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THE NEW CHINA

By Thomas F. Millard

THE Western world has waited so long for China to rouse from her sleep of centuries that an impression has obtained that she would never awake. It is not surprising, then, that there should be a disposition to overlook the psychological moment (if under such circumstances it may ever be accurately determined), when the decisive change takes place. Yet I venture to suggest that, aided by the perspective of coming years, the future historian will fix this turning-point for China somewhere among the years from 1900 to 1906. It is perhaps too much to say that China is already fully awake, but it is certain that she has opened her eyes and is taking notice of what is going on in the world about her.

In attempting to analyze the forces now struggling for mastery with the hope of in a measure determining the course upon which this vast and unwieldy ship of state is setting, it becomes necessary to examine them somewhat in detail. These forces may be roughly classified as external and internal, the external forces being those exerted through foreign influence, and the internal forces those inherent and susceptible of development in China herself. Since the external forces are immediately responsible for the existing transformation, and certain to be very influential in shaping its course, they may well be considered first.

It is not necessary, in this connection, to trace the course of foreign influence in China from the advent of the first European along through the sometimes disturbing episodes which have attended overzealous missionary labors and more or less grasping commercial exploitation. While the effect of these conditions has been subtle and far-reaching, external political pressure is the direct power that is forcing China into the path of modern progress, although its most obvious manifestations are along commercial and industrial lines. So persistent and determined has this pressure been that it must by this time have accomplished the partition of the empire and its division into sections, each the scene of a system of special exploitation, had it not created, by calling into play the usual international jealousies, its own check in what is generally called a "balance of power." Thus, while China has as yet managed to preserve a sort of national autonomy, she has not been able to escape the influences which have been planted deeply and ineradicably in the social and political life of the empire, and which are certain to bear revolutionary fruit. To get at the effect of these external influences, and the probable results upon the future of the Far East, it is necessary to scrutinize some of the principal elements and the methods employed to introduce and advance them.

Americans are not accustomed to consider political forces in connection with the struggle for foreign trade. Consequently, notwithstanding that appreciation of this question is growing with the expansion of our commerce and the recognition of its importance to our internal industrial situation, it is difficult for the average American to realize the extent to which the diplomacy of other nations carries its efforts to advance the private interests of their nationals. In no part of the world has this method been carried to such extremes as in the Far East. There an apparently innocent and legitimate business proposition may be, and frequently is a political design in disguise, while a mild and seemingly inoffensive diplomatic note or treaty may contain the genesis of some far-reaching commercial scheme. In the Far East diplomacy stalks its political prey under cover of commercial and industrial enterprise, while commerce and industry strike at competition through open or surreptitious diplomatic wire-pulling. So closely are the two interwoven that it is often very difficult to distinguish one from the other, if indeed they are ever entirely separated. Foreign enterprises in China, as well as in most Far Eastern countries, are conducted under the terms of what are called "concessions," which

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are practically analogous to our public franchises. Owing to the peculiar relations between the provincial and imperial administrations in China, the securing of a concession is almost invariably a difficult and complex matter, even when foreign diplomatic opposition is not encountered. The necessity of gaining the support or passive assent of a long line of provincial and petty local officials, as well as that of the Imperial Government at Peking, creates innumerable places where antagonistic diplomacy may lurk in ambush to assassinate a project. As a consequence, it has become almost impossible to secure any important concession without gaining for it the passive support of other foreign legations in Peking by a reciprocal arrangement of some kind. Americans are familiar enough with this process at home; but our interests in the Far East have usually been compelled to make such headway as they could without much diplomatic assistance, even while encountering at every hand the hostile machinations of rival projects supported by all the influence their respective governments can exert.

Of all the foreign concessions which have been made to cover and advance far-reaching political designs in China, and have at the same time exerted a tremendous and permanent influence upon the social, industrial, and political life of the nation, the railways undoubtedly take first rank. It is probable that the first railways planned for China were conceived as purely commercial projects, as the art of conquest by railroads had not then reached its later stage of development. And the earlier opposition which was encountered sprang principally from the forces of inherited conservatism. But it is now clear that, at least so far as popular feeling is concerned, the character and extent of such opposition was greatly exaggerated, and was largely the result of, if not entirely created by the antiforeign propaganda stimulated by reactionary official classes. At any rate, such opposition to railroad construction as still remains in China is entirely political, and any analysis of it must of necessity touch the mainsprings of the evolution which is creating the new China.

In attempting to get at the determining forces which developed the prevailing system of conquest by railway in the Far East, one is inevitably drawn to the time when the Trans-Siberian Railway began to press for an outlet through Manchuria. By what schemes, promises, threats, and bribes this concession was secured by Russia will probably never be fully known. It marked the beginning of the struggle for railway "concessions" in the Far East. European chancelleries at once saw the true significance of the project, and promptly acted upon the hint. English, German, French, and Belgian concessions were energetically urged upon the Chinese Government, and even an American concession entered the field. To follow the diplomatic intricacies involved in the introduction and urging of these various projects, extremely interesting as it might be, is not possible here. The Chinese Government, awakened by this time to a partial realization of the true import of some of the demands, exerted all the art of its devious diplomacy to retard and avert them. Under the circumstances, it had only one effective means of obstruction: to play the various powers against each other. But the pressure was too strong to be long resisted by a belligerently impotent nation. However, since they found themselves powerless to stave off the inevitable, Chinese statesmen displayed remarkable ingenuity in preserving among the foreign powers a balance of interest calculated to maintain the political equilibrium of the Chinese Empire. It was not until Russia, feeling the need of an outlet to Port Arthur after she had secured a lease of that port, and desiring to extend her railroad south from Harbin, was compelled to make common cause at Peking with Germany and France, that the Peking-Hankow, Shantung, and Manchurian concessions were secured. Nor was this done without some diplomatic side-stepping, which introduced Belgium as a joint mover with France in the Peking-Hankow project. The introduction of Belgium was a clever move, designed to allay the growing apprehension of China. It was pointed out that Belgium was not a military power and, consequently, could not be assumed to have aggressive political aspirations in China. Some of these concessions, too, took the form of a contract to build and operate the railways under an agreement by which China could in time purchase and take over control. This shows that China was becoming wary. And in this spirit, undoubtedly, the American concession was conceived—whose check-

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ered history I will not attempt to trace here until the Chinese Government finally purchased it back from the promoters.

Enough has probably been said, coupled with the now general knowledge of the uses to which the Russian and German railways have been put, to demonstrate the peculiar significance to China of even the most innocent-looking foreign commercial or industrial enterprise. Thanks to the history of the railway concession, even American projects are now regarded with suspicion and some distrust. But the law of compensation operates here as elsewhere, and out of all this beneficial forces are gathering strength. No matter what reason led to their introduction, or the uses to which they have been put, the railroads have come to China and are there to stay. I think it probable that during the next twenty years more miles of railway will be built in China than in any other part of the world; and while foreigners may assist in providing the capital to finance this tremendous industrial evolution, the prime movers will be the Chinese themselves, who will insist, as far as they are able, upon retaining substantial control. This disposition supplied the real force which led to the reclaiming of the Canton-Hankow road, and it is safe to say that hereafter no important commercial or industrial concession will be willingly granted by the Chinese Government in which Chinese capitalists are not interested, or in which the government does not reserve the right to take it over under equitable conditions, especially if public utilities are involved. The reason is that the Chinese have discovered that railroads are convenient and valuable in the development of the country. In bringing about this remarkable change in sentiment the Imperial Railways of North China is largely responsible. Originally projected by an Anglo-Chinese corporation as a means of communication between the sea and some coal-fields, this railway has been gradually extended until it has attained important dimensions, with plans for greater extensions well under way. While it employs foreign administrators in a majority of the more important positions, the road is principally owned and operated by Chinese. But the main thing which impresses the Chinese is that the road is extremely profitable. This was the one thing needed to give an enormous impetus to railroad building in China, and it has now been conclusively established. Wealthy Chinese in all parts of the empire are now willing, even anxious, to invest in railroads. In fact, a disposition to exclude foreigners from these enterprises is growing, and would probably be put into effect did not certain internal conditions at present make the foreigners a practical necessity. One of these conditions is the absence of native institutions capable of financing undertakings of such magnitude. The financial system of the country is in a chaotic state, and while there is at present a feeble effort toward reform, no great progress need be expected for many years. But the more essential reason lies in the fact that as China is now governed there is no real legal security for the property of Chinese subjects, should it become the object of either the rapacity or enmity of high officials. Of course, a liberal application of bribes in the form of "squeeze" can usually command protection; but Chinese capitalists are coming to realize that the "squeeze" method is too elastic and uncertain to be satisfactory when applied to great interests, whose prosperity may depend upon the stability of their debentures in the financial markets of the world. So under existing conditions an enterprise composed almost exclusively of Chinese capitalists will organize as a foreign corporation for personal and business reasons, and in doing this it is wise and necessary to have the co-operation of foreigners.

Aside from railway, mining, and other industrial enterprises which have, by stepping outside the customary course of development of foreign commerce in China, created a peculiar relation of their own, there is the great volume of foreign trade which cannot be overlooked in any estimation of external influence. In respect to her general foreign commerce, China's position is now singular among the great nations. Foreigners can do business within the empire only at certain places, designated as "treaty ports," which are administered under what are termed "extra-territorial rights." While these ports seem to be comparatively numerous, they are really very limited when the vast extent and population of the empire is considered. To-day in China a foreigner requires a passport to travel away from the treaty ports, and if he does so without one it is largely at his own risk. But even under

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these handicaps foreign trade has grown to enormous proportions, and considerable foreign populations have settled in many of the treaty ports. The material growth of the foreign concessions at Shanghai, Tien-tsin, Hankow, and other places is really astonishing, even to one who has kept in touch with the Far East in recent years. The influence exerted by the planting of these modern cities permanently in China is tremendous, incalculable, and ineradicable. From them radiate to the remotest parts of the empire commercial and industrial connections inseparable from the life of the people and indispensable to the future progress of the country. And, fortunately, the character of the foreign population is steadily changing for the better. There has been a time, not so very remote, when the China coast was the dumping ground for the derelicts of Europe and America, and when even respectable foreigners residing in China were animated by the chief purpose of getting all they could out of the country regardless of the effect of their methods upon the natives. But the time has already come when such persons and methods will find their opportunities limited in China by the same forces that limit them elsewhere. The day has passed when unscrupulous agents can sell the Chinese Government defective rifles and cannon of one calibre and ammunition of another calibre for them; when worn-out machinery can be unloaded upon the Chinese as the latest and best, and when dwarf locomotives discarded by the New York elevated railroad can be used to equip a Chinese trunk line. This is all finished. The China of to-day has no more use for such things than has the United States. The European or American with a bunco game on a big scale might as well stay at home. His chance of working it will be fully as good there as it is in China; perhaps a little better. But to the young Westerner who knows how to do something useful and is willing to do it, to the business concern which has something valuable to offer upon reasonable terms, this wonderful country beckons and will reward.

One is somewhat at a loss, in turning from external to internal forces in the transformation of China, in which class to place the Japanese influence. That this is a vital factor may not be doubted. Technically, in the sense of nationality, it must be considered an external element; but in its broader, more elementary aspects it already displays tendencies, at least to me, to become associated more with the internal forces at work within the empire. Different as the two peoples are in many ways, they have and will retain characteristics which bring them in some respects nearer to each other in thought and incentive than either can approach any Western people. That there should be at present a flush of Japanese influence, perhaps out of proportion to its real carrying power, is only natural. Personally, the Chinese, as a rule, do not like the Japanese, and *vice versa*. But, aside from the control of what has been Chinese territory and provides a powerful political leverage, the foundations of Japanese influence are being too solidly and carefully laid to fail to accomplish some of the purposes for which they are designed. Since it is evident that the Japanese can reach the Chinese in a way Western nations cannot, and by methods which Western nations cannot imitate in many of their phases, a study of some of these methods and purposes, in so far as they have progressed, may develop something of significance. In this it will be better to leave out of consideration that part of China where Japanese military control has established peculiar conditions, and confine myself to that greater part of the empire where the interests and influence of Japan may be still assumed, hypothetically, to be analogous to those of other powers.

It so happens that the year just ended has given a significant demonstration of certain internal forces operating within the new China, which bear incidentally, even directly, upon some methods of the extension and use of Japanese influence. I refer to the so-called boycott of American goods. I was in China from the time this extraordinary movement first attracted serious attention until, after many ostentatious diplomatic burials, it reached the end of its utility and was permitted to dribble out so far as direct manifestations are concerned; and I took more than ordinary pains to follow its gradual developments. This incident attracted wide-spread attention, particularly in America, where, if its true origin and import is but imperfectly understood, it has served to call attention to a matter of considerable importance—the treatment of

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Chinese who attempt to visit the United States. This phase of the incident has been so fully discussed that it need not be mentioned particularly, except to permit me to express the opinion that our usage of certain classes of Chinese who wish to pay us a friendly visit would be more characteristic of a nation of barbarians than of a great and progressive republic, and should be corrected in the interest of the future of our trade in the Orient if ethical considerations have no weight. But the so-called boycott had a more far-reaching significance than the issue raised by this question, and deserves a more careful elucidation than it has yet received in this country.

An extremely interesting and important development of the last few years in China is the unusual growth and change in character of the native press. Until recently the native newspapers have been little more than official gazettes, controlled by the court and the official classes, and have exerted small influence upon the political life of the nation. Now this is entirely altered, and the manner of the change is significant. In an article previously printed in this magazine I called attention to the application of a press propaganda concerning Far Eastern affairs throughout the West, in various interests, and particularly to the activity of Japan in this respect. While Japan has, in this matter, merely copied a well-established formula long and successfully used by England in the advancement of her imperial policy, she has given another striking exhibition of her adaptability by discovering and putting into operation a new and original extension of the method. This is nothing less than its application to the native press in China. Peculiar conditions have made this comparatively easy. I have mentioned the "extra-territorial rights" under which the foreign concessions of all treaty ports are governed. Translated into practical adminstration, this means that China has no legal jurisdiction over foreigners, and only partial jurisdiction over Chinese who reside within the limits of such treaty ports or concessions. So a vernacular newspaper, operating under a foreign charter, may be published in any treaty port subject only to the laws of the foreign nation where the charter is secured. This means, for instance, that a Chinese newspaper printed in Shanghai by a British or Japanese corporation is subject only to the publicity laws of those respective countries; and it is not possible for the Chinese Government to apply a censorship. So such papers, which circulate only among the Chinese, are as free to criticise the acts of the Chinese Government and officials as is the press of New York. It is true that outside the foreign concessions the Chinese Government may exercise its authority to suppress the circulation of such papers, but attempts to do so have usually proved to be impracticable, resulting only in the punishment of a few coolies who sold the papers, while the publishers rested secure in extra-territorial immunity. Thus we have a despotic government which cannot control to any appreciable extent publicity within its domain, for treaty ports are scattered throughout the empire and new ones are being constantly created. It requires no argument to demonstrate to Americans the political and social possibilities involved in this situation. These newspapers are already a power, and are stirring latent forces among the people which have never before been touched.

I do not think I shall be accused of exaggeration when I say that control of this tremendous force of publicity, in its primal application to the mental processes of one-third of the inhabitants of the earth, hitherto cut off from and indifferent to its influence, is of extraordinary importance to the future of the Far East and to the whole world. And when I say that there is positive evidence of the existence of a systematic and well-developed plan of Japan to control and manipulate this force, or at least a predominating section of it, it will be seen that I broach a matter of some significance. While in China recently I was presented by a person in close touch with the progress of events in the Far East with a list of twenty-six vernacular newspapers believed to be either directly or indirectly controlled in the Japanese interest. Not all of them are operating under Japanese charters, although the more important ones are. Several are printed in cities outside the extra-territorial jurisdiction, which limits, but by no means obviates their usefulness. While I have no means of accurately verifying this list, I have good reason to think it is substantially correct. It is likely that political considerations prevented all or a majority of these newspapers published in

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treaty ports from being chartered in Japan, for it could hardly be expected that rival interests would overlook such a coincidence, but the advantages of such charters to Japan are obvious. Take, for instance, a Chinese newspaper printed in the foreign settlement of Shanghai under a Japanese charter. This means that the publicity laws of Japan apply to its publication; ergo, the Japanese Government can exercise the same supervision over it as it does over newspapers printed in Japan. The methods adopted in controlling the policies of these newspapers are as varied, subtle, and difficult to trace as are similar methods in England or America; and often the proof must depend mainly upon circumstantial evidence not apparent to laymen, but easily discerned by the trained journalistic eye. But let us see what these papers are doing.

While this systematic effort to influence popular opinion in China, and through it governmental action, preceded the beginning of the war between Japan and Russia, it did not receive its real impetus until after the war had commenced. The issue was then drawn, the fight begun, the necessity urgent. Leaving out of consideration those questions which apply chiefly to the issues of the quarrel between Russia and Japan, which consisted largely of special arguments amply published in America, we may rather devote attention to matters concerning Western nations in general. Early last year there began to appear in certain Chinese vernacular papers articles which may without exaggeration be termed antiforeign in trend. These articles were so cleverly handled that for some time they attracted little attention. Indeed, their antiforeign animus was usually carefully stowed away in the body of an article just enough in its main expressions. Germany was generally made the direct target for such attacks for two reasons: Germany's conduct in China has been such as to make her very vulnerable, and her policy is extremely unpopular with some other foreign powers, a fact that not only tended to blind the Western press as to the fundamental import of the propaganda, but was calculated to induce wide reproduction of it. To illustrate what I mean, let me recall an incident which occurred last spring. This happened before the shift of Germany's diplomatic attitude at Peking. A Chinese official of some importance, while travelling on the German railway in Shan-tung, was insulted and subjected to indignities by a petty German railway employee. He complained to the central government at Peking, which made representations to the German Government. The situation at the time practically compelled the German Government to take the matter up; with the result that the railway employee was dismissed and an apology made to the insulted Chinese. Naturally the incident was widely commented upon in both the foreign and native press. In this connection my attention was called to the character of comment which appeared in the vernacular newspapers edited in the Japanese interest, and I secured a number of translations. Their general tone was so identical as to leave little doubt that the same mind conceived them. To reproduce one in full would be interesting, but a brief *résumé* must suffice. The details of the incident would be narrated in, on the whole, a fairly correct manner, although the critical mind could easily note an artful emphasis upon those passages dealing with the severe treatment of the Chinese official. The article would then proceed to draw certain inferences from the incident, pointing out the growing tendency to aggression of foreigners in China, and their habitual indifference to the rights of the Chinese in their own country, with a reference to and warning of what might be expected to happen in the future, unless the spirit of foreign aggression was checked. But the kernel would be cleverly ensconced in the concluding paragraphs, which would contain some incidental references to the unselfish efforts of Japan to free China from the foreign yoke. This cracker on the whip would be so cleverly appended as to be almost invisible to the casual foreign reader; but would, nevertheless, and was obviously designed so to do, leave the impression in the mind of the Chinese reader that China must look to Japan for relief from such oppressions.

This subtle and insidious revival of the antiforeign agitation had progressed for some time before the boycott of American goods cropped up. However, it had not escaped notice. Several of the more conservative British journals published in China had entered mild protests against the tenor of some articles which appeared in the native press, and cautioned moderation in language,

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which clearly showed the existence of a suspicion as to the real influence at work. Germany and Russia were the chief targets for these attacks where some specific ground for complaint was needed, but other Western nations came in for a touch now and then, with the single exception of England. It is the plain truth that, except in regard to our exclusion laws, the dealings of the United States Government with China have been marked by unusual equity and justice. This had been so often remarked upon that America had come to stand almost apart, in Chinese eyes, from the other powers in her relations to the Far Eastern question. This was the situation when the boycott showed its head. The exact origin of this peculiar movement is somewhat obscure. There are several well-defined theories, of which the one ascribing it to an effort on the part of a rival to discredit the Chinese minister in Washington has as much plausibility as any. Taking this or any similar view of its inception, it is certain that the movement was not expected by its promoters to get beyond an academic stage, sufficient definitely to accentuate it without producing any serious consequences. Then, at the proper moment, the thing would be adjusted with a flourish of diplomatic trumpets, to the credit of certain high officials. Mr. Conger, formerly United States minister to China, brought considerable ridicule and criticism upon himself by early expressing the opinion that the boycott was simply a flash in the political pan and would amount to nothing. But Mr. Conger was entirely right in his judgment, estimated by ordinary experience and standards. He erred in failing to consider the new element internally operating in China, and which was quickly injected into the boycott movement. This element was the Japanese influence, operating through that part of the native press manipulated in the interests of Japan.

I have been able to discover no satisfactory evidence to show that the boycott movement, in its original form, was created by this influence. But the manipulators of the propaganda in the native press were apt to grasp the opportunity. Here was provided ready to their hand a two-edged sword, slashing at American interest and prestige on one side, while cutting directly into all white foreign influence on the other. To trace the movement minutely through its uneven course, its seeming lapses into inanition, its curious revivals in many places and many forms, its persistent, steady progress at all times under governmental ban and official condemnation is not possible here. Passing through Shanghai on his way to take his post at Peking, Mr. Rockhill, the new American minister, was assured by the Shanghai gentry and guild leaders that the boycott was merely a sporadic affair and was already abandoned. High officials at Peking promptly disavowed the whole matter, and promised energetic measures to suppress it, but it somehow continued to make headway. It is a great mistake to regard this boycott as a spontaneous expression of popular sentiment in China, called out by our exclusion law. The whole thing was carefully and systematically worked up by artificial stimulation, and indirect political pressure of a kind entirely new to China, until it assumed the outward form of a popular movement. Nor is it impossible to detect the chief means employed, and trace them with reasonable assurance to their source.

The chief agency employed in the extension of the boycott agitation was, naturally, publicity. Several channels were used; newspapers, placards, and cartoons being the principal ones. In the course of several months hundreds of thousands of placards, pamphlets, and pictorial caricatures were circulated throughout the empire. I have seen a large number of these publications. Some were amusing, some interesting, and some alarming. The cartoons usually represented a Chinese being maltreated by a white man, presumably an American, although no particular pains was taken to preserve national identities in many of them. How these posters were circulated was at first hard to discover. Naturally, the provincial and local officials were anxious to keep their skirts clear, fearing retribution in some form, and pretended to, and in many instances did prohibit the distribution of boycott circulars and cartoons. But a convenient agency was found. Within the last few years thousands of Japanese, many of them Buddhist priests, have gone to China and are now scattered to the remotest parts of the country, where other foreigners are seldom, if ever, seen. Some estimates place the number of these Japanese now in China as high as fifty thousand, although this is probably a mere guess.

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However, it is certain that thousands of Japanese tradesmen and commercial agents have settled in various remote parts of the empire, adopting the life of the people and often their dress. Since other foreigners are not permitted to live or engage in business outside the treaty ports, it will be perceived that considerable present and prospective commercial advantage promises to accrue through this condition, which will not be shared by other nations. Dismissing this phase of the matter, there is good reason to believe that these Japanese were instrumental in furthering the circulation of the boycott propaganda. In fact, many instances where they did so are positively known. As time passed and reports of the spread of the movement in the interior began to reach the foreign population centres, it became known that many of the placards and cartoons circulating outside the established sphere of foreign contact were of an absolutely incendiary character, couched in the same general antiforeign spirit that the "boxer" movement took root in.

A movement so wide-spread and sweeping could hardly fail to leave tangible traces, and this one planted some pretty deep footprints. To carry on such a systematic campaign required organization and central direction. It also required money. The printing bills alone ran into a large sum. While the agitation was at its height in Shanghai a reasonable estimate placed the expense in that district alone at between one and two thousand dollars a day for printing, bill posting, renting of halls for meetings, speakers, and other incidentals connected with publicity. Someone provided these funds; someone directed their application. A brief review of conditions in Shanghai, which was the centre of the agitation, may shed some light on the matter.

The movement was ostensibly carried on by the commercial guilds and presumably supported by the better class of Chinese merchants, who were supposed, through their guilds, to provide the money to keep up the agitation. But as the movement progressed it became evident that it did not have the support of the merchants, although many were constrained outwardly to array themselves with it. It soon became known that the agitation was backed by an element entirely out of real sympathy with the merchant guilds, and the human agency principally employed was a class of Chinese generally spoken of as the "Japanese students." Within the last few years thousands of young Chinese have gone to Japan to be educated along certain lines, and many are now back in China in the employ, openly or surreptitiously, of the Japanese Government. They form a mobile and intelligent element perfectly adapted to certain political uses in China's present stage of development. They were the active agitators, and from their ranks the principal speakers were drafted, to address the numerous meetings that were held. I attended some of these meetings, and while I cannot understand Chinese, I was able with the assistance of an interpreter to follow what was done. These meetings were invariably "packed" by the agitators. On several occasions Chinese who had been educated in America and who desired to present fairly the American side of the matter and point out the futility of such a movement were shouted down. Not only this, but surreptitious intimidation was resorted to. Chinese who deprecated the movement, and this class embraced nearly all the prominent and influential merchants throughout the empire, received threatening letters, and in some cases were assaulted at night in their homes by ruffians employed by the agitators. When the boycott, by the "packed" action of some of the guilds, was put into effect in Shanghai, nearly all the big Chinese *compradors* and merchants went to their American associates and told them that while they were very much against the boycott they were compelled to obey the mandate of the guilds. Nor is there any sound reason to doubt that this attitude was sincere, for the longer the boycott continued the more it demonstrated that, although it might effect some casual detriment to American commerce, it was wreaking great and immediate harm to Chinese interests.

An illustration or two will make this clear. For instance, a large Chinese piece-goods house which deals extensively in American cottons has for years put out certain "chops," or brands, of its own. The goods are partly made in America, partly in England, while a considerable quantity is manufactured in a Shanghai cotton-mill owned almost entirely by Chinese. All these goods are assembled in the godowns of the firm and put before the

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consumer under its special "chop." Such commercial methods are common throughout the world. When the boycott was instituted this particular "chop" was blacklisted, with the result that it not only affected English-made goods, but actually boycotted goods made in Chinese mills by Chinese workmen. Another instance is that of a great American corporation which has included a number of English and German factories in its organization, retaining the English and German trade-marks. It so happens that this concern, which does an enormous business in China, operates in the Orient under a British charter. It so happens also that the brands of goods which are chiefly sold in China come from the British and German factories, having had a large sale in this region at the time they were consolidated with the American firm. All the goods sold by this corporation were boycotted, with the result that the real industrial loss fell upon England and Germany. Such cases might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. As the movement extended to the consumers it developed another unexpected tendency. Chinese purchasers found it difficult to distinguish American from other foreign goods, so they evinced a disposition to eliminate the possibility of error by refusing to buy *any* foreign-made goods, thus threatening many merchants with ruin. All of which merely again demonstrates the well-known fact that a general commercial boycott is a many-edged sword and will cut the hand which attempts to wield it. So it was, and must have been, that such a movement as this boycott, under the conditions possible to apply it, could only be detrimental to commercial classes in China; and the assumption that it was supported and encouraged by this class is as destitute of fact as it is of rational incentive.

Of the newspapers printed in Chinese under Japanese charters, the principal one is published in Shanghai under a title which translates into the "Eastern Times." It is managed and edited by a Japanese brought over from Japan for the purpose, and there is scarcely any reason to doubt that its policy is directed from Tokyo, or rather, as has been openly asserted in Shanghai, from the Japanese consulate. When the organized propaganda discovered a valuable asset in the "boycott," and set it on its feet again just as it was beginning to totter, its centre of operation apparently became the office of the "Eastern Times." This paper actively took up the agitation, and the other vernacular papers published in the same interest throughout the country promptly followed suit. This is no matter of deduction or conjecture. It had been officially announced by the Shanghai guilds that the boycott had been suspended until the United States Congress could meet to consider the matter, and the American consul-general in Shanghai had received positive assurances to this effect. In other words, the movement, in its original form, was dead. But the new agitation quickly took root and was soon found to be making headway. Naturally, the policy of the "Eastern Times" did not escape notice. Its attitude became so flagrant and offensive that Mr. Rodgers, the American consul-general, called the attention of the Japanese consul-general to the matter. The fact that the paper was published under a Japanese charter lent propriety to this step. The Japanese consul-general politely replied, disclaiming personal responsibility and expressing regret at the tone of the newspaper, and intimating his intention to interpose an official check. It may be that he really intended to do this; but a few days afterward he was recalled to Japan and a successor put in charge. Suffice to say that the "Eastern Times" did not alter its policy. On the contrary, it became more aggressive and offensive in urging it. It even went so far as to select a date, July 20th, when the boycott was to be carried into effect. For some time before July 20th, the "Eastern Times" printed daily in large type, "Six Days until the Boycott Begins," etc., altering the words from day to day to suit. Meetings were organized, and the city flooded with posters and placards containing the same reminder as the "Eastern Times" daily displayed. Suddenly, almost mysteriously, the agitation revived; and from then progressed steadily along the lines I have already outlined. Upon the day set by the "Eastern Times" the boycott promptly went into effect.

It had not progressed far, however, before certain antiforeign aspects the movement was assuming became too serious to longer dally with. A meeting of the foreign consular body in Shanghai was held, at which it was agreed to take joint action

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to suppress the agitation. The shoe had begun to pinch other toes than American. Certain newspapers which had been indirectly stimulating the movement switched their attitudes overnight, and roundly denounced the boycott and the influences (though not specifically) behind it. Not to go further into details, this action struck the knell of the movement so far as active agitation is concerned. It had never made any practical headway away from Shanghai. From then it was merely a question of how long it would take for the movement to die out. This is undetermined as I write this, for its mutterings can still be heard in places. And it is generally admitted that the past few months have brought a noticeable revival throughout the empire of the old anti-foreign, which in this case means anti-white sentiment. It may be that we shall have to seek the ultimate results of this unusual incident in the future. The actual detriment to American commerce has been slight. But the fact that new forces exist in China with the power and will to injure American and European interests is a fact to which the Western world cannot afford to be indifferent. It probably should be stated in this connection that I have information of the recent establishment of three Chinese newspapers in the Russian interest, two in the German and one in the French. Several have long been edited indirectly in the British interest.

Turning to purely internal evidences of the awakening of China, they may be found on every side. And while foreign and quasi-foreign influence will be deeply felt in the forthcoming transformation, the fundamental factors are to be found in the people and country; for whatever political manifestations attend the evolution, these will always remain the chief elements with which they must be worked out. After several visits to China, and observation of and association with them in peace, internal disorder, and war, I confess to a sincere liking and admiration of the Chinese people. This is no sudden or sentimental impression, but rather one which has evolved gradually from an originally adverse predisposition. In so far as any general characteristics can be associated with a race it seems to me that the Chinese are industrious, reliable, law-abiding, good-humored, capable, and tolerant. These are good qualities, and intelligently directed in the path of modern progress cannot fail to accomplish great results.

In the prevalent Western conception of the Chinese there are, I think, several radical errors. One is that they are adverse to modern improvements; another that they have no military capacity; another that they are incapable of playing a significant part in the political regeneration of the nation owing to absence of a national spirit. Without pausing to discuss these propositions in detail, I will ask if these things could not have been said, with a considerable semblance to truth, about Japan half a century ago? And they were no more true of the Japanese people then than they are of the Chinese people to-day. The Chinese as a people have never been averse to modern progress, except as their government has incited them to be, and used its authority and influence to keep them as they were. And this is true, I think, of the history of all peoples. Take the matter of railroads in China. For many years, or so long as the official classes circulated among the people fantastic reports about the foreign steam monsters, so long as they were taught to believe that the passage of a railway would be a desecration of the graves of their ancestors, the people were bitterly hostile to the building of such roads and were easily incited to attack surveying parties and the like. But no sooner had the railroads, in spite of these artificial difficulties, been built and put into operation than the people literally swarmed to use them. Local railway passenger traffic upon fully established roads in China has to-day no parallel except in the daily rush in and out of our great population centres. Not only this, but the Chinese are rapidly arriving at the point where they will be practically able to dispense with foreigners in the operation of their railroads. The entire northern division of the Imperial Railways of North China had not, the last time I travelled over it, a single white employee. Station agents, train dispatchers, conductors, guards, locomotive drivers, road inspectors, etc., are all Chinese. It will be a revelation to many Westerners to make a stop at Tong-shan, where are the principal workshops of this railroad, and where with Chinese workmen the company is building its own locomotives, all its own rolling-stock, pump machinery, and similar necessities. Here foreigners still superintend the more

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important branches of the work, and will probably do so for some years to come. But, as in Japan, even this is a transitory condition. The impulse acquired by modern industries in China within the past ten years is really remarkable. At Wu-chang the Chinese are making modern rifles and artillery for the new army, while the smoke-stacks of all kinds of factories are to be seen from one end of the country to the other. And the universal opinion among foreigners who have had experience with them is that the Chinese are naturally capable in all branches of skilled and unskilled labor, and learn readily and willingly to operate modern machinery. It no longer astonishes one in China to see a Chinese electrician come to fix the electric lights or the telephone, do his work quietly and quickly, and go about his other business. The common thing now is to see wealthy Chinese going about the foreign concessions in their motor-cars, driven by native chauffeurs. Even the new woman has made her appearance. Recently I saw the young daughter of a high official riding a bicycle through a street in a foreign concession, attended by a servant on another wheel. Nor are these superficial demonstrations; but signs of real import. I do not hesitate to express the opinion that among peoples to-day none is more disposed to take up new and improved methods than the Chinese.

I should take pleasure in dwelling upon the impressions created by the natural aspects of the land as one travels for days through fields of waving grain and growing crops, by thousands of villages and numerous large cities, on one of the new trunk-lines or along one of the great rivers. All this has been described many times, although it is only lately that Westerners have begun to look upon it all with eyes toned to appreciation of its inherent industrial and commercial possibilities. And evidences of a coming national rehabilitation, should China be permitted to retain her political entity, are not lacking. The influence of Chinese educated abroad, and who are now coming home to live in large numbers, is beginning to be felt in the political life of the empire. While the actual accomplishments of the reformers, such as Wu-ting-fang's recent revision of the code of punishments, by which the abolition of the "thousand cuts" was wrung from timid conservatism, are often more likely to cause a smile than invoke serious belief in them as an indication of progress, there are hopeful signs on the horizon. The new army now exists largely on paper, except in the north, but it will come. Arrangements to secure the services of thousands of Japanese officers are now under way. Personally I see not the slightest reason to doubt that the Chinese will make excellent soldiers if they are properly armed and trained. They possess courage and capability in plenty. All they require is efficiency, and that can be gained by proper effort. Entrenched conservatism is being hustled on all sides, and cannot long withstand the new forces at work. The sending of commissions to study conditions and methods in foreign countries is a sign of the new era. In fact, the political and social construction of China is peculiarly favorable to a comparatively rapid and easy transition. The old China will die hard, but it is doomed.

In the great new future that is coming to this old country two elements will struggle for supremacy. One will be the forces inherent in the Chinese people coupled with such assimilative influence as Japan will be able to exert. The other will be the more material, more advanced civilization of the West. Neither will entirely win the battle, but one or the other will finally point the way. I am no very serious believer in what is called the yellow peril; not owing to any trust in the motives or influence of Japan, and not only because I have great faith that the star of destiny still hangs over the West; but because I believe that under any favorable circumstances the good sense and sound character of the Chinese will vindicate themselves. In respect to the yellow peril, it is interesting to recall what a Chinese official of progressive tendency recently said to me:

"The future contains no yellow peril for Europe or America," he remarked, "but it does contain one for Europeans and Americans in Asia unless your nations and people learn to treat Asiatics with more consideration."

This is the voice of the new China, and it is to be heard and considered.

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SONG IN EXILE

By Alice Duer Miller

THE rustling palms bend readily
  Between the sun and me;
The trades blow warm and steadily
  Across the turquoise sea;
But I'd rather feel the March wind bite
  In the country of the free.

Hibiscus and camellias
  Bloom here abundantly,
And roses and gardenias—
  The sweetest flowers there be—
But I'd rather see through the bare north woods
One bridal dogwood tree.

The tropic light is mellow
  As a lamp in a lighted room;
The sun shines high and yellow
  In the quivering cloudless dome;
But, oh, for the snow and the cruel cold
  And the rigors of my home!

THE POINT OF VIEW

LET us take serious views of life, since life is a serious matter, but let us take them as cheerfully as may be, for so we live healthier. It was in the papers the other day that a rich man in St. Louis had declared that getting rich was merely a habit, and a bad one, and that for his part he was trying to break himself of it. He said he had ceased to take any dividends from his business. It was still carried on in his name, but the employees in one way or another now got seven-tenths of the profits and three-tenths went to philanthropy. This millionaire seemed not to find the satisfactions in wealth that some men do, for he thought there was no comfort in living in a mansion with half a dozen servants, and considered that the hardest job a man can have is living up to a big income. No doubt it is a hard job for a man who is not used to it and whose habits have all been formed on a basis of frugality, but there is a ridiculous number of people in this prosperous country for whom a mansion with six servants not only possesses no terrors, but is regarded as a modest home in which to illustrate the blessings of the simple life.

The Habit of Getting Rich

Nor is it commonly regarded as a bad habit to get rich. Up to a certain point it is a good habit; beyond a certain point its virtue becomes debatable; but where the point is may not rashly be asserted, for one man's limit is not necessarily the proper limit of another. About as much as a cautious observer will venture to say is that a good many of our neighbors in this generation of Americans seem to bestow an amount of effort on getting rich which is disproportionate to the value to them of what they acquire. And we can also say without much danger of contradiction that some of the neighbors are getting together much bigger piles of money than it is profitable either for them or for the community that they should control.

To most people the idea that wealth should be distributed equally among men is an idea

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as distasteful as it is unpractical. We rather like inequalities of means and condition. We don't at all like the idea of eliminating the good chances from life. Life is much more entertaining with the chances left in. We want a chance to do better—much better—than the average, and we are quite willing that others should have and improve the chance to do much better than we do. We don't mind how rich a few of the neighbors get, provided the rest of us have a fair show. We Americans are not an envious people. Opportunity has been too free here for that. The absence of envy among us is observed with emphasis and some wonder in a book lately written about us in German for German readers by a German professor here resident. But when it begins to appear that some of the neighbors are getting together such inordinate and preposterous accumulations of wealth as threaten to diminish in important measure the mass of wealth that the rest of us may try for, then we begin to knit our brows. If the great money-makers seem to be playing their great games with such success as threatens to deny us reasonable opportunities to play our little games we shall begin to have serious views about unrestricted money-making being a bad habit.

That is what is happening now in this country. Decent people who are neither covetous nor envious begin to be disturbed by the enormous increase of enormous fortunes. They tell us that already one per cent. of the families of the country own fifty-four per cent. of the country's wealth. Even that proportion restricts the game considerably for the ninety-nine per cent. The one per cent. includes, they tell us, 125,000 families. Of those families we may guess 100,000 are not excessively rich according to current standards. Indeed we may guess—since we are guessing—that 124,000 are not dangerously rich. Our concern is mainly about the other thousand families, whose incomes include many that seem to be expanded far beyond the chance of being spent or dissipated. These fortunes that grow hugely year by year by natural processes of accumulation begin to daunt us. To build up one of them seems truly a bad habit; an ill service that the builder does to the country, his neighbors, his descendants, and himself. We wish the fashion for constructing them would pass. We wish that the notion that they are desirable—are worth any man's life to uprear, are worth any man's soul to protect—would pass. We notice with satisfaction not only an increasing disposition to inquire into the methods by which such fortunes are acquired, and into the laws and industrial conditions that made such accumulations possible, but actually a few isolated signs of apprehension on the part of some families that they have got too much, and on the part of some successful men of business that their gains may be disastrously profuse. Such signs—what few there are of them—are wholesome; and wholesome, too, and not so rare, is the growing feeling of contempt for some men called successful, whose success is a mere triumph of calculated rapacity; and for some others who are not so much men as maws, and who, urged by a dyspeptic lust for wealth and its powers, have gorged and gorged themselves with money far beyond their ability to assimilate, or distribute.

The more general and sincere is the appreciation of the unloveliness of creatures of this sort — the more distinct the realization of what they have paid for what they have got, and of the sort of life they have chosen — the better the hope is for the amelioration of some of the symptoms that worry the doctors whose care is for our national health.

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THE FIELD OF ART

GALLERY OF NATIONAL PORTRAITURE

UNDER date of October 18, 1905, the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts—pursuant to its best traditions, and as a partial celebration of the hundredth anniversary of its founding—announced the opening of a "Gallery of National Portaiture" on November 18th. The motive was the founding of a national gallery of portraits similar to the British institution, of which this exhibition was to demonstrate the existence of a very respectable nucleus. Several circumstances contributed to the success of this excellent enterprise; in the first place, the locality. As is well known, a certain amount of ancestor worship is essential to the cultivation of the art of portraiture, and also a state of society which shall be well established, cultured, and with reasonably ample means. As one of the oldest cities in the country, at one time both the social and political capital of the new nation, conservative, and respecting both leisure and tradition, Philadelphia is perhaps the best adapted to further this sufficiently long-delayed movement. Moreover, it possesses a building with ample galleries and which is the officially recognized capitol of the current fine arts in the State (if not on the Atlantic seaboard). A very important portion of this exhibition—forty-three canvases in a total of one hundred and forty-six—was supplied from the Academy's own collection, without exhausting it, and most of the remainder were willingly contributed, with a very justifiable family pride, from the family galleries of private owners. The pictures exposed were thus enveloped in that genial atmosphere of social tradition, of personal memoirs of local and national history, which is so essential to a right enjoyment of portraiture, and even to a just artistic appreciation of its technique. And the perils of lack of severe artistic discrimination, which are also evoked by these personal and social considerations, were, on the whole, very successfully avoided. As an exhibition of painting pure and simple, the exhibition was of the highest interest.

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Portrait of Miss Elizabeth Bordley, by Gilbert Stuart.

This was largely due to the work of three or four men of the early American school—Gilbert Stuart, Thomas Sully, and Henry Inman. The moderns were few in number, and unequal in merit, but they were well enough represented to afford matter for much curious speculation as to the grounds of the very distinct separation between their methods, spiritual and technical, and those of the early painters. No attempt had been made in this first exhibition to have it exhaustive in any respect; and there were many familiar names which did not appear. Rembrandt Peale was represented by four canvases, and

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C. R. Leslie by one, but of Trumbull, Morse, Durand, and Washington Allston (for example) there were none. A few foreign painters, both of the eighteenth century and the nineteenth, were included. Of the Stuarts, including two of the Washington portraits, there were no less than thirty-nine, and these were of themselves sufficient to make an exhibition of the first importance. The centre of the main gallery was appropriately given to the Academy's version of the Lansdowne portrait of Washington; and it may be noted that the Academy's catalogue states that "there is evidence that this is the original, painted from life, and not the replica. Of the two portraits of Washington painted by Stuart for William Bingham one was retained by Mr. Bingham and the other presented to the Marquis of Lansdowne. Received from Estate of William Bingham, 1811." This claim is founded, partially, on the fact that this canvas is signed, "G. Stuart, 1796"—a practice not usual with the painter, while Lord Lansdowne's is not. The painter's latest biographer, Mr. George C. Mason, says that this first full-length portrait of the President was a commission from the Marquis of Lansdowne, and that, when Mr. and Mrs. William Bingham learned of it, they "expressed a strong desire to be at the charge, and to be permitted to present it to the Marquis." Stuart, it is said, hesitated, but finally consented, "and Mrs. Bingham asked the President to give the artist sittings." Mr. Mason speaks of the Academy's picture as "another" of the four full-length copies made. His story adds interest to Stuart's study of the head of the handsome Mrs. Bingham, which hung in the same gallery—the blonde coiffure melting into the warm background, the sparkling, intelligent, aquiline countenance slightly tipped forward, and the eyes searching the spectator's admiration. It is probable that "the President" yielded readily to this charming lady's request.

The Lansdowne portrait is apparently very well preserved, under glass, though the black garments have seemingly flattened out. The color is warm and discreet; the Turkey rug which Stuart is said to have bought expressly for this picture is kept as an accessory

Portrait of Frances Anne Kemble, by Thomas Sully.

only; the flesh tones of the head are somewhat strongly modelled, and the general size and dignity of the work carry off the perfunctory pose. Contemporary gossip gives the credit for standing for the figure of this portrait to three personages—"a man named Smith," "Alderman Keppele," and "the Comte de Noailles"; and it was also averred that the hands were painted from a wax cast of Stuart's own hand, which was much smaller than Washington's. The outstretched right hand *does* seem a trifle too small and too stiff. The painting was shown in the Academy exhibition of 1811. More interesting is the Washington *intime* of the Vaughan portrait, loaned by Mrs. Joseph Harrison from the collection of her late husband, and said to be one of the three painted from life. Mr. Mason gives the statement of Mr. Norris, a son-in-law of Mr. Harrison, that it was

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executed in September, 1795, for Samuel Vaughan, a friend of Washington, and was purchased by Mr. Harrison of William Vaughan. The placid dignity of expression is convincing; the modelling of the head is careful but not carried very far; some details,

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Portrait (unfinished) of Mrs. Samuel Blodgett, by Gilbert Stuart.

as the eyes and the shadow under the chin, are admirably rendered. Around the face the dark background breaks into luminous reds to carry off the carnations of the flesh. The painting is confined in an oval; and there are three or four replicas.

From some of the methods of the painters of his age, both at home and abroad, Stuart was not altogether exempt, one of them being the neglect of the sitter's body. It is related of him that, being remonstrated with one day for the carelessness of his treatment of the sitter's person below the chin, he replied: "I copy the works of God, and leave clothes to tailors and mantua-makers." In some of his most successful portraits of ladies, as in those of Elizabeth Bordley, Mrs. William Jackson, and Mrs. Richard Peters, Jr., hung in a group, this neglect of clothes, or, rather, of the "work of God" under the clothes, is remarkable in so good a draughtsman. Mr. Sargent is said to have declared the portraits of Mrs. Samuel Blodgett and Mrs. Richard Peters, Jr., to be the best two he had seen in this country. Both of them are the property of the Academy; the first is unfinished, the gray tone of the untouched canvas doing duty for the body, but completing so well the color scheme that at first it passes unnoticed. In the portrait of Mrs. William Rawle, a composition is presented fresh in color, lively in action, the bust, arms, and hands well constructed and well painted.

Of Sully, twenty-four examples were shown, and of Inman, nine, and in the best of each a general similarity of style was evident. As in all collections of old paintings, a very great difference in states of preservation, or restoration, was manifest, and the contrast between family portraits of the same period was frequently striking. In several instances the authorities had been fortunate in reuniting long-separated members of a household, the Academy owning the portrait of the husband and the private collector that of the wife, or *vice versa*. One of these family gatherings was that of Henry Pratt with his daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. James Dundas, all painted by Inman, but the first only owned by the Academy. This old gentleman, excellently painted, fresh as new, cheerful and alert under his silvery hair, looked out of his canvas with very lively dark-blue eyes, while behind him appeared a suggestion of his estate of Lemon Hill, now a part of Fairmount Park. This picture was much the brightest of all the group of Inmans, and apparently not entirely because of cleaning. In the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Dundas much of the same artistic intelligence is displayed, the same skill in rendering life and expression; and that of the wife may be accepted as an historic document, a very good pictorial and artistic rendering of "a lady of quality" of such a period, truthful, simple, dignified, hand-

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some, good in color and arrangement. Two interesting examples of Inman's later works are the small portraits of Wordsworth and Macaulay, painted during his visit to Europe in 1844, two years before his death, with but little suggestion of color, but careful in design. The first is owned by the University of Pennsylvania and the second by the Academy.

Not unlike Inman's Pratt in its freshness of color and vividness of expression is Sully's full-length of General Jonathan Williams. The ruddy and vigorous old warrior, somewhat compressed in his uniform, is seated at a table, with an open landscape behind him, and in his handsome and honest countenance appears that almost rustic simplicity and directness which we think we recognize not unfrequently in the portraits of the worthies of '76 and 1812. In the official full-length portrait of Lafayette, from Independence Hall, the painter is not so happy; the painting—from some cause—is much duller and flatter, the face less expressive, and the street scene beyond, pure convention. Of Sully's portraits of Mrs. Kemble, the Academy owns two, Tragedy and Comedy, so to speak, and for this exhibition the tragédienne was judiciously selected; very handsome in design and color, a trifle hard in the painting of the head, but much more worthy and dignified than the prettiness of the other portrait, in which she smiles and looks backward over her shoulder. Near this hung the head of Charles Kemble, generally known through the engraving, also owned by the Academy.

In general arrangement the exhibition was in chronological order, and the very first pictures were naturally devoted to the Penn family, though William himself did not appear. In his place were half-lengths of his two sons, John and Richard, by Sir Godfrey Kneller and Richard Wilson, not unlike, and Mrs. Richard, a pleasant buxom lady in gray satin, also by Wilson. These three are in the collection of Mr. John Lardner. Near them were Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin West, by Matthew Pratt, from the Academy collection —the painter as a young man, with a pale face and very un-Quakerlike black eyes, his hands clasped in front of him in a boyish attitude. His stiffly rendered, high-cheeked spouse scarcely justified herself as the heroine of the romantic escape from the tyranny of her elder brother to join her "limner," with the aid of moon-lit ladders and three devoted friends. By a curious coincidence the portraits of these three friends hung in the same room—the Right Rev. William White, D. D., by Sully; Francis Hopkinson, by Robert Edge Pine; and Benjamin Franklin, by Joseph Sifrède Duplessis. The last, painted from life in Paris in 1778, is in the Academy collection, and is one of two, very similar; the careful rendering, the general tone, the character and expression, even the dull red coat, being much the same in both. Of the British painters, there were a few examples of Sir Godfrey Kneller; a life-size full-length of George III in his robes, by Allan Ramsay, *principal painter to his Majesty*, loaned to Independence Hall as long as there shall be a museum there, by Mrs. Joseph Harrison; an equally big and conventional portrait of Garrick by Copley; and a fine bravura rendering of the handsome head of John Philip Kemble, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, painted with a full brush and with evident enjoyment.

Of the modern painters, who differ much more widely among themselves than their predecessors, Sargent, Benjamin-Constant, Chase, Vonnoh, McLure Hamilton, John Lambert, and a few others, were represented. The Sargent, belonging to the Academy, is the upright group of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Field, the figures somewhat more than half length, the wife with both hands clasped on her husband's arm, leaning against him, in a pretty, old-fashioned attitude that is curiously appropriate to her pale, sweet, unworldly face and her quaint, very unfashionable method of wearing her hair which would have been the despair of any other painter. The silvery gray of the color distinguished this canvas also from the older ones around it; and, to add to its interest, the portraits of both Mrs. Field's parents were also to be seen, the father, Richard Peters, Jr., one of the founders of the Academy, by Rembrandt Peale, and the mother, by Stuart.

With such an opening, it is to be hoped that the installation of this department of the Academy, including portraits of men and women notable in American literature, politics, science, the arts, and social life, and even of foreigners prominent in American institutions, may lead to great results.

WILLIAM WALTON.

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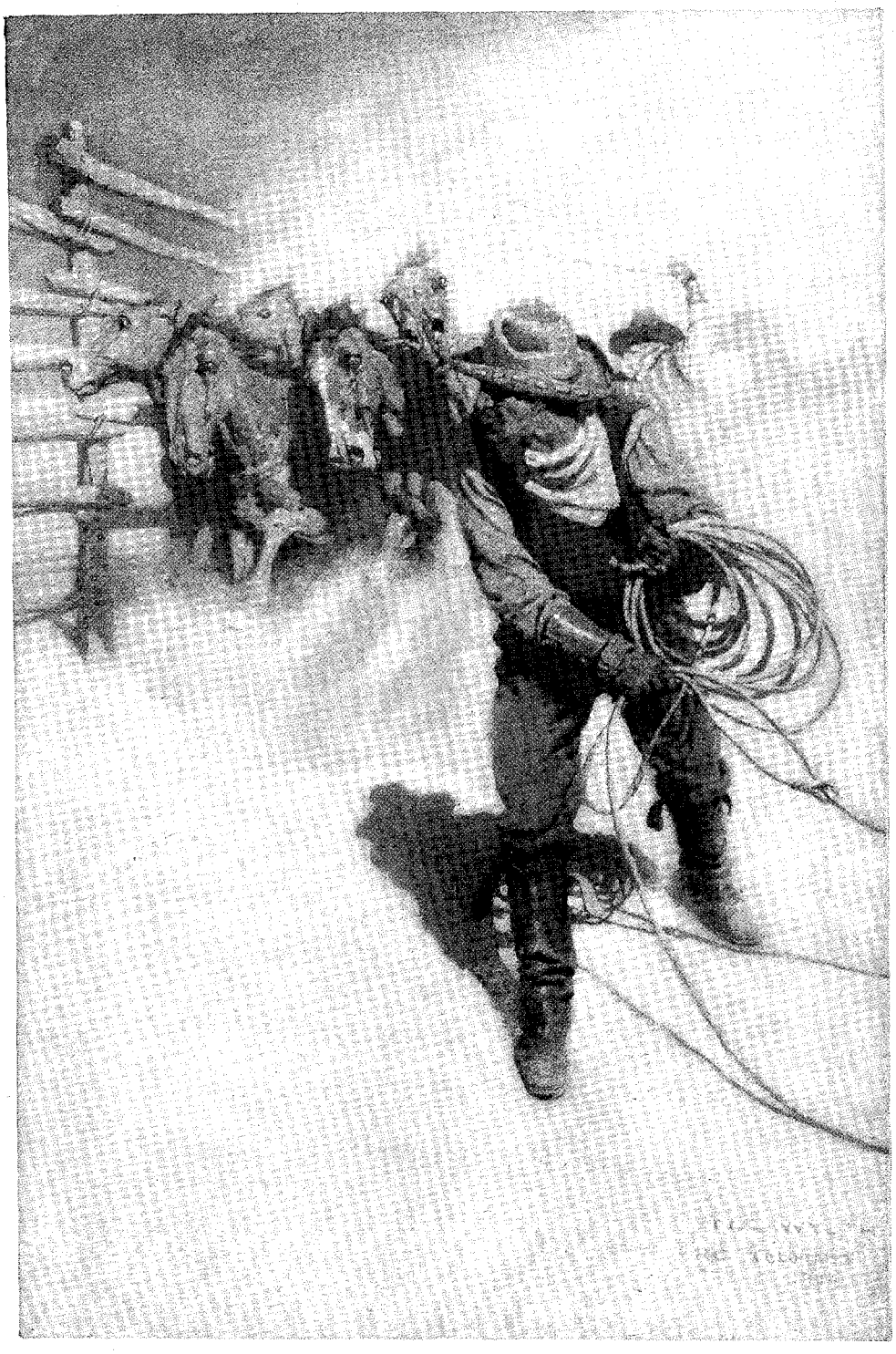

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

ABOVE THE SEA OF ROUND, SHINY BACKS THE THIN LOOPS SWIRLED AND SHOT INTO VOLUMES OF DUST.

—"A Day with the Round-up," page 286.

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